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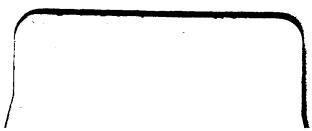

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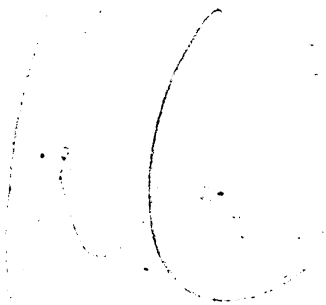

THE

WHIGS OF SCOTLAND:

OR, THE

LAST OF THE STUARTS.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE

OF THE

SCOTTISH PERSECUTION.

"I tread with reverence, the spot where I trace the footsteps of our suffering fathers: it is to me a classical, yea, a holy land: it is rich in the memoirs of the great, and the good,—the martyrs of liberty, and the exiled heralds of truth."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE

WHIGS OF SCOTLAND:

OR, THE

LAST OF THE STUARTS.

DEDICATION,

TO THE DESCENDANTS OF THE WHIGS: AND TO THOSE WHO HONOUR THEIR MEMORY.

GENTLEMEN,

I had formerly dedicated these volumes to SIR WALTER SCOTT,—the immortal honour of Scotland; who, though he frankly differed from us in many things, was, nevertheless, known by all his friends, to admire and applaud the character of the genuine AULD WHIGS OF THE COVENANT. Alas! Sir Walter is no more! Scotland mourns her immortal poet and historian.—Next to him, whom all Scotland loved and admired,—to whom can I dedicate them, so appropriately, as unto you?

Gentlemen:—I lay before you a narrative of the deeds of your gallant forebears. It embraces a period of *sixteen months* in their history, emphatically styled the *Killing Times*.

While the Stuart has been commemorated in the religious festivals of England; and no pains spared, on the part of the tories of Britain,—especially of late, by Sir Walter, the FIRST WRITER of our day, to glorify their ancestors;—justice has not been rendered to our gallant forebears. Much yet remains to be done to set their character and actions in a true light; and remove the obloquy thrown on them, by malignity or ignorance. Dr. M'Crie taught Sir Walter to think differently of them.

The character and conduct of the Scottish Whigs are public property. It belongs to the community of nations to vindicate their honour. Like WASHINGTON, they sought no private interests: they led the van in the revolution of nations. The enemy which they encountered and overthrew, is the same which the American patriots overthrew; and the same which the convulsed nations of Europe, and our Southern continent, are now combatting. The Scottish Whigs achieved, in *their* nation, what the patriots of *every* nation will achieve, in the day when they rise to vindicate their rights. *Theirs* is the proud honour of having struck the first blow, as the van of the patriotic hosts, who will overthrow tyranny; and give liberty to the world! Every incident respecting them is, therefore, of public interest.

One thing is peculiar to the Scottish struggle:—it was for their religion, as well as their liberty. This was not of the Covenanter's choice. It was a necessity imposed on them. by the intolerant claimants of Divine rights, and absolute supremacy over the human conscience! And this very circumstance throws an air of higher grandeur and sublimity over our forefathers' toils and sufferings. Our sympathies are intensely excited for the men who perilled their lives for the altars of their God, and the liberties of their country!

THE AUTHOR.

TORFOOT HALL,
April, 1833.

INTRODUCTION.

"Pleasant to the soul, is the remembrance of the days of other years!"

History can lay before us only a general detail. Events, their causes and consequences, are the legitimate, and almost only attainable objects of the historian. More than this it would be impossible for him to accomplish. Materials for minute details, are not usually preserved. And it would be utterly impolitic to attempt more. The tedious delineations would render his voluminous history inaccessible to the great majority of his readers.

How much is thereby lost to posterity, both of profit and enjoyment! The family picture, the fire-side scenes, to which we long to be introduced,—the smiling innocence, the unalloyed enjoyments which virtue and love bestow; the throbs of the patriot and martyr's bosom; the heart-rending sorrows spread over a whole circle of helpless and innocent beings, by the cruelty of tyrants, and the bigotry of fanatics; the sufferers' firmness, and patience, and meek-spirited forgiveness,—are all lost to us, with the instructive lessons of their minute detail.

Every one has felt how delightful history becomes

when, occasionally, it condescends to enter into minute and personal narrative. And it is this very thing which renders works of imagination, the party tales, and particularly the historical romance, so delightful to the young, to the gay, and to the studious; and acceptable even to the philosopher and the divine. They supply, in a natural manner, the thing we long after. The minute detail, the family scenes, the mental labours, the gradual formation of character, the shadings, the *frailties* of those whose deeds and actings on the grand arena of human life, we contemplate on the sober and chastened pages of history. History exhibits them in the dimness and obscurity of distance. In the minute and personal narrative, we are brought near to the actors; we are introduced to them, and hold communion with their souls and feelings.

And he who has studied the human heart; and the various forms of character brought out on the arena of life, may give a delineation of the character of the patriot-martyr, his sorrows, and enjoyments, and motives, in a manner, we doubt not, quite as faithfully according to the truth, as are most of the historian's details of the events, and personages, of what he is pleased to call the history of real life.

There is a period in the Scottish History to which my mind turns always with an irrepressible and holy enthusiasm;—a period when more of the Scottish character was brought out and set in bold relief, than in any other period before it or since.

The bright days of happiness and peace, the singular prosperity of the nation, and unparalleled progress of the sciences, have changed the face of Scotland, since her union with England. Every body now, is content with

the sacrifice of the nation's Independence. The sacrifice, merely of feeling or national pride, which made the high-minded Scottish patriot sigh for a season, has been amply rewarded by its Union with England. But those bright days were immediately preceded by a wintry storm,—which has not its equal in the records of Scotland, or perhaps any other nation's story. During that winter of her year, the boldest, and the best, and the worst of her characters were exhibited in their full-length portraits.—The enthusiasm of the WHIG came into fierce collision with the enthusiasm of the TORY.

In the present enlightened and liberal-minded age, when charity throws, playfully, around each rival, a chivalrous generosity; the more liberal Tory renders justice to the fierce rival of his forefathers. And even the Whig lets down the stern features of olden times, and is softened down into a smile of forbearance and even gratulation. And, side by side, they look back over the KILLING TIMES with a rare combination of pity, goodwill, and forgiveness! But no patriot, no politician, will permit the remembrance of these times to pass away from his heart.—Nor can they: that dignity in the hour of sufferings; that purity of sentiment, and of Christian doctrine; that enthusiastic love of liberty, and of truth; that spirit of fearless investigation, and manly resistance, which raised its voice and its hand, in the palaces of the great, and the thatched cottages of the peasantry of Scotland, against the gigantic efforts of a civil and religious fanaticism, which aimed at no less than *the dragooning of a nation into the belief of the divine right of kings, and the divine right of prelates, to rule in absolute supremacy over men's souls and estates;*—that effectual and glorious overthrow of this tyranny and priest-

craft; and that ushering in of the happiest and brightest days of Scotland,—can never be forgotten. And, moreover, it can never be forgotten that these were the fruits of the toils and sufferings of the WHIGS OF SCOTLAND! Thence does the Christian patriot derive a holy and impressive lesson which he ceases not to imprint on the memories of his children, that civil and religious liberty will ultimately triumph over every conspiracy to put it down;—were it plotted by a Leo of Medici, by a Laud of England, and by a Sharp of Scotland; and were it executed by the sword of a Stuart, the bayonet of a Bourbon, and the scimetar of a Mahomet!

THE

WHIGS OF SCOTLAND:

OR, THE

LAST OF THE STUARTS.

THE PROPERTY OF THE NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

"Ibat ovans, animâ et spe suâ damna levabat."

On a bright winter evening in February, A.D. 1678, a solitary student was pacing, with hurried step, the stone pavement of the inner court of the College of Glasgow. He had lingered behind his jocund associates, after the close of the serious business of the day, and the amusements of the evening. He was a tall and manly figure, wrapt in the ample foldings of the scarlet cloak, the badge of the studious youth of that ancient and famous University. His yellow hair fell in a rich profusion of curls on his shoulders; and his slouched hat shaded a face, on whose features the hand of nature had stamped the noble image of greatness, lighted up by manly beauty, and softened, withal, by a gentle and pensive melancholy, which quenched something of its original and natural vivacity, but added greatly to its interest in the eyes of the beholder.

"I keep tryst,"—said he, starting from his profound reverie, and raising his eyes to the lofty spire, as the deep-toned bell tolled the hour of nine. And with struggling emotions, he glanced over the venerable pile which surrounded him, as if taking his final leave of them. The moon's clear beams illumined the ancient steep roofs, whose grey-coloured slates had resisted the storms of more than eleven score

years.* The high narrow windows reflected back the gleam of the moon's cold rays: and the turreted stair-cases, slated to the summit of their circular peaks, cast their gloomy shadows on the dark wall and pavement below.

Not a step was heard in the inner, or outer court, but his own. The deep silence was interrupted partially, by the night winds moaning through the ancient turrets; and the fitful booming of the kettle drum of some stray party of the Life guards, returning from some bloody forray, to their tents which lay stretched forth beyond the College garden.

"Here,"—continued he,—"I must wait my trusty comrades: our arrangement with the leaders of the Whigs shall be consummated: and then adieu to these academic shades, —and, perchance, for ever!—Dear and venerated spot! How my fond heart delights to linger nigh thee!—These walls, these windows, these turrets, have looked down on the busy crowds of youth of seven generations! These courts, and academic groves have re-echoed to the voices of thousands of Caledonia's choicest sons! Within these spacious halls many a notable spirit has panted in holy rivalship in the career of science! Many a scholar has drunk in the classic lore at this fountain! Many a young nobleman, and chivalrous knight have gone hence, to light up the glory of Caledonia's crown: and many a deep theologian to break a spear with the foes of God; and build up the solid fame, and purity o' the gude auld KIRK o' SCOTLAND; and many a scholar to pour the hallowed rays of truth and science over the breadth and length of our native land! Venerated seat of science! may heaven's holy benedictions rest on thee; and light up in thee a brilliant constellation of new stars, to throw their sparkling light in future generations,—like thy Boyds and thy Dicksons;—thy Baileys, and thy Gillespies; —thy Loudons, thy Fletchers, thy Argyles, and thy Stewarts!

The din of arms,"—continued our youth, after a deep pause, and gathering up the ample foldings of his cloak,—"The din of arms, I had fondly hoped, would not have reached us, in our retreat, within these academic shades. I trusted that we should have been permitted of heaven, to finish, in quietness, like our gude forbears, our academic career; and thence have entered, in a manner befitting our fathers' sons, on the

* In A.D. 1678. The University of Glasgow was founded in A.D. 1450.

arena of Scotland's politics. But—the demons of discord are abroad in the land.—My country! My king! house of the living God! dear to my soul as the kirk of my father's God,—you are hurled headlong against each other, in the horrid broils of civil discord! The war shout of tyranny from its bloody car,—the wailing of the oppressed,—the clanking of chains,—the clashing of arms, are heard over the land: and men's ears are filled with direful rumours.—The day of Heaven's inquisition for blood will come—it will reveal where the guilt lies,—whether with the bigot Clarendon,—or king Charles,—*sit fas loqui*,—or with his minions, Archbishop Sharp, and Lauderdale,—or with the bold and uncompromising Covenanter.—The gude auld knight declares that none can be neutral in this, the day of our country's visitation,—and I begin to feel it,—though the charms of literature, absorbing my attention, have hitherto denied the opportunity of settling this point for myself. But, now,—I am driven to the crisis,—the gude knight has sent his paternal injunctions "to throw aside, as the fishermen their nets, of old,—this trumpery of classical and metaphysical laer, and hasten to the assistance o' the gallant spirits wha hae sworn the great aith, to redress their kintry's wrangs." —My certie! the demons o' madness must hae scathed the heads o' the nations,—they must be red wud mad,—when they venture, thus wantonly, to trample, under their feet, the constitution and fundamental laws o' auld Scotland!—and to throw themselves in the shock of arms, upon the best and maist patriotic men in the land!"

As our young knight was uttering these words in a tone of despondency,—a loud and unearthly scream issued from the narrow passage, which conducts from the inner court into the College garden: and a little, corpulent, roundfaced man, bustling and panting in great agitation, and uttering half broken sentences, ran headlong against him:——"The principal—and haile faculty!——Na, na! That thing wunna du: run, call the beadles and the bailies, and e'en the Lord Provost himsel.—They'll hae the puir lad a' whanged up intil callops! Saf us a'!—And you too, Sir,"—continued he, staring into the muffled face of our student,—"Wha may ye be, sir, at this untimeous hoor within this my ain precincts? You too transgressing the gude laws o' the College,—instead o' being in yer bed, or study-room, lik a douce, sober student;

—you too, to run over my puir body, when I'm, at this instant, in the King's service, trying to keep the peace, if I can get the Bailies and Toon Cooncil to du it!"

"And I pray thee, Archy! wilt thou condescend to inform me, as soon as thy feckless brains hae recovered their senses, on what fool's errand thou art careering at this gaite? Or what may hae scattered a' the puir wits thou aince hadst? In thy vocation as Janitor and key bearer, Archy! thou hast usually displayed as meikle gravity, as micht du honour—saving his presence,—to the archbishop Sharp himsel.

"Archbishop Sharp! Humph!"—cried Archy.—"But run, Sir, I hae nae time to tak up archbishop Sharp wi' ye ——Weel, as I was telling you"——

"You have not told me a word yet, Archy," said the young Knight.

"Howsomever, as I was telling you,"—continued the persevering Archy, who had, like many of his betters, conceived his preceding cogitations to be addressed, by way of conversation, to the present party;—"As I was gangin', ye see, my usual rounds, as in duty bound, before I turned the key o' the front gate,—I heard a fearfu' clashing o' swords, and yelloching doon bye in the College garden. It souched up frae the burnie which runs through the lower parts, ye ken; and the fearfu' bruit increased waur, and mair waur, than the leather-lunged caterwauling o' a score o' cats, in full blast! I ran with a' my micht toward the spot; and after at least a dozen o' upsets, and wi' nae sma' scaith to my frontispiece, —I gat near enough to discern ane o' oor students, frae his gown, engaged in a stoot match at lang rapier.—Noo, for Gude's sake, run, Sir, and save the puir lad; till I shall alarm the haille High Street; and bring a dozen beadles, and bailies at the head o' them."

Our youth ran instantly to the spot pointed out by Archy, and found two persons engaged in single combat. The moon shone clearly: and each was manœuvering to get his antagonist round to face the moon. It was no play of idle gillies, or of awkward students at foils. It was a fierce and deadly combat. A tall young man was sustaining an unequal fight with a a strong built man, who seemed to be in military undress. The youth was evidently wounded, and was beginning to stagger. And his more skilful antagonist was watching his time to give the closing thrust. He was in the act of

giving a flourish with his long rapier; for he had thrown his antagonist off his guard,—and was aiming a murderous blow at his head, when our young knight dashed his cloak into the cavalier's face, and entangled his sword. The unfortunate student, at this moment reeled, and fell on the brown swaird, and fainted.

"My certie! young man!"—cried the soldier,—"ye hae saved a bonny callan's life. That scarlet rag o' yours has delayed his journey, a bittoc, to the ither warld. I was just drawing oot a steel passport to enable him to visit the canting Whigs, by Sathan's fireside,—whase wrangs, as he ca's them, he was seeking to redress at my expense. Wattie Hepburn, my bonny lad! is not to be trifled with. God save King Charles II. oor glorious King: and *a bas* all canting, whining, psalm-singing whigamores!"

Our young knight forgot for a moment, his situation and danger. He threw his cloak over his shoulders, and snatching the sword from the hand of his bleeding companion, he took the lifeguard's man by the hand, and led him down towards the garden wall, while he whispered to him;—"Measure we swords here, my gallant! The son of a Whig, albeit himself be nae Whig as yet, wunna permit with impunity, the gude auld cause o' his father to be insulted: and his comrade slauchtered afore his een. *Nemo me impune lacessit*, ilka Scotchman, be he gentleman or simpleman, can read that,—Eh! If ye be the same I tak ye to be, ye'll need nae midsman to interpret. And the blude o' the *Hamilton*, I flatter myself, needs nae advantage of length of sword with even a lifeguard's man!"

As he uttered these words with rapidity, he dashed the astonished soldier from him, and struck him on the cheek: and then with a flourish of his sword, he threw himself into an attitude of defence. He parried his antagonist's thrusts with coolness, and even with ease. And in the vigour of freshness and youthful excitement, he soon began to gain on the exhausted soldier: and succeeded in bringing him round, more and more, so as to make the moonlight fall fully into his face. He had already given and received several wounds. But by a masterly blow, he had weakened his antagonist's sword arm, very materially.—Wattie Hepburn's passion rose, as he felt himself baffled. But as his passion chafed him, he

only exposed himself the more to the aims of his cool and collected antagonist. Each thrust caused him to retreat a step—while he watched his opportunity in his turn, to spring forward on him; and close the combat.

Our young knight perceived that his manœuvres had completely succeeded. He had brought Hepburn on the rough ground—of which he had not been aware—or had not noticed, in his eagerness to prevent the student from getting betwixt him and the blaze of the full-moon. Hepburn stumbled, and fell on one knee. The young knight instantly closed on him; seized him by the throat, dashed his sword out of his hand with his left foot; and flourishing his steel over him, he brought its point to his throat. "My faith,"—croaked out the exasperated, and half strangled lifeguard's man—"ye're a cunning ane, and a clever." He had hardly uttered these words—when our student—such was his real design,—rolled him, with a sudden jerk, heels over head, down the bank, into the muddy brook, which creeps heavily through the college garden; jumps in himself and souses the soldier over head and ears, before he could collect his scattered senses; and he left him snorting, and spouting out from mouth, and nose, the filthy water; and rehearsing all the oaths of his royal Master's use and coinage; and ejaculating half of the names of the saints in the ghostly Calendar. He remained a few moments, with his huge curly head sticking out of the muddy brook, and supported by his brawny arms which were in the mud up to his elbows, while he stared wildly around him. He then drew his huge limbs up out of the mud, shook himself like a great New-Foundland dog—while his teeth chattered in his mouth, like a pair of castanets. And finding himself about to be surrounded by more attendants than he deemed necessary—and who, moreover, hailed him with tremendous peals of laughter—he hastily threw himself over the garden wall, and disappeared,—relieving the paroxisms of his wrath, the meanwhile, by muttering fierce threats, "that he would annihilate the haile College of Glasgow,—Principal, professors, students, and a'!"

When our young hero returned to his wounded comrade, he found him supported by some of his companions, who had, at the alarm of Archy, hastened to the spot. He was exhausted and faint, through the loss of blood. He had re-

ceived several wounds about the head and arms. They wiped the bloody stains from his face; and hastened to bind up the wounds, in his head, which bled the most profusely.

"But, comrades," cried our knight, "We must hasten from this place. I am confident that the zeal of Archy will bring him hither with a strong party. Already I hear distant voices,—and they are approaching. We can retreat up the Burn; and take the party on the left, and so effect our escape. I am grieved, and mortified at this night's work. But this is not the place to reproach; and I am sure it is not the time, when our friend is in distress!"

They took up their wounded companion; and retreating up the stream, near to the northern wall; they crossed the brook, and took a station behind some bushes, and thus escaped the notice of the officers as they passed.

They could hear a deep-toned voice lamenting the scandalous deterioration of the public morals. "We nae langer find, I trow, the soberness, and cautious prudence, and wisdom, and moderation of the ancient Scottish character among us. Even these walks, and academic shades, consecrated to the retirement of studious youth, are broken in upon by the brawls of drunkards, and their hellish feuds. The sober collegians are transformed into wild soldados, and cut-throats!"

"Yes, gude Baillie," answered one of them—"ay syn thae black guards, waefully misnamed *life guards*—faith! they hae these mony years, mounted guard at *death's* doors,—they are, in fact, the guard of death, the king o' terrors;—ever syn the time that thae craters cam in amang us—though they profess to uphaud king and law; my certes! they labour to put doon baith the aen and the ither. They trample a' law and justice under their hoofs; and the thrapples o' them that wad lead quiet honest lives, they cut as unceremoniously, as I wad slice ye a whang aff a new cheese, or the saft heart o' a kail runt.* The faut o' a' this canna fa' on the Whigs. We a' ken wha's to blame. *Their* example and mainers are like the pestilential blast o' the burnin' desert. Our very sanctuaries are profaned:—and oor fire-sides invaded. There is neither son nor dachter, o' ony o' us safe in the general

* These lifeguards of Charles II. formed the first *nucleus* of the *first standing army* in Britain!

corruption of public morals! They're waefu' times! and weel I wat, the sair blast is only beginning to blaw dourly. An unco dark cloud hangs ower the laun. And wha may live tae see the clearin' up shower! He that's aboon only kens!"

The youthful party hastened out of the garden: and they mended their steps as they approached the college buildings. And, happily for them, Archy had left the key on the inside of the front gate of the College. They hurried into the street; and conveyed the wounded youth to his lodgings!

"My dear Burleigh Stewart!" said our knight; after he had laid his comrade on his couch; and had sent for medical aid—"For I may safely name you, now that there is no ear to give it to the tortures of slander ..... what evil genius could possibly hurry a man of your habits and manners into this night's work of blood and degradation? Was it in character, that the son of your father, should, like some drunken gillie, brawl and fight with the cut-throats of King Charles?—But I bethink me—pardon me, dear Burleigh! That pang of sorrow I have wrung thoughtlessly frae thy heart; thou art not in a situation"——

"I know it, Sir William, but I trust I shall be in a condition soon."—said Burleigh,—"perchance to-morrow, to satisfy you, and all my friends, touching this matter. Meantime, comrade, render me justice. Let me have the credit of being innocent, until I be honourably convicted.—You must now leave me, Sir William,—to my surgeon, who enters, I see, to dress my wounds. A plague on Wattie Hepburn's lang Toledo. It cuts deep into a tender callan's body.—But, stay, comrade"—and he beckoned Sir William back—"I shall need your services, my gallant, to send an express to the domicil of the venerable old Baronet; and hark ye, bring them all."

Sir William pressed his hand, and nodded his assurance that he would see all this done. He lingered near his friend until he heard the surgeon slowly, and oraculously pronounce his opinion—or at least what he conjectured to be his opinion—clothed, and set forth in a semi-barbarous latinity; that 'the wounds were not, in their puttings on, at all mortal.' He then joyfully returned Burleigh's nod and smile: and kissing his hand to him, he hastened to his groom to send off the express to the family mansion.

CHAPTER II.

"Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me, at this instant."———*Shakspeare.*

On the evening of the next day after Burleigh had received his wounds, his friend Sir William was sitting by his bedside. Their close and earnest conversation was interrupted by the noise of feet on the stairs. The attendant entered and whispered certain names in Burleigh's ear, while he cast a smiling glance at Sir William.

"Show them up, Bauldy; nae ceremony; mine heart leaps to embrace them."

In a few moments, two elegant females glided into the room, muffled into their sprightly travelling attire of riding coats, and hoods, of grey. They threw themselves on the neck of Burleigh, forgetful of wounds and sickness. And "my brother,"—"my sister,"—were mutually sobbed out with tenderest emotions.

A venerable figure followed up in the rear. His visage exhibited no common set of features. There was a calmness and mildness about him; mixed up with a gentle degree of austerity. A stranger could detect in it a loftiness of air, bordering on defiance. His eye and the compression of the lips seemed to say, I have thought and decided for myself: and I am not to be dictated to, nor contradicted.—His figure was of that square and vigorous form, in which we see the indications of a mind strongly braced up, and prepared for every event; and a constitution vigorous, and capable of bearing toils, privations, and deepest sorrows.

He stood erect in the middle of the floor, with his eyes turned on Burleigh. He uttered not a word: he offered no salutations: his eyes sent forth the feelings of his soul; which laboured under a burden of sorrow and anger. A stranger to him would have said that anger was uppermost. But the father's eye which fell on the eye of a son, told that son that sorrow prevailed over anger.

"And did my son receive a lesson on duelling at his father's fireside, within a sabbath evening's domestic circle,

—when assembled e'en at a' hazards, frae the roving banditti o' the Tories? Is the house o' Carlsness to be disgraced by"——

"The share which I had in that evening's work, when Burleigh Stewart was wounded,"—cried Sir William, eagerly advancing toward the Baron,—"does entitle me to"——

"And am I to call you the *second* o' my son, in that wark o' disgracefu' folly and blude?"—said the Baron fiercely interrupting him.

"My father!" said Burleigh,—"I pray you to hear me. You behold before you, the gallant man to whose courage I owe my life. But for him, you had lost the youngest son of your already deeply wounded and bleeding family!"

The venerable Baron struggled hard, for an instant, to hide his strong emotions: his bosom heaved; he uttered not a word in reply; but turning to Sir William, he clasped him in his arms, and uttered in a suppressed voice,—"Excuse that harsh word which fell frae a father's lips."

"He has promised to give an explanation of all the circumstances, as soon as the state of his health will permit him,"—said Sir William, very tenderly.

"And you were not with him then,"—cried the anxious Baronet.

"He was not with me, venerable father,"—said Burleigh,—"He was, however, the last man on the field, even though one of Clavers' right hand men was there. And, I think, I can satisfy you, Sir, that my honour has not been impaired."

The Baron threw on him a keen and searching glance.—"Say, rather, thy moral principles, young man;"—cried the Covenanter,—"and I shall probably understand thee. *Honour* is a word so often in the mouth of fools, that it is now with me the mere cant of hypocrisy.—It has nae meaning wi' a man o' sense, when it drops frae certain young men's lips.—Thy former principles, whilk were painfully instilled intil thee, by thy Tutor, one o' the best o' men, whilk thy father's anxious care could select; whilk principles thy father's Sabbath evening exercises should hae kept, at least, frae rusting:—were thae principles, Sir, violated in this hair-brained piece o' wark?"

"I shall exculpate myself to your satisfaction, my venerable father. Only hae patience; and believe me sound at

heart, and in principles, (such as you, honoured Sir, and my Tutor instilled into me,)—until my guilt shall show otherwise."

The affectionate parent paused, and cast one of those searching looks over his son's face, which usually, in his case, superseded the small talk, too much practised by parents in the family circle. He saw candour and truth in his son's looks.—"Yes, I will believe thee, Burleigh,"—cried he:—"Thou hast ever been a good son and honourable, to thy poor father.—Ah! me;"—he added with a sigh;—"I hae been ane oak frae whilk many a lovely branch has been cruelly hacked off. And nae wonder it is that my heart bends wi' neverceasing fondness over the life and honour o' those who hae been spared.—Sir William called you this young man?"—Added the Baron turning round to Sir William.

"Yes, my father;"—replied Burleigh;—"This is Sir William Hamilton, of Preston."

"Son o' mine ancient friend and frequent guest! I am greatly delighted to meet thy father's son by the bedside o' ane sae dear to my heart!" And he gave a slight wave of his hand towards the bed of his son, as he said this. "But I see my sweet bairne Anna Burleigh is all impatience to be presented to you."

Anna Burleigh had thrown back her hood, and from the moment that her brother had uttered his name and his gallant deed, she had been bending forward and fixing a deep and searching look on the features, and person of the gallant young knight: and she had, unconscious as she was of it, presented before his sight, and that of another young nobleman who stood by his side,—Lord Kardross,—one of the most bewitching faces, and sparkling eyes, which ever shot perils into a young man's heart. Her deranged head-gear did not destroy the effect. Over her brow, finely shaped, and polished as the alabaster, her dark and glossy hair fell in a profusion of silken curls. Her black eyes, naturally laughing and playful, were softened into an inexpressible tenderness, and a soft and chastened air of melancholy. She was clothed in weeds of deep mourning, for a sister who had fallen a victim in the troubles of the day, which pressed sore on the house of Carlsness. And she stood up before the young noblemen in all the enchanting witchery of a beauti-

ful maiden of nineteen. She blushed deeply when awakened out of her reverie by this abrupt sally of her father. When presented to Sir William she held out her white hand, which he raised to his lips, and kissed, with affectionate respect, as the rich and musical tones of her voice uttered a hurried congratulation, and many blessings on her brother's deliverer. The good knight relieved his daughter's embarrassment by presenting her sister;—"And this is *Mary Stewart*. Their mother is a saint in heaven:"—he added, with tender emotions,—"And the man of blood has chased from their country, my Jamie and my David! One,—brave as good—and good as brave, he has given to the sword! And another.....my bony sweet Clara"——he paused and uttered a heavy sigh,—then added in a voice choaked with grief—"My sweet Clara died of a broken heart, when the martyred McKail died on the scaffold. But, my bairns, I hae said it, and will ne'er cease to say it. His will be done." He turned himself to the window and sobbed, as he dried the teardrops from his cheeks, and added mournfully—"Not lost!—They are only gone before! We meet in heaven!"

"Mary Stewart!" said Burleigh with tenderness,—"Sir William salutes thee."

Mary turned round to him in the midst of her grief. She was a tall and beautiful maiden of seventeen years. Her hair was of a bright auburn, approaching to a golden colour, and dressed up in perfect rural simplicity. A green snood was bound around her lovely temples, and over her hair smoothed back from her brow. It was a lover's token as was indicated by the initials which sparkled in brilliant and pearlins, amidst the profusion of her golden locks. Her nose, and blooming cheeks, and mouth were formed on the finest specimen of the Grecian model. Her complexion was of the purest red and white: and in her comely weeds she sparkled like the diamond set on black velvet. Her dark blue eyes were filled with tears at the moment she smiled on Sir William, and blessed her brother's deliverer.

"My lovely maiden!" said Sir William in a whisper, and with a significant glance,—"although this be the first time I ever stood before thee, I am, naitheless, nae stranger to thy beauty and virtues. My younger brother"——

A sudden glance from the maiden told him that he need

say no more: and she presented her fair cheek to him to be kissed.

Mary, though younger than her sister, had much less of the retiring maidenly bashfulness than she.—She felt less embarrassment: she courted conversation; she met and invited every advance to it; as well with the gay as the severe; with the blooming young man; as with the old; with the man of fashion, as with the divine. The nice observer of the gentle maiden, could, at once, say that the beautiful Mary Stewart's heart had been given away; and her manner said,—given to one who merited it. Hence she entered into an easy and unreserved conversation with Lord Kardross and Sir William.

It was not so with her sister. Anna Burleigh had not yet seen the man who could captivate her heart,—unless we may except the noble young Lord who, for the first time, this morning, had bowed himself before her. She was, like her sister, an accomplished maiden. The Baronet wanted not the means, nor the heart to place them where their education should receive that solidity and polish, which should qualify them to move and shine, in any circle. But the sisters were the children of a Covenanter and a Whig. There was a sacred respect had to the christian religion within the circles in which they were reared and educated.—The manners and forms of education within a Whig's family and that of a Tory, in those days, were as widely different as was their respective political creed. The Whig made it his particular study faithfully to combine the solid and shining parts of male and female education with an enlightened knowledge of christianity. The vivacity of the young mind was tempered with a meek and christian sensibility: it was taught to abhor an intolerant and persecuting spirit: to hasten to the relief of the poor and the oppressed: to cheer up the mind when under the sore pressure of tyranny, with the pure and exhilarating joys of our holy religion. They sought the reality, not the affectation, of a pure and simple devotion. This, they well knew, operated like a charm on the youthful mind. It diffuses over it a uniform serenity and cheerfulness: it invigorates, and braces it up to deeds of noble enterprize; it enables it not merely to sustain, but to bear with a placid temper, every suffering in their lot: and it fails not to throw the light of joy and loveliness over all

mental accomplishments in the still scenes of domestic life. Enlightened and cheerful piety suffers not the youthful exuberance of spirits to run to waste. It teaches them to flow in an even and steady stream. It neither permits the young mind to evaporate in the idle flash of earthly vanity: nor does it chill them with vexatious disappointments. It lights up a pure flame, which throws a steady and unfading lustre over the whole inner and outer man: and sends joy unutterable, over the whole circle which they bless with their presence.

This form of religious education characterised the entire circle of the Whigs of Scotland. In the humblest cottages, and where every outward polish was an utter stranger, the practical influence of religion was felt, and seen in its fruits. It was the business and the enjoyment of life, to fan this sacred flame, and to keep their spirits bright from the world's rust.

And this combining of a polished education, in the higher ranks, with a simple and pure devotion, was steadily adhered to by the Whigs in face of all opposition and ridicule. Nothing could shake them from their holy purpose. And they hurled back the ridicule, and imputation of cant, by the irresistible appeal to the uneducated beauties in the Tory ranks, at the card table, in the ball, or the masquerade,—fit for the companionship of fops and witlings only. "They open not their beautiful lips,"—cried they,—"but to betray, before all men of sense, their ignorance and want of principle; to lisp slander, and descant on trifles!"

But, on the other hand, by a process, the most natural imaginable, the existence, and the very appearance of sober piety and religion, with all its moral beauty and loveliness, were banished from almost every circle of the court party, the Tories in those days.

King Charles II. even when on his knees in the act of taking the coronation oath, and the oath of the National Covenant, at Scoon, in the midst of the nobles of the land, and the most distinguished of his loyal and learned divines,—was scarcely able to restrain his laughter, at the religious ceremonies of the day. His wild laughing eye, and the flush sent over his swarthy countenance, had well nigh betrayed him. The very name of religion, preached in no scanty measure, it is true,—but nevertheless soberly and faithfully, before him,—was enough to throw one of his

principles, and laughter-loving constitution, absolutely into an ague fit. The name and sight of the "Haly Beuk," sent the cold chills into his heart. He hated and loathed the christian religion: he hated and loathed the whole of its ministry. The imposing and theatrical pomp of the Mass presented the least intolerable idea of religion to his soul. And in the absence of that, which the tyrant, bold and unblushing as he was, did not dare yet openly to confess,—that model of a harsh and ferocious prelatism devised by Laud and Sharpe, was adapted to his taste and principles.

Moreover, in his heart there burned a dark fire of an unsubduable licentiousness, which consumed every tender feeling and emotion of religion. The groans of his subjects, the clanking of their chains, the intolerable misery inflicted on thousands of once happy families: the wailings of the Kirk of Scotland, the torrents of human blood shed by legalized murderers over the land;—no,—nothing could awaken him to his duty,—nor quench this dark fire which burned in his bosom,—nor drive him and his priest-ridden minions, the Clarendons, the Lauderdales and M'Kenzies, and Claverses of the day, from their fell purposes. They had conceived the horrid purpose of dragooning a nation into another religion, and then to extinguish in the deeds of violence, all practical christianity. And like the King of Israel, they would have languished in disappointment; and died of despair, had they not found an opportunity laid open to them by a Jezebel, of revelling in tyranny, and shedding the blood of the subjects,—peaceful and even loyal as they were, until unheard-of tyranny drove them to despair, to madness, and to arms!

Now the "Cavaliers" of England, and the "Malignants" of Scotland flattered and applauded, and bowed obsequiously before the tyrants. But the "Puritans" of England, and the "Whigs" of Scotland opposed all the mightiness of their power to the inroads of the enemies of God and their country. But the former were as much opposed to the latter in piety and morals, as they were pitted against each other in politics. Cavalier and Malignant became unhappily synonymous with royalty and irreligion! the Puritan and Whig were devoted to the pure christian religion, and they drew their battle blades against a mad and frantic tyranny. They were loyal to their country and God; and

to a king that rules in righteousness, and by the laws of the Kingdom.

Hence it was very natural for the tyrant, and his parasites, to associate in their minds, the idea of a christian, with that of an enemy to *his* throne. And, hence, to mingle in devotions, to utter the venerated language of christian piety, to sing psalms, to speak and preach against tyranny, to educate the youth in these principles, dear to every genuine Scottishman's heart,—were deemed crimes sufficient to draw down the heaviest wrath of the tyrant, and Tory partizans!

The conversation was interrupted by the attendant announcing supper.

"A student's supper, I engage it,"—cried Anna Burleigh, with an arch glance at her brother; as she followed the servant;—"it is time for me to be framing an apology."

"Not to me, surely, who am also a student," cried Sir William, as he led in Mary Stewart.

"It is no part of my whig creed,"—said the Baronet, willing to see his children and friends happy and cheerful;—"to believe that Divine Providence designs all good things for ungodly men and Tories. We shall find, at least, a stoup o' gude claret."

"He is a man of principle,"—said Burleigh to himself, as they shut the door behind them:—"and he has ever carried his principles out honestly into active life. My father's fireside scenes, and the welcome which he gave to strangers have shewn the tenets of the whig school in this particular item. I hae perceived, hithertil, no great ground o' quarrel between the Whig and Tory on the score o' *Crater comforts!* What say you to that, Archy?" added he, addressing himself to the Janitor, who had slipt quietly into the room, and was listening as if he expected to hear the death-rattles in Burleigh's throat.

"Na, na!" cried Archy, overjoyed to see him so well. "There's nae kind o' difference on that score, preceesly. There may be, and is a wee difference as to the season and the *modus*, as oor learned ones wad say. They'll no just eat yer plumpuddings on a christmas day, for fear o' being jaloosed o' keeping sacred and holy sic a day, ye ken. Nor tak they a royatous dinner of a Sabbath,—or *Sunday*, as yer pockpuddin Englishers ca't. But, my certie! if they dinna like their gausy beef and puddins, o' a richt kind, in

their proper season,—then I'm no Archy Cawmill. And then as to the *modus*, ye see, the Whig's table will be garnished oot wi' the gude things o' this life, and the best o' them. But then, he puts his knife to his throat: he's maister o' his appetite: he fa's na on like yer dog. He mingles a' things wi' religion, the grand seasoner. He wull lift baith his hauns, and he wull pronounce ye a blessing lang eneugh for ane o' the Indulged ministers' forenoon prayers! And he wull scrupulously return thanks in the same gaite.—Noo, unless the Tories be slandered shamously, not e'en their bishops du this. And by some cantripe or ither, their prayers and graces hae ay grown shorter and shorter syn the King cam hame; and latterly they hae vanished wi' a hasty consumption.—Then the Whig stints himsel. The limit he sets to his indulgences he winna transgress. Did any o' us e'er hear o' a gluttonous Whig? A drunken Whig? A swearing Whig? But yer Tory is a gourmand by taste and profession. You may limit him in his liberties: you may e'en strip him o' liberty and religion,—that is, supposing, for the sake o' oor argument, that the crater e'er had ony religion to be stript aff him,—for a man canna tak the breeks aff a heelan man!—Why he wad utter ye nae complaint, providin' ye wad allow him ane unlimited profusion o' gude vivers, divine claret, and boisterous merriment! But were yer absolute supremacy and divine-right men to trench upon this, and e'en gie them a' their liberties and religion to the fullest, *they wad curse his maist sacred majesty to his face*;—as the deel aince observed to his betters!

"Noo, in thae waesome times, I'm meikle grieved to see mony a bonny callan, no to speak o' bearded men, suffering, when they micht contrive to cheat the Tory oot o' his prey, and sae escape.—Noo, Maister Burleigh,"—added Archy as he drew up near his bed and assumed a grave and knowing look,—"could I gain the ears o' the Whigs as their adviser and advocate,—and if I could prevail on them just to tak ae salutary advice whilk I could gie,—that is, supposing a Whig,—wi' reverence be it spoken,—could be induced, for a time, as it were, to jouk and let the jaw gae ower,—and just quiet the scruples o' conscience, and conceal his religion and politics,—I wad na hae them to deny them ootricht,—but just dissemble, as it were, a wee while;

and tak on wi' the noisy Tories, and learn a wee touch o' their ways; and drink their stoup o' claret, and throw aff their tass o' brandy wi' yer roaring splorers in the houffs; and sing yer catch o' some indecent sang; and hiccup blasphemy, and curse a' psalm-singers; and let oot in high style yer King Charlie oaths noo and then,—Why, my Maister, I reddye weel, no ane o' them micht e'er be called to glorify HIM in the Grass-market o' Embroch; or the Gallows-field o' Glasgow! But if they wunna consent to dissemble, or gie up their religion and liberty,—they maun e'en suffer.—There's nae remedy!"

"Glorious logic! Archy," cried Burleigh.—"And is it a matter o' difficulty wi' thee to evolve the conclusion?"

"Conclusion! Humph,"—ejaculated Archy, as if he viewed the case in despair. "We canna get a Scotch Whig e'en to eat plum-pudding on Christmas! And on what ither point wad they yield? In troth, I micht suner set Tintoc hill on the tap o' Benlomond, as mak a Scotch Whig swerve, or e'en dissemble.—But, I'm forgetting mysel', wi' my nonsense;—excuse me, Master Burleigh; I came frae his Reverence the Principal, (God bless him,) to tell you, that he, and twa or three others o' the Faculty will come ower bye to visit you to-morrow forenoon."

"I shall be honoured and gratified,"—said Burleigh. "He has been grieved to hear an unco ill report o' you;" continued the loquacious Archy; "but I hae been doing my best to put as passable a face on the business, as I can."

"Yes, Archy,"—cried Burleigh,—"and before you do yourself know any thing about the business. I dare say you succeeded, to admiration, in illuminating the Principal on this subject. We shall live, I dare say, Archy, to give you joy as councillor for the Whigs. Adieu, and carry my dutiful obedience to the gude Principal, and his learned coadjutors."

Archy, with the freedom, for which a kind heart made ample atonement, shook Burleigh by the hand; and expressed his immeasurable felicity at seeing him so well;—"For, surely, I thocht o' naething short o' seeing you streekit oot i' the last gasp o' mortal agony: yer een stelled in yer head; the death rattle in yer throat,—an' a' ready for the *extreme unction*,—gif ye had been a Roman,—gude forgie me for e'en conceivin' it possible that the son o' yer

faither could be sic a thing! Fare ye weel, my bonny lad! I'll no fail to report you favourably to the Principal,"—continued Archy with a condescension ludicrously grave,—"and I sall assure him, that yer principles are, after a,' haile at heart; and that the affair is na half sae heinous, on the whole, as thae glaikit craters,—the Tories, wha want ay to hae a hair in oor neck,—I'm no saying wha they are,—hae officiously reported the thing till him!"

CHAPTER III.

"*St.* Why what a monstrous fellow thou art, thus to rail on me.
"*Kent.* Draw, you rogue! for though it be night, the moon shines. I'll make a sop of the moonshine of you. Draw, you cullionly barber-monger, draw!"—SHAKSPEARE'S LEAR.

NEXT morning, at the hour appointed, Sir William hastened to the apartments of his friend, without having arranged his thoughts—or having even made the least preparation to meet the approaching investigation by the Principal.

While the college bell was yet ringing the hour, the Principal, and several of the professors, entered Burleigh's sitting-room—for they knew the value of time, and the promise to keep an engagement, was with them sacred.

Principal —— was a person of a very fine figure. He was tall and erect; and unusually grave in his manners. His hair was white—but not by age. The sorrows of the times—and he had received his share of them—had bleached it whiter than the hand of time could have done it. His complexion was fresh: his brow high and finely polished: with the exception of a few wrinkles on the lower and central parts thereof. His hair was neatly parted on the forehead; and fell in curls, over his ears, and on his shoulders. His beard, after the fashion of the senior ministers of that day, he wore about five inches long; and it terminated in a point in front. His eyebrows still retained their jet black colour. His eyes were dark; and they had an expression of severity in them. His coat and doublet

were of black velvet; the former having the usual liberal allowance of skirt as to fulness—but short; with large flaps over his outside pockets, and a row of buttons transversely, of no small dimensions—like those on the single row in front: and the latter—the doublet, having pockets and flaps nearly as liberal, rounded off at each side, and extending down over the small clothes almost to the knees. The latter mentioned item of his dress, of the same materials, barely reached the cap of the knee; had a long row of buttons extending up half way from the knee to the loin: and the lower extremity of this side opening was fixed by a knot of black ribbons, shaped out in the form of a large moss rose. His silk stockings came up over his knee, when he sat—his shoes came up over his ankles, and each of them had a graceful bunch of black silk ribbon, as large as those at his knees.

He walked forward, bowing and smiling with a paternal air, into the midst of the circle; and, then, he saluted each with a smile of courteousness, and unaffected good will. He embraced the Baronet with great affection:—and the remembrance of their mutual sufferings rose in their minds, and sent a tear at the same instant, over their cheeks. He laid his hand in a paternal manner on the head of each of the Baronet's beautiful daughters, as they were presented to him, and kissed them as he pronounced his blessing on them. And while the other professors were paying their services to the company, he walked up to the bedside of Burleigh, and sat down beside him.—And taking Burleigh's hand in his right hand, and Sir William's in the other—he fixed on them a long and silent look. He uttered no reproach. Suddenly dropping their hands, he whispered to them—"I forgot me,—young men! your hands are stained with blood." —As he left them, and seated himself by the Baronet, several of the professors placed themselves in a circle by the bedside of Burleigh; and kindly inquired if his wounds were nearly healed. "They are I may say—well," whispered Burleigh—"at least they give me no pain. The wound is mainly in my heart." "In your *heart*, Sir"—exclaimed the mathematical professor, taking him in a literal sense. "Oh! no—I do not mean that," said Burleigh, replying to his meaning, rather than to his words. "There

are two men,—my two parents,—the Baronet and the Principal—to have been the cause of wounding their feelings, has been to me the most exquisitely painful thing in the whole of this unhappy business."

The mathematical professor first cast a quizzical glance over our student's face, then looking up to the ceiling, he exclaimed—"Pho! pshaw, ha! ha! ha!" Then pausing; he gathered up his mouth into a *solid circle*—as the professor himself would have called it: and at the same time raising his two dark heavy eye-brows, half way up to the extremity of his nicely smothed back hair, he began—"Egad! my gaucy young fellow, had you been among the Tories—as ye happen to be among the Whigs;—They would not hae deeved yer lugs, nor "wounded" yer bit chicken's "heart," wi' a' this fuss about a trifle o' a duel! No lad o' spirit and mettle can pretend to get along in real active life,—I mean your stirring life—without a duel or two. Youth maun oot—my hearties!—Youth maun oot, Sir. Let your Whigs talk as they e'en please."

The other professors smiled. The mathematician was an eccentric character: and a kind of privileged man with them. And they seldom threw away an argument upon him. It was not so with the good Principal. He had caught the last expression, and began to suspect the orthodoxy of his condolence offered to Burleigh.

"You are always orthodox on Euclid, and Diophantes, my good Professor," said he.—"But I fear, that, like other sage Professors, whose heads are store-houses of classical and mathematical lore—but sadly bankrupt—and beggared, touching religious science,—you have not yet learned the first definitions, and axioms of theology."

The Professor bit his lip and sat down; casting at the same time, however, a respectful look on the Principal—though it was very evident that the extremities of his lips began to curl up; and the general expression of his countenance said that he was as willing to receive a good-natured stroke of wit, as ever he was to give one.

"I pray you worthy Professor, let us hear your *theorem*—it cannot be a *problem*—I conjecture;—and then your formal demonstration"—continued the Principal. "Suppose now I announce your theorem, on this same subject of duel-

ling—in your own way, thus: ***Duelling is necessary by the laws of honour: and defensible by the laws of God and of men.***"

"In troth, Mr. Principal, do you put the enunciation in strong set phrase, and in unco preceese terms. The fact, however, is, as I rather suspect—our young raw blades, and your dashing hairum scairum soldados, neer hae fashed their noddles about the laws o' God in this kind o' business. They leave out the haile o' the last clause of your announcement. The law of honour is the only law in this work."

"I crave your pardon, Mr. Professor. You cannot claim, for them, any reason to do so. A man's life aimed at in a duel, is public property. ***None of us live unto ourselves, and none of us die unto ourselves; whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live or die, therefore, we are the Lord's.*** A man's life is the property of God; and in another sense it is the property of the State. This *lemma* is not to be questioned —far less denied. You must deny the first dictate of reason and common sense; and especially Holy Writ, if you deny this. It is as strongly based in truth as any proposition in Euclid."

The Professor, wiping his brow, nodded his assent: he "could not see how that could be evaded by any person that did *reason* on the subject." He laid a full emphasis on *reason.*

"***Reason*** on it"—said the Principal, gravely repeating the emphatic words of the Professor. "Why, my most worthy friend, if any human being can be found in civilized or uncivilized society, who enters on any business of such vast moment, that his life and death,—his present and eternal happiness, are necessarily involved in it—and yet does not pause to *reason* on it; I should deem it an insult on common sense to call him a ***rational being!*** He must be an irrational—a brute! And your duellers, who never *reason*, I would set down by the side of a brace of mad bull-dogs,—battling it out in their bloody kennel,—or over their knawed bones on the dung-hill!"

"But supposing we meet with men who advocate duelling, and who venture to *reason* on the subject; I would shape an argument of this kind for their candour. If you do advocate duelling, as a thing defensible, you must, first dis-

pose of, in some satisfactory manner, these principles which we lay down before you; and which we judge sufficient to lay an impassable barrier in your way. A human being, owing allegiance to his God, and also the State, has most assuredly, no private right to take away that which is not his own;—which is not private property; but which is, in fact, the property of God, and of the State; and which can never be alienated from God; nor transferred to any created being!—But the truth is this;—it will bear neither the inspection of reason, nor the test of common sense. It is a wretched fragment of Gothic manners; a pitiful remnant of the barbarous ages. Had the fair sex set their faces against it, and banished the bloody duellist, at the same time that they banished the naked painted savage, from decent society, they would have rendered the reformation of manners more complete. Your sex, lovely maiden,"—continued the Principal, addressing himself to Anna Burleigh,—"can do more to the excision of this barbarism than all the laws of the land. For our laws"——

"I'm by nae means confident," said the Professor, rallying his spirits to a fresh charge,—"that it would be, at all proper, or consistent with sound policy, to enact laws against duelling; or to bespeak the irresistible influence of the fair against it.—Excuse me, fair maiden for interrupting you.—I love my old paradox; and I cling to it. Duelling is beneficial and salutary: e'en as mickle sae as hanging. Ye canna get alang without *hanging;* and neither can ye without *duelling*. I hae viewed its corrective and reforming influence in the dark ages. It is like yer physic in the body, natural. I'm as sure of this as I'm sure that three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.—And that it has been a pruning-knife, right weel, and seasonably applied to the wild luxuriance of barbarism! It sent many a rascally crusader, and cowled priest to *hades*, in a giffy.... without waiting the slow process of justice which leads by a circuitous way, through many trap door's of escape—to the axe and the halter! And, now, in these last days, when a decency of morality, and the bright beams of extending science, constrain the villains which prowl in society to put on the mask, at least of hypocrisy—I should be sorry to see any laws enacted, or at least executed against the ancient and knightlike order of duellers. Away with your laws

against a good shot, and the adroitness of the rapier's man. Let your smart pistolet—and swordsman streek ye out yer villainslike rizzared haddocks! Why, my masters, your duelling purifies the moral atmosphere, as a thunderstorm does the burning air of a Jamaica climate. And, my certie! it rids the world of many a rascal—and leaves them where they should have been,—to wit—dragged out long ago—even by the dyke side, and in a ditch, like an auld worn out pack-horse. Suppose now that our brave young friend Burleigh here, for instance, had sent Wattie Hepburn, —and a few sic lyke tikes—reeking in their guilt to the nether dominions, wha wad say, foul fa' ye?"

There was not a grave face in the room, except the Principal's, as the eccentric Professor thus ran on, until he had uttered the last sentence, when Anna Burleigh and her sister Mary screamed outright—and started up from their seats; and the Baronet interposed.

"Even so, Professor," said the Principal, in a calm, but firm tone—"Now you perceive that whilst you dealt in generals, and stood at a distance from us, and faintly put down the grave by the side of the ludicrous, you only *wrung* a smile from us. But when you embodied your idea into a real and visible shape, and set it before our eyes, and, moreover, brought it home to our hearts, in the action of a brother murdering a fellow being, we were shocked incontinently."

"Were men to receive back their tails again, and return into the forest to play their pranks with their kindred, the monkeys, and the ourang-outangs,—I should say, *amen.* Let us have no laws against duelling—let us have no frowns from the virtuous part of the community against duelling. It is the pruning-knife. The profligate will weed out the thistle; and lop off the rotten branches. But.... Oh! my young friend"—and he took Burleigh's hand and pressed it between both his hands, as he uttered these pathetic words—"that an immortal being should thus presume to play his pranks before High Heaven; and dance over the precipice of eternity with a wild maniac's shudder, and his fitful convulsive laughter!..... *Oh! my soul, come not thou into their secret—unto their assembly, my honour, be not thou united...* I knew you think so, dear Burleigh—and you, my good Professor, notwithstanding that sally of extravagance." As the

venerable man uttered this with great tenderness, he took him by the hand, while he still retained the hold of Burleigh's. There was not a dry eye in the room.

"I feel myself called upon to explain,"—cried Burleigh; —"I did not fight a duel: I had no second, of course; Sir William had no concern whatever in my original affair with Wattie Hepburn."—

The good old Baronet at these words started up, and clasped Burleigh to his bosom; while the sisters gave vent to their passionate joy.

"I thocht sae,—I ay thocht sae,"—cried the Baronet: "I could na doubt the honour o' my child!"

"Let us hear him out,"—said the Principal; "Burleigh's honour, and nobility of soul have ever been pure, and unspotted,—as the white ground on the shield o' his forebears!"

CHAPTER IV.

"But love, first learned in lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power:
And gives to every power a double power."—SHAKSPEARE.

As the Principal was uttering these words, they were interrupted by the attendant leading in two persons, who appeared, from their dress, to come from a journey. The one was a tall, and erect figure; and when he threw off his cloak, he stood forth in the undress of a soldier,—copied after the model of the Covenanters' army of forty-two. His face, though youthful, exhibited no common-place features. There was an air of solemnity about it. But it was lighted up by a smile of unaffected pleasantness, and gladness. A stranger would have said that there was in it the expression of conscious superiority: there was certainly much dignity, and firmness in it. The nose was prominent and aquiline. His polished brow rose high under his dark and curled hair. His eye brows were heavy, but not bushy, and jet

black. They were drawn together at the inner extremities—in a manner which indicated not so much pride or fierceness, as deep and habitual thought of a rather melancholy cast. His face was full and oval. His mouth small; his lips finely shaped; and rather prominent: his eyes large, dark, and piercing. He saluted the company individually with the easy manner of one who has seen the world; and at the same time with a sprinkling of that reserve into which a young man naturally falls, who is constrained to be on his guard, habitually, among strangers; and from which he cannot altogether free himself when among his friends. He might be twenty-five years of age.

The other was a youth of about seventeen, well shaped, short in stature, erect, and unusually sedate. His countenance was peculiarly interesting. His complexion was bright and ruddy: his brow unusually high, and square; and there was a loftiness, and noble air over the whole combination of features; and, moreover, a certain cast of his dark blue eyes which indicated great penetration and unsubduable courage. His manners were plain and simple.—But there was withal an ease and collectedness in them, which, in one of his age, showed that he had associated with good company. He merely bowed to each of the company, while his companion was busied in embracing every individual round the circle.

"Brother Robert," said Sir William Hamilton as our traveller reached him, and another beautiful being whom he would most gladly have saluted first—but whom, through a kind of mysterious awkwardness he happened to approach the very last—"I greet you weel on your arrival.—I present you to the lovely Mary Stuart,"—added he in a louder tone, and with well-affected *nonchalance*, "for really you do not seem to have seen her—or rather to judge you in the spirit of charity, the light of her charms may have struck you blind; for, as the poetical Secretary of old Noll hath it,—'*the excess of light is darkness.*' It is certainly so to us, *frail mortals*, in this mundane sphere."

Mary Stewart was all the while struggling to conceal her agitation. The first vision of the two figures, as they entered the room, had sent the blood to her brow and her neck. Then with a tumult it hurried back: and she stood pale and agitated—leaning on her sister's arm, as Sir Ro-

bert approached her.—This well-timed rallying of Sir William brought her relief. Her face was soon lighted up with a smile—while the clear tear drop—that had stolen down her cheek, fell into her beautiful bosom, and disappeared.

Sir Robert saluted her with the tenderest affection—and leading her to a seat, entered into earnest conversation with her.—But it was not after the manner of the poets' painting, or of romance. It was not even in the manner, and imaginative communings of two lovers, whose vows are being ratified for the first time, or renewed under the sweet hawthorn tree; and the charming scenery of a midsummer night's moon. Their love—for we must render justice to it,—was as sincere, and as ardent as ever poet painted,—or ever glowing imagination conceived. But a thousand circumstances, growing out of Scotland's afflicted times, had combined to chase away, or rather to chasten down the sweet poetry and romance of love. Theirs was the love of enlightened and feeling minds, bowed down under the burden of family sorrows, and those of their country, and the Kirk of God.—Their respective families, especially that of Mary Stewart, had again and again bled under the cruel inflictions of tyranny. They had followed to the grave, in the bitterness of their youthful grief, the dearest relations in life. Their love, as often as it broke forth in as pure and holy a flame as ever poet pourtrayed, or the warmest heart conceived—had felt the chilling death-stroke which the horrid din of civil war, and the cruelty of tyranny fail not to inflict on the heart. Their sweetest hopes, often on the eve of being realized, had been again and again deferred;—and they had felt, in the midst of their brightest anticipations, that protracted sickness under which the heart sinks when the fondest hopes of a lover are suddenly disappointed.

"I found thee not—my sweet Mary—either in the cottage of auld Maisy;—nor had thy foot passed under the Trysting Oak in thy daily visit to the wounded sufferers. But having learned the cause of your sudden departure hither, we hastened after you. The season, indeed, calls imperatively for action, my lovely Mary,"—continued Sir Robert after a long pause—and with great embarrassment, —"The expiring liberty of our country, and the groans of the wounded Kirk of God, sound loudly in my ears—and

painful it is, God knoweth, to bide it. And I come ainc mair to press my humble suit—before we finally embark in these difficulties and perils.—Only let me call thee mine own ——"

"Ah! Sir Robert, I cannot look forward into the coming days without beholding another tragic scene. My sainted sister Clara, and the martyred McKail rise up before me in my waking dreams—with the wild and frantic grief of my family.—The vow has passed my lips, which first I whispered to thee under the green oak of Carlsness. But let me whisper it to thee, in thine ear,—Mary Stewart will never wed the beloved of her soul,—until the light of peace shall revisit our country,—and the wounds of her bleeding family be closed.—But this is not the place to rehearse these things. Burleigh is now so well, that we shall leave this place, perhaps, to-morrow. And I will meet thee at the Trysting Oak—in a few short weeks—when spring puts on her young leaves and flowers;—that is, if we return to my father's house; or meet we in the cave of Kirkfield if I visit the retirement of my grandfather."

All this was uttered in a whisper—while a brisk conversation occupied the attention of the rest of the company.

Hamilton was overwhelmed at this resolution of his betrothed—and more so by the firm—and even obstinate manner in which she uttered it, than by the resolution itself.—For the lover learned his fate rather from the manner than from the words of his mistress. He raised her hand to his lips,—and a shower of tears fell on it. He thought on the past: he gazed on the face of Mary Stewart; and in the bitterness of his soul he looked forward, and saw between him and his happiness a fearful space—covered with the visions of blood and death,—the battle-ground on which his country was to conquer her liberty and religion,—or to fall under the steel of tyranny, with the flower of her sons!

But the soul of the young Hamilton was the soul of a hero as well as a lover. It possessed the singular elasticity, and the courage of the house whence he was descended. It rested not until it had taken up its bold purpose. And then, nothing could move him, nor turn him aside from the execution of his purpose.—The dark cloud soon passed away from his mind and from his brow. His betrothed saw it;

and her smile gave the life, and body of words to his resolution.—"A glorious prize!" cried he,—"Well worth a soldier, and a Christian's toils! The deliverance of the Kirk; the liberty of my kintry,—and the hand of Mary Stewart!.....Onward.....and the rallying word of a Hamilton is.....THROUGH!"*

The tone of enthusiasm, with which he uttered the last words, fell on the ear of the loudest speaker in the company; and it produced suddenly a deep silence. And Sir William was just pronouncing the words—"*Encoré*—the rallying word of a Hamilton is THROUGH,"—when a new visitant was ushered in by the attendant. He paused near the door—and stood muffled up in the ample foldings of a grey cloak, and a large slouched hat—tied under his chin, and over a bushy beard. He first saw that the attendant had retired; and then he threw his eye hurriedly over each face in the company. His eye, at length, fell on Sir Robert, and his young companion; and that sight seemed to tell him that the coasts were all clear—and that none but friends were present. He instantly threw off his cloak, and hat;—and stood forward before the company a comely old man, in the well known and distinctive dress of a Scottish Minister of that day. He had on a plain coat, of the darkest grey, approaching to black, with a row of black buttons from the collar to the bottom of the skirt: a doublet of black velvet, with flaps, peaked, and extending nearly to the knee: and small clothes of the same materials and colour; which reached within a few inches of the knee, and were garnished with a black garter, a buckle, and a row of buttons half way up to the loin: his stockings were drawn tightly up over the knees, showing at once the graceful leg, and knee joint. His shoes were neatly fitted on; reaching above the ankle; and ornamented, in front, with a gausy, rose-knot of ribbon.

There was something venerable, and stately in the Pastor's manner. His whole deportment and air indicated a man who had seen the world, and mixed in good company. There was a sprightliness and vivacity which lighted up his countenance: But it was evident that sufferings and melancholy had thrown over it no small mixture of the se-

* This is the well known motto on the Arms of the Duke of Hamilton, and of all the Hamiltons.

vere. His hair, as white as the snow, was parted in front with some taste; and nicely smoothed back behind his ears; and it fell in a profusion of curls on his bosom and shoulders. His brow was broad and high. And across its snowy colour some deep furrows were traced by cares and the hand of time. His beard was bushy, and nearly as white as his head. His face was long and of an oval form: his nose was prominent, and formed according to the noble Roman model: His lips full and well shaped: His eyes grey, large, and sparkling.

At the first recognition,—and as he uttered his "Gude'en —Gude'en—may the presence of the MASTER be amang ye a' "—every person in the room rose up, and crowded around him: And every mouth uttered the benediction,— "God bless you, venerable father!"

In a brief space he was seated in the midst of the circle; evidently much fatigued, and under some degree of agitation. The principal placed himself on one side of him; and Sir James Stewart took his seat on the other. And, as if by a concerted signal all were silent; and every eye was fixed on the venerable man; and every face seemed to wait with anxiety for an answer to the question,—wherefore is this visit paid, so unexpectedly, and in such a perilous hour?

The old man fixed his eyes for some time in silence upon Burleigh. It was at first a look of anxiety and sorrow; but in an instant every trace of sorrow and anxiety had passed away. His eyes beamed with unusual joy. He was evidently struggling to conceal his emotions. A big tear rolled down his cheek. But he made no demonstration by wiping it away. It fell gently on his beard, and dropt down on his black leather girdle.

"Sir James"—said he, taking the Baronet by the hand, —"The object of my visit is already accomplished. And I ought, perhaps, to retire. My prayers have been heard. I have with my ain auld een seen Burleigh alive, and sitting in your presence—God bless him."

All eyes were turned instantly with eager and inquiring looks on Burleigh,—who at this moment rose up, and with affectionate respect threw his arms around the venerable man's neck, and kissed his cheek; while he in return, embraced and kissed Burleigh—and both sobbed aloud.—Having speedily composed himself, he thus went on.

"Sir James, I trembled to think it e'en possible, that I micht hae been the cause of death again visitin' ony branch o' the family o' Carlsness. My bowels yearned ower him: and I longed to see him on this spot; and to satisfy my ain heart, that he was alive and weel. I could na' in these unco waesome times, gain ony information. The enemy was abroad. And I could na, dear Burleigh, see thee ony suner in person. I hae just aince mair again got upon my auld limbs. My wounds closed but slowly. And I am just noò permitted,— lauded be HIS name,—to tak the advantage o' the nicht, and the sleep o' the foemen, to come and thank thee, Burleigh, for saving the life o' puir auld DONALD CARGIL.

He arose to depart: but the whole circle stood up, and begged,—and even compelled him to remain a little longer. —And Sir James, in utter amazement requested his son, as soon as all were seated, to explain the meaning of all this mysterious language.

CHAPTER V.

Mc Duff;—"Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse.—Alas! poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing,—is once seen to smile.
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks which rend the air,
Are made, not marked! Where violent sorrow seems,
A modern ecstacy! the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked, for whom? And good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying,—or ere they sicken!"—SHAKESPEARE.

"My revered father,"—said Burleigh, "our father Cargil has arrived most opportunely to vindicate me from the suspicion of having fought a duel; so I pray you, my venerable father—But excuse me, my friends, a moment,— Here, Gillie, my braw callan,—excuse me, father Cargil," —continued Burleigh, apostrophising the minister, and addressing his attendent, at the same time:—"Here Gillie O'Nogan, bring us in that stoup of claret: and, harkee, bring also in thy canny hand the black jack also;—this talking

creates drouth.—Noo, father Cargil, proceed wi' a narrative o' the haile affair. Een silly stories downa be clipped ower short. It wad only create an ill-timed, and unnecessary mystery in the haile matter: sae een tell a'.—But here come the crater comforts, as our betters ca' them."

He filled up a bickerfu' to each of the old men; and passed the stoup to the rest; giving a nod to Sir William, and requesting him "to see that each should have justice, at his hands; and that nae ane be allowed, by any manner o' means, to be *cap-stridden*."

Cargil having set down his bicker, which he had drained off with a hearty good will,—while he added according to his custom, "be His name praised for the crater comforts, —that's gude yill,"—Burleigh went on to observe that "touching the affairs alluded to, a narrative of it was necessary. You will thereby, for instance, vindicate me, in this circle, frae the suspicion o' having fought a duel,—heaven help me,—with Col. Graham's richt hand man Wattie Hepburn. Ne'er has ane in my father's hoose, through a lang race o' gallant and gude men, had the foul charge fastened on him, o' shedding blude in private griefs. Ane act o' this kind we class wi' deeds o' infamy,—sic as treachery to a friend; forgery, breach o' trust, perjury, treason, assassination. Nae Scottish gentleman can sink sae low without the utter loss o' honour! And I am anxious to hae e'en the suspicion of sic baseness and dishonour removed frae the breast o' ilk ane o' ye here."—Meantime, my masters, wi' yer leave, I shall betake myself to my chamber for a brief space.—I'm no like to forget the keen edge o' Wattie's steel sune. Howsomever, I shall pay my respects some day, to that semi-Goliath, when the cause o' oor kintry maun be richted by the steel o' the Whigs."

Burleigh having retired, the venerable Pastor commenced his explanations.—

"The present state o' oor unhappy kintry has, ilka week, given occasion to sic brulzies, as that which has brought Burleigh into the present trouble. For aughteen lang years* has Scotland groaned under misrule and tyranny.

The royal Stuart, wha thanked God, in the presence o' his Scottish Parliament, that *he was born a Scotsman, and*

* From A.D. 1660, to A.D. 1678.

educated a presbyterian, had been thankfu', it seems, for what he himself deemed an unco sma' favour. Nae suner had he felt the crown of Henry VIII. on his empty noddle, and his shacklin body in the throne o' a lang line o' spiritual tyrants,—Edward VI. ay excepted,—God bless his memory to us,—than he felt the working, in his barmy brains, o' that wild fanaticism, peculiar to that headstrong race. He lost sight o' his kintry; and forgot his presbyterian upbringing. His heart was uplifted to a dizzy height, by the flattery o' the lordly prelates; and the crater forgot himself. Noo, he was king, said they, by *divine richt:* he was God's civil vice-gerent upon the throne; and sae was he! The land, and the very soil were his by *divine richt:* the people o' fair England, and Scotland, and Ireland, a', body and soul, were e'en his, by *divine richt!* Their consciences were his, and in his keeping alennarly by *divine richt!* He was the Lord's anointed: the Scottish Solomon.....the second edition o' Solomon the wise."

"Bravo! ay! and that he must hae been: and bound too, in gude *calf-skin*,"—exclaimed the mathematical professor, with an honest roar of laughter; for he could not for the soul of him resist the pun.

Cargil cast his eyes on him for a moment, and the grave cast of his countenance instantly relaxed into a smile. But as the remembrance of past sorrows crowded upon his spirit, he relapsed into the severe, as he replied,—

"Be sober, my dear professor,—we are na in the green room o' the college. *Weel timed daffin* is gude in its place: but wha can mak merry ower a subject, whilk causes a' Scotland to be in tears.—Weel, thae principles o' King James were painfully instilled into "Babee" Charles,—the the first, and by him into his son's mind, the second Charles, wi' a' the fell earnestness o' ane, whose fanaticism avowed that, by *divine richt*, and in virtue of his being the anointed o' the Lord, he had the power o' converting the haile realm and people into his heritable property, to be held in fee simple,—and enfeofed into the saum by the Court o' Heaven.

"Noo, my masters, the present Stuart,—after a' that this loyal kingdom has done for him, is causing his wrath to descend on auld Scotland, in a shower o' blude! Its noo seventeen years and mair,* syn tyranny tore up the beautiful

* From A.D. 1662.

tree o' the Kirk o' Scotland; and strewed her green branches in the dust. The religion o' the court, and its form of government, has been laid on oor necks, as a grievous burden; it has been done by an act of mere supremacy. Scotland's wull was never asked. And what's mair,—the kirk did neer, to this day, surrender her richts, nor yield her consent. The Act which professed to establish prelacy was unconstitutional, as weel as unjust. For there stands, unrepealed, to this day, in the statute-book, the Acts of Parliament, which established oor gude presbyterian kirk government: and the sincere doctrines o' the gospel.

"Injustice is usually followed by cruelty.—That was the day o' a nation's lament.....February 1st, 1662,—when *four hundred* o' the maist learned ministers o' the kirk o' Scotland, were driven from their churches and their homes: their beloved flock, in deep mourning, crowded around them for the last time: bearded men hung on the necks of their much loved Pastors, and wept in the bitterness o' their spirits,—as they bade them their last and lingering fareweel!

"And a' Scotland kens whilk method the court teuk to overcome the nation's prejudice against the prelates and their curates. Did they elect choice men, o' weel kenned pairts, and piety; like many o' thae bricht stars, whilk sparkle in England's skies, baith within her church, and amang the Puritans? Did they strive like men o' sense wha study human nature, to tak the best means to supplant the much-loved Pastor, in the hearts o' the people, by giving them their matches in the purity o' doctrine, and the fervour o' piety? No, sirs! They caught your half fledged whaups, —lads wha *soucht the priests' office for a bit o' bread.* And as touching the mair elderly o' them, wha were designed for the mair important stations, they were the refuse o' the gude auld Kirk,—men, wha, lik James Sharp, had sold the Kirk o' Scotland for gold! Men wha could na stand a bang o' disputation wi the maist feck o' the laymen whigs; wha dang the bottom oot o' a' their arguments and logic, at the first onset. And men o' low manners who added to their haly office that of spies and informers against their ain parishioners. They were leagued with the unprincipled military whom they honoured with the title o' their Ruling Elders. Ah! what a withering blast hae

their cruelty and hea tless impiety breathed over the kirk o' God!

"And, noo, the Scottish nation recalls wi' increasing anguish o' their souls, the fondly cherished memo y o' their gude auld pastors. They could na but compare sic pastors wi' sic priests. There was, on the part o' the latter a proud defiance o' the people's hatred, and the people's utmost vengeance. They soucht the fleece only: and they studied not much delicacy in the manner o' takin it off!

"The venerable auld pastors, came in amang them wi' the sincere gospel. Few were their wants, and those easily supplied: their aim was to make them disciples o' the blessed master, good men, and worthy citizens. But the prelates and their curates cam in amang the flock wi' spears, and carabines, and blood-thirsty soldadoes, whom they blushed not to employ to establish themselves in their usurpations. In this rude way sought they to woo over the Scottish heart to their religion! In ae word, the minister's came as humble messengers of heaven to guide suffering and dying men to immortal bliss! The priests came wi' fire and sword to dragoon a nation into *their* religion,—with motives whilk nae man can mistake!

"And what's to be the end o' a thae things..... Yes,—I see it, my friends."—The venerable pastor uttered this in an under tone, as if to himself; and like one whose eye is fixed with intense interest on a distant object,—"yes! it will be short, but sharp!

"All these acts and doings, originating in the frantic bigotry o' Clarendon, and the cruelty o' the cooncil wha mak a cat's paw o' royalty, to gain their ain ends,—are sending into the bosom o' Scotsmen, a deep and deadly hostility o' soul;—ane hostility whilk nae English prince,—whilk nae deep planning, and ungodly favourite,—whilk nae scheme o' Scottish bishop;—whilk nae threatening, and nae force o' men,—be they Heeland host, or fierce soldadoes,—can eer subdue. It is the virtuous hostility of a nation against ferocious tyranny. I see auld Scotland retiring into her fastnesses: like the red lion o' Africa,—she retires slowly before the hunter's spear: with sullenness she retires;—but with the conscious superiority, and proud defiance o' that noble animal: she retires,—but her bludeshot een are often thrown back on her oppressors.

"And, my masters, what crime hae we Scotchmen committed, that we are thus outlawed, and hunted down, and murdered at oor ain hearth stone, in the presence o' wife and bairns? We hae done naething against the kirk o' God; naething against oor kintry; naething against oor King! Let the foeman name it,—let them write it in a beuk. Oor hearts were leal to oor kintry; and oor king, until he drove us frae his protection, and refused us the protection o' his natural born subjects. We avowed the covenants o' the reformation frae prelacy; sae did King Charles II. sae did Lauderdale, sae did Sharpe. They broke their vows *voluntarily* made, and broucht on themselves the guilt o' perjury: so, help us God, did not we!

"The head and front o' oor offending is this: while they place the supremacy, and the dominion ower men's consciences on the shoulders of a *mortal* man;—a man too wha violates the first principles o' religion and even decorum. We place the croon o' supremacy on the head o' HIM whose head has many croons.—They forbid us to preach, or to worship the God o' oor fathers but at their nod and dictation. We declare afore high heaven and the angels, that nae power on earth or hell either can abstract frae us the richts and inheritance o' free born men, and christians. They deprived us by force o' oor kirks! We yielded them up wi' sair hearts indeed; but peaceably we teuk this spoiling o' oor gudes, and our temples. We retired to meet oor flocks, under the wide-spreading oak o' the forest, or on the heathy mountain's side. Did we injury to king, or kintry?—They chase us frae een these retreats! They denounce us; and set a price on oor heads; they drive the people by fines, by spear, and carabine into the churches o' the merciless priests. They attack oor Conventicles, where alone we can meet,—they attack oor peaceable families, by their fierce soldiers, and foreigners let loose on us,—wha hae not the bowels o' civilized men. They employ e'en the sagacity o' blude hounds to track the wretched wanderer in his hiding-places. Noo, whaur's the man that can blame us for takin' up airms to repel, by force, the violence o' the assassins? Has he the heart o' a man,—Scotchman he canna be, wha can say, we have dune wrong?

"We appeal to men! We appeal to angels! We appeal to THEE, O maist just and holy One!....against the Stuart,—

and his minions the Lauderdales, the Sharps, and the Claverses! We appeal to POSTERITY. And the men o' ither ages, standing on oor gravestones, will con over oor epitaphs; and teach their children to respect them: and they will bless the memory o' the MARTYRS o' SCOTLAND!"

The venerable pastor, as he uttered these words in a deep tone of earnestness, bent forward and covered his face with his hands; while a shower of tears fell on his lap. There was not a dry eye in the company.

"And where's the heartless wretch,"—said the Principal, first breaking the silence,—"wha can stand up and justify the foeman; and their measures? Nane, I'm sure,—but they only excepted, wha wad bind bleeding Scotland, and the Kirk o' God in chains!"

"Ye wunna find ae honest man o' Scotland duin' it,"—cried the mathematic Professor; and it cost even him an effort, to keep his voice steady.—"But pray you my friends," continued he,—"Let our venerated Pastor gang on; and dinna interrupt him wi' thae silly tears, and whimperings at this gaite. There's ane hoor when the patriot and minister o' God weep nae mair: and that hoor is come wi' us.—Let oor father gang on: ne'er did I hear him wi' half sae mickle pleasure, in the days o' his youth, when the haile o' his audience in the Landward Kirk, in the Heigh Kirk, I hae seen bathed in tears under his outpourings."

"I shall first beg Sir William to narrate the preceding adventures of Burleigh and his college associates,"—said Cargil,—"which drew on them the vengeance of the Life-Guards."

CHAPTER VI.

——*Cornwall.*—"Peace, Sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
Kent: Yes, Sir, but anger has a privilege.
Cornwall: Why art thou angry?
Kent: That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty! Such smiling rogues as these
Like rats oft bite the holy cords atwain.—
Goose, If I had you upon Sarum's plain
I'd drive you cackling home to Camolet!"—SHAKSPEARE.

"It is proper,"—said Sir Wiliam, "here to notice the adventures of our young friends; they grew oot o' the melancholy state o' the kingdom: oor youth were not the aggressors.

"The troop o' the Life Guards were stationed in oor vicinity to watch oor movements, and oor religious meetings, sirnamed *Conventicles*. Thae military supervisors o' spiritual affairs, hae been made acquainted wi' the fact o' a growing spirit o' liberty, and a consequent opposition to tyranny, amang oor youth o' the College o' Glasgow. And it has alarmed the prime-movers in these inquitous measures against Scotland, inasmuch as this spirit has shown itself amang the young noblemen, and those o' the better sort, as weel as amang the sons o' the clergy. They had *seen* some mortifying proofs o' this: and some o' them had e'en *felt* it.

"When the Curates o' the neeghbouring parishes, had, in their usual way, of a sabbath, called over the names o' their parishioners, to find oot, wha had been speelin' ower the fauld dyke, and heinously transgressin' by lending their presence to a Conventicle; instead o' being at their ain parish Church; and when the curate, with the zeal o' a servant o' the"——

——"Bewaur o' unguarded words,"—cried the Principal, as Sir William was casting about in his mind for a proper word,—"Ye mean to say,—a servant o' his Maist Saucred Majesty Charles II. I ken weel, the curate o' Cruikethoum: he wad prefer that alliance to that of heaven!"

"Weel, weel!" cried Sir William with a quizzical nod,—"When this *spiritual* servant o' his Maist Saucred Majesty,

handed to a *posse* o' the Life Guards, whom he baptized—his *ruling Elders*,—the names o' the delinquents,—and also o' a' these wha were suspected o' squintin' the wrang way,—often did the students way-lay these ghostly inquisitors, wi' their military escorts, and after giving them a gude drubbing; compelled them to gie back their ill-gotten gear.

On one occasion, lately, Burleigh at the head o' a *posse* o' the students, met Kennoway and Wattie Hepburn, wi' a few troops, and the hopefu' Curate o' Cathcart, near the hoose o' Hamilton o' Aikenhead. Thae worthies were dragging alang that leal and religious gentleman, and some o' his family to the jail; as a preparatory step to his paying his respects to the thumbkins and bootkins, before the Honourable the Cooncill at Edinburgh.

The Collegioners, after an animated speech frae oor young hero, formed in gude order, sic lyke as was befitting men o' the red gown, when about to receive military men returning frae sic wark.—They were armed wi' clubs o' hawthorn: One or two only had fire-airms. The troop, with their grave chaplain, the said Curate,—made a full halt, and entered into *parlance*. They were in no condition for sic a rencountre. The worthy Chaplain and his reformin' associates had loaded the horses wi' a huge pile o' blankets, and the linen o' the gude lady o' Aikenhead; whilk like prudent soldiers, they were carryin' off for the double purpose of weakenin' the resources o' the enemy, and of compensating themselves for his Majesty's scrimpit wages. At the head o' the military, on a bit dun coloured shalty, rode the chaplain, the Curate o' Cathcart, in his white bushy wig, and his broad brimmed hat, with the flap turned up, orthodox like, in front. He had not, it seems, deemed it below the standard o' correct morals, himself to aid his worthy assistants in his vocation, and discipline his refractory parishioners. They had aften, like gude shepherd collies, helped him on the sabbath days to *ca' the ewes, tae the richt knows*—and intil the haly faulds o' his church.—And he, in his turn, out o' sheer kindness and gratitude, helped them to tak their pay for their trouble—frae the wicked delinquents. The Curate, in fact, had a huge bundle o' blankets behind his reverence—on his nag, but then it had been consigned to him on account of Wattie Hepburn.

Burleigh began the parlance wi' mock solemnity. "We

are meikle grieved, beloved, that we hae to interrupt yer godly conversation, gude and holy Mr. Curate: and yer pious and edifyin' lesson on sound morals; whilk we see, ye are enforcin' upon yer maist hopeful and unco religious novices there. But we soldadoes o' the thorn club"——

"Who art thou, varlet"—cried Hepburn stopping him short,—"who darest at the head of these callans, interrupt the royal Life Guards of his Most Sacred Majesty? I see that you do not disguise the fact that you are Glasgow students! But I swear," (added he, with an oath of the court fashion.) "I will cleave thee to the brisket—if you choke up the passage which I am peaceably pursuing along the king's high way."

"Bide a wee bit,—beloved," cried Burleigh,—"and learn a lesson frae the swollen fox in the fable. Ye canna get through this narrow gate, until ye disgorge this ill-gotten gear. And—you, stubborn, ancient knave, you, reverend braggart! We shall teach your reverence ae lesson o' sound morals"——

Here the troopers were bringing round their carabines; and just as they were a preparing to fire, Burleigh gave a signal, and his ambuscade, frae behind the hedge fell stoutly, club in hand, on the flank and rear of the Curate and his military associates. In a giffy the carabines and pistols were dashed frae their hauns. And sae weel applied clubs waur laid on their shoulders and hurdies—that they saw naithin' but clubs; and felt naithin' but blows. The Curate rolled oot ower, frae his shalty, like a bag o' wool. But he very dexterously contrived to get his bundle o' blankets into his arms—not only to break his fa'—but what was na less his concern,—to serve the purpose o' a target, to ward aff the heavy blows o' the students; who had not yet learned the courtesy o' acknowledging the person o' a plunderer to be sacred—be he e'en curate or soldier.

As the military claimed the undivided attention o' ilka ane o' the students, that Burleigh, their captain *protem*, micht na get hurt, the curate soon got an opportunity of gathering himself up, out o' the midst o' his blankets, into which he had rolled himself during the process o' the belabourin'—and he betook himsel into an adjacent thicket, wi' the loss o' his hat and wig.

The troopers being speedily overpowered and disarmed—

for the students were sax-times their number—search was made for the Curate, that there micht be nane to carry tales. He was sune found, lying coiled up, like a hurchin, wi' his huge bald pate, stuck in amang the brambles and whins,—while he was dolefully singin' and greetin'—

"By Babel's streams we sat and wept,"——

His fears being calmed, on an assurance given that no lives would be taken; a council was held; and it was resolved unanimously by our gentlemen students, *First:* That the curate and the soldiers should carry the plundered goods back to the place whence they were abstracted, *Second:* That each one o' the marauders, not exceptin' their chaplain, should carry them on their backs—their horses being led before ilka ane o' them in single file.

All this was scrupulously done—the curate being entitled to the honour of takin' the lead; and the students, weel airmed, as far as the weapons o' the conquered foemen went for that purpose, marching in close column; and each o' the dragoons being under the strict *surveillance* o' a file to prevent surprise.

And *third*, it was resolved, that the haile band o' marauders should be marched on Rutherglen, the ancient head o' the lower ward o' Lanrick: that, being caught in the act o' carrying aff the gudes and gear o' his Majesty's subjects, the curate and dragoons should be marched on horse-back; wi' their faces to the horses tails; their coats turned inside-out, to hide the king's livery, that nae disgrace micht be cast on it—their hands bound ahint their back wi' pease wusps—or in lack o' that, wi' yett straw rapes; their heads bare—a' the length o' that lang street o' the Borough: their swords borne before them wi' their points reversed; and he wha had the strongest voice was to proclaim on the ears o' the gude people, their said crime—that the red coats, and all whilk it concerned, micht hear and fear, and du nae mair sic deeds o' darkness. And a' this was scrupulously dune, amid roars o' laughter, and the huzzas o' the boys, and citizens o' the gude auld whiggish Borough!

Anither circumstance—and this is a fair picture o' the times,—occured ae sabbath day, in anither parish; whilk made Burleigh still more obnoxious to the lifeguard's men.

Burleigh and his fellow-students, having received intelligence of what usually took place there, were on the spot in

gude time. Young Lord Annandale, Lord Semple, and Lord Mauchlin, now collegioners,—I maun speak it oot, Mr. Principal—waur o' the party. After service, the curate presented himself at the altar. And havin' adjusted his wig, and fixed his coontenance into a rather severe aspect; he produced the roll o' his parishioners; and proceeded in a solemn monotonous voice, to call ower their names in order to discover the delinquents, with a view to hand them ower to the proper military discipline. Having finished this disgusting service, and noted wi' precision a' the names o' the absentees—whilk he handed to his military aid standin' by; he came forward a step or twa, and waivin' wi' his haun he addressed the audience thus.

"The cooncil o' his Majesty's government have, further, made it the duty o' a' the ministers o' the haly apostolic church, within oor laun', to ascertain,—to wit,—wha are in oor churches frae the neighborin' parishes,—and are no orderly at their ain parish churches."

He then gave his signal to the chaplain o' his military aids; and instantly a file o' soldiers occupied each o' the doors —shutting them a' except the front door. There, a double line o' military were stationed. And as the haile congregation moved out under this inspection, ilka individual, whom the curate did not know personally, was compelled to swear that he was not from a neebourin' parish—but a gude honest lamb o' his ain fauld—an' nae strayin gimmer. If there were any strayin' sheep there—or if any individuals were unwillin' to swear, they were fined on the spot. If no money was found in their pockets, then they teuk the upper garments o' the men; and the plaids and bibles o' the females.*

As the curate and soldiers went through this new piece of their pastoral service, and while the congregation moved off in rotation, he deemed it due to his sacred function to explain and give reasons the while. "That we du this, is his Sacred Majesty's gude wull and pleasure, wha is king and head o' the church o' England, whilk, to the eternal confusion o' a' the rebels, and cantin' psalm-singin' Covenanters, is now established by law in this Scottish realm. The king is the head o' the church—absolute, and supreme in a' things,

* This is no fiction: it is recorded history. See Woodrow, Crookshanks, and Cook's histories.

to make and to mend; to haud and to bind; to prescribe and to fix the mode o' our worship, and the form o' oor church government. We maun believe as he believes, and pray as he prays in a' thae things. Nane but wicked Whigs haud the doctrine o' resistance, or self-defence. Nane, beloved, but cantin' hypocrites, refuse to place his conscience at the direction o' his Maist Sacred Majesty. What richt hae you or I—puir craters! to think anent religious affairs,—or anent oor sauls, or the form and the mainer o' worship—exceptin' it be, allenarly, according to the laws o' the land, by king and cooncil established. Awa' wi' yer arbitrary, and tyrannical parliaments, wha thwart his Majesty, and downa let him put his hauns in the people's pockets to tak what his Saucred Majesty needs. The king can du nae wrang, God bless him. To oppose this, is to oppose the Lord's anointed. To fecht against this, is rebellion. And "*rebellion is as the sin o' witchcraft.*" Yes! beloved, and I hope there is na ae wicked Whig within thae wa's—to draw doon on us the judgments o' the Almighty; by foul heresy and rebellion; or ane wha would venture to "*mutter or peep*,"—or e'en to whisper the doctrine o' resistance, to his absolute supremacy based on his *divine richt*. He wha doubteth on this matter is condemned if he doubt. La! beloved, what then wull become o' him wha adds the crime o' fechtin' against it. Come, forward, then, dearly beloved,—pass oot, pew by pew: it's a' for oor gude, and edification!"

As the Curate ran on in this vile cant of the Tory sermons o' the day,—for this edifying doctrine they preach, ilka sabbath day,—he put himself beside his military reformers, who fined and "fleeced," every delinquent, and suspected person. And their zeal was quickened by the liberty granted by the Cooncil to take payment on the spot, for their trouble and loyalty, in putting doon treason: for the military are judges, executioners, and paymasters,—a' at the expense o' the lives, gudes, and gear o' the lieges. Hence Charles' work is dune wi' surprising fidelity!

Oor students presented themselves in a body, last of all, before these spiritual supervisors. Burleigh marched in front, as he uttered in a thundering voice:—"Give place, thou canting hypocrite! What honest man e'er gave credence to this Tory cant o' thine? Verily, if tools like thee, miscreant, knave! could be found to give, in sufficient

numbers, practical credence to this precious doctrine o' thine, preached at the bidding o' Clarendon, ye wad sune hae Scotland on the bread o' her back, like the trodden doon kintry o' the Turks. This, then, is yer sabbath day's wark, in wooing ower the sons and dachters o' Scotland, into the gudely faulds o' prelacy! And you, soldiers, wha wear the livery o' yer kintry; and wha used to fecht for Scotland's king, and laws,—you noo mak yersels the thochtless tools o' a miserable tyranny;—you plunderers o' yer fellow-citizens, and the Kirk o' God;—bandits! and nae mair soldiers! Dogs! give place to yer masters!"

"Bravo!" shouted the whole squadron of the students, as they rushed forward, and threw themselves pell mell, upon the soldiers; who being hitherto witnesses of *passive* obedience on the part of the simple-minded people,—were thunderstruck at this sudden resistance; and who, moreover, being too much encumbered with the plundered garments o' the gude parishioners, were in nae condition to aid themselves,—or the priest who had sae eloquently preached the doctrine o' *passive obedience*. Before they could disencumber themselves, the Collegioners had fallen on the military, wi' their thorn clubs, and fists; and had dealt them such lusty blows, that in a brief space, ilka soldier there, and the curate likewise, lay groanin' and sprachlin' in the dust! They were promptly disarmed; so that when they recovered their senses, our young heroes were ready to combat them afresh, and with their own weapons.

A' this was done in a space of time, shorter than what I hae taken to describe it; amid the shouting and huzzaing o' the congregation.

It was an unfortunate circumstance that, in the heat o' this action, young Lord Mauchlin happened to name Burleigh, their leader. That instant Wattie Hepburn turned his eyes with a ferocious glance on him: but the sudden overthrow of Wattie and his party, prevented the meditated blow at him. But Wattie had treasured up his name, and figure, in his memory: and he had nursed his wrath to keep it hot!"

"And verily, oor adventure," said Cargil, taking up the narrative, "was by nae means calculated to cool his wrath, or erase Burleigh from his memory.

I had received, by a trusty haun, while in my conceal-

ment, at Dame Margaret Craig's,—a message to meet the sufferers, in a great Conventicle on the Clyde. It was a sma' thing for me to put my life in my haun, and meet them. I ne'er yet stude twa calls frae God's afflicted people. My time speeds; aud I maun hasten to du a' my wark!

"The place of our meeting was a favourite retreat on the banks o' the Clyde. We approach it by a narrow defile, and a kittle pathway in the water's edge,—where we station our canny sentinels. Over our heads are projected a pile of rocks, grey and venerable, with their coverings of lichens, and different species of the stanraw:* and sending forth from their dizzy cliffs the mountain ash, and evergreens: Lower down the aspen shakes its quivering leaves: and a few venerable oaks, covered with moss, send forth their towering, paternal boughs over the whole.

"In the distant perspective, and on the opposite bank of the Clyde, on a projecting rock, are seen the dark turrets of Bothwell Castle,† rising over the ivy-clad towers of that massy and magnificent pile,—once the dwelling-place o' the proudest nobles of Scottish fame; the Murrays, the Douglases, the Cummings, and the Hamiltons. Opposite to this, the bold Craig o' Blantyre rears its head, crowned wi' its native brush-wood, and from behind it, peer dimly the ruins o' the auld house of the Priors. Before us extends the broad expanse o' the Clyde, which glitters gaily in the sun-beam,—as it rolls its slow and silvery wave to the bosom of the ocean.

"Buried in this romantic scenery, have I spent the days and nights o' my lonely and perilous wanderings. And often hae the hearts o' our sufferers, as well as mine, striven to forget our sorrows, in our sympathy with gladsome nature, shining and rejoicing on ilka hand.

"Far frae the haunts o' men, among the oaks o' Lee, or o' Draffan; or buried in the shady groves o' the Clyde, or the grassy cliffs o' Loudon Hill, have we listened. the live long day o' our hidings, to the notes o' the lark carroling it high in air;—and the yellow-hammer with its simple, melting note;—and the merry redbreast's loud chirrup,—

* A peculiar moss, which grows on the face of rocks.

† The ancient Bothwell Castle.

alas! it only reminded us of past joys;—and the merle pouring his notes of deep, soft, and richest tone, filling rocks and vale with the echo of his sweetest music, the only merry rival o' the mavis and the blackbird.—But we had hardly yielded ourselves to the enchantment of the reverie; and felt the sad remembrance of past scenes, never to return,—beginning to flit over our busy memories, and wringing a tear o' delicious recollection frae our eyes, when we were suddenly roused from our troubled dreams, by the fierce clangor o' the bugle note; or the prancing tread of the Life-guard's horse: or the deep baying o' the blood-hound guiding the man o' blood to the hiding-place o' the wanderers.—Oh! man! man!—Man is the worst enemy to man! How lovely all nature looks and smiles! E'en the bleak winter's day has charms for me, under the smilings o' infinite goodness! But the presence o'bloody men turns the paradise of nature, into a wilderness! The sweet music o' the grove is drooned by the long protracted howling of the blood-hounds; and the soldier's heavy death-note o' the sloggan! And these sweet spots o' nature,—the romantic and enchanting scenery o' our native land, is profaned by the foot o' foreigners, and blood-thirsty men whose eye keenly spies out the helpless, shivering victim o' tyranny; and hunts him down as he does the red deer o' the forest!"

"Pardon me, my masters!" added the venerable man after a sudden pause; "my puir auld broken heart must hae vent to its griefs."——"Weel, as I was saying," continued he with a reviving air, "we met for the worship o' God, in this retreat. Our swords were by our sides; our carabines and spears lay glittering on the withered leaves. The song of praise floated in plaintive "Martyrs," on the sighing blast. We uttered our prayers and our praises on the ears o' HIM who hears the cry o' the poor and needy. Our troubles and sorrows were for a moment forgotten in the heart-stirring devotions o' the day. Nor did we forget to breathe in forgiveness, the name o' our cruel persecutors, in our devotions: nor those o' their slaves in livery of royalty, who might that moment be speeding their course to the work o' blood.

"The sun was near his setting, and we had uttered oor last prayer, and oor thanksgiving. The wanderers had

ta'en their leave o' their pastor, and o' each ither—as those do, wha might ne'er again look on each ither in this warld; and, wi' their wives and their weans, were returning in groups, through the leafless woods. Wi' Burleigh and his youthfu' comrades attending us, we had passed through the copse-wood, on the north side o' the river; and had reached the open plain through which the great road passes from Hamilton to Glasgow. They had attended the meeting weel airmed. And mair in their daffin, than wi' ony serious expectation o' using such a weapon, they had imitated the new implement o' war, which some o' them had seen used by the *Heelan Host* in their descent frae their hills into the Lalands. That is to say,—they had contrived to fix their poignards on the muzzle o' their carabines;* and were sporting themselves my youthful guards to Balormock.

"In a moment o' fearful surprise, we heard the distant trampling of horses—as if in full gallop,—in the quarter in which we beheld the evening smoke of Glasgow rolling off in lazy volumes. And we heard, in an instant after, the bugle-note calling to the onset, a small number o' resolute horsemen, now rushing into view. They had seen the gleam reflected back by the arms of our youthful company,—and were urging their speed into fury.—A distant hollow shout was heard far in oor rear—and a shrill wailing o' female voices. We thocht that it came frae the quarter in which the main body o' my beloved flock had been dispersing to their houses. They had heard also, and had seen, from the adjacent heights, the Life Guards rushing on that very point, through which, they knew, we were shaping our way.

"At the first moment o' surprise, we halted. Every breath was suppressed: Every eye-ball was strained on the vision which burst so suddenly on our view.

"Burleigh Stewart!" exclaimed the whole of the youthful band, as if in one breath.

"Your captain is ready, my brave lads! I thought I heard a strange sound on the stillness of eve; and I had

* This early and rude imitation of the bayonet, was found in the Highland Host, and formed a part of their weapons, which were seen as they passed through Glasgow to the West, in 1677.

my eye on that suspicious quarter. Stand to your arms, my lads! and be firm. You will now find the use of those military lessons which we hae taken for oor amusement in oor idle hoors! Noo, see that ilka ane o' ye hae loaded yer carabine weel;—and screw on yer poinards." They obeyed their youthful commander, in perfect silence, and in gude order. Burleigh was in the meantime urgin' me to betake mysel into a place o' safety.

"Retire,"—cried my gallant young friend: and I saw him dash a tear frae his eye—"Retire, father, if you love us: You cannot aid us. And you are the butt and mark of their fellest vengeance."

"I cannot—and I will not do it:" I could only get time to say: "If a sacrifice must be made on this spot, let my blude stream wi' yours. In truth it is too late to urge me: already the foemen are on us.'"

"Burleigh flew to young Lord Annandale,—issued his orders, and fell in at the head of his youthful troop. But I thocht all was in vain. We breathed oor fervent prayer. "*Noo is the hour, and the power o' darkness! We are sorely beset, and in great distress: We see nae escape for these dear lads! Good Lord! Receive thy puir auld tremblin' servant, Let me be the sacrifice: But, Och! spare—spare those dear lads, the hopes o' their kintry—and the stay o' their parents' hearts! Oh! let not their sun go down at noon!* * * *"

"I threw myself into the midst o' them. The troopers were near us—and in full gallop. "My brave masters," cried Burleigh, "when ye hae ta'en a gude vizzey, and hae fired to some purpose—you will ground your carabines;—and presenting your poinards to the foemen's horses, you will bear a steady haun. They canna break our rank. Fire—and God be wi' the innocent."

"They fired—and the dragoons fired their pistoletts at the same instant. None o' us fell. We received some severe wounds only. Our carabines did mair execution than their pistols. Some o' the troopers fell. The rest, in a deathlike silence, and with ferocious looks, galloped on us with a view to break oor rank,—and to trample us doon.—But their horses—not being the best trained—shrunk aside from our bristling poinards. A strong party of our youth formed to their front, and with the butt end of their carabines firmly

fixed in the ground, received the troop as they formed and galloped down on us—and thus kept them at bay,—while another party of us kept up a well-directed fire from the rear of those who were kneeling. Several of their men tumbled from their saddles. They reeled: they retreated. It was only a feint. They wheeled,—and returned on us, at full gallop.

"To the richt, and left,—wheel—and open,"—cried Burleigh. We opened in an instant, and their line passed through the opening, without killing one o' us with their long swords.

"Form front again, and receive the enemy." Again the horses shivered, and turned aside from our spears;—or stopt short ere they reached us—though the furious soldiers plunged the rowels into their flanks.—They retreated to some distance: their number was reduced: they formed into a close column of several horses deep;—and came on us, in good order, at full speed.

"Open again,"—cried Burleigh; "and see that ye move out beyond the reach o' their broad swords—keep close together, this aince. Remember the deeds o' yer fathers. Hurra! for auld Scotland!

"We wheeled suddenly, and left them space. Wattie Hepburn was on their right. He had singled oot Burleigh and me. But by the sudden reining up of his courser, to turn him on us, when at full speed—he came to the ground wi' a tremendous crash! And his bridle arm struck us both to the ground. In the moment o' danger the human frame is nerved wi' unusual power. Though this huge man rolled over us,—we were instantly on oor feet. Burleigh looked round on Annandale. "Noo dear Annan! save your comrades: my hands are full,"—cried my generous deliverer. Hepburn still clung to the bridle o' his horse,—whilk dragged him alang;—for he was aware o' the consequence if he lost his horse. With tremendous imprecations he breathed vengeance and death. By the time that he was disentangled, I had thrown a sword o' ane o' the fallen dragoons, to Burleigh. He threw his carabine to me,—and faced his antagonist exultingly wi' the sword.

"Noo we are safe—fear nought,—Father," cried he, "I feel always at hame wi' this."

"He glanced his eye at Annandale: he saw him forming his front rank as usual. Burleigh placed his back towards his company,—and beckoned to me. I threw myself into the midst of his associates in the rear. Conscious that he was no match for this truculent life-guard, Burleigh was satisfied with merely warding off his blows, while he receded gradually on his company,—and drew Hepburn up to a point, which he saw would throw him in a direct line before his own troops. It succeeded perfectly. The troopers approached with rapidity;—but suddenly flinched: and, by a side movement they carried Hepburn away before them, and prostrated him under their feet. this was done just at the instant that he was flourishing, and closing with Burleigh. At the next approach of the desperate troopers;—we heard a loud hurra in oor rear. It was oor friends, with whom we had parted at the conventicle. With a loud shout they cheered oor gallant little company, and rushed in between us, and the enemy. —At this moment I must have fainted. As I gazed on my old friends approaching, and heard their soul-stirring cheers, I felt the whole vision suddenly melted awa frae before my darkened eyes, and from my memory. I knew nothing mair till I opened my eyes on my worthy freen the laird o' Torfoot, who was pourin' water on my face, by the side o' a wee icy murmurin' brook, in a thicket o' saughs, and boortree.*—I had lost meikle blude in the wound received by the first fire o' the enemy. And I felt mysel slowly recoverin frae weakness.—It was noo nearly dark. I could perceive that the tumult was ceased. And the distant shout, and the trampling o' horses, and the report of irregular firing came fitfully on oor ears. And, at last, the bugle note sounding a retreat died away gradually on the stilly ear of nicht.

"My deliverer and I were in awful suspense. I was afraid to break silence. I trembled even to put a question. At last the laird observed—"that he feared the worst o' it for the young collegioners. As I carried you off"—continued he, "the foemen dashed through the midst o' them —as their leader for an instant was thrown off his guard, amid the loud cries o' CARGIL!...CARGIL!...I saw wi' a

* Anglice,—Elder tree.

kind o' a glint the Collegioner's doon, and aneath the horse's hoofs. I heard their shrieks. I thought I saw Burleigh fall,—I'm sure it was he,—and Annandale—under the awfu' neive, and sword o' the foeman chief, and sax ither troopers, who directed their fury on that quarter" .....Sae spak Torfoot. And I was, my masters, in awfu' suspense, during thae sorrowfu' days o' my confinement. As soon as I could raise my weary limbs,—and hold up my auld pow, I hirpled up hither: and lauded be HIS haly name—I hae seen my brave deliverer alive, and richt weel!"

"And sae also is Annandale, and ilka soul o' us," cried Burleigh, who had resumed his seat again—"Be HIS name praised: we did, indeed, fall in the confusion, caused by the twilight; and a moment's anxiety about your fate father Cargil,—But we escaped mortal wounds from under the horse's feet. And oor freends having joined us, we presented to the foemen a threatening front. The moment that Hepburn's eye caught this unexpected, and imposing accession to oor strength,—and perceived the flashes o' oor carabines,—he sounded a retreat, and retired amid a volley fired at random from our ranks,—as wi' youthful enthusiasm, we pursued them!

"This ferocious soldier had heard my name mair than ance; and he suspected that I belonged to the college. On the evening on which my adventure fell oot—he had, while watching his opportunity, cast his slee eyes adown the outer ground of the College garden: and he had spied me—ere I was aware o' his presenee. And in turning at the end o' my walk, he threw himsel ower the garden wa', and set on me suddenly.

"I had some kind o' intentions o' takin' thee afore the Cooncil"—said he with a fierce smile—as he drew his sword—"that thou mightest glorify God in the grass-market—as thy betters hae done afore thee;—but this same slow process wad na satiate Wattie's soul wi' deep, and sweet revenge!—Thou hast crossed my path again and again"—continued he with a malignant scowl—as he adjusted his heavy sword,—"And thy last villanous interference took oot o' my very grasp, thae three thoosan' gude siller marks, for Cargil's head,—after I was as cock-sure of it, as if it had been dangling at my saddle bow!—Now,

Whiggamore! let thy sword, and the power o' thy God defend thee, *if they can!* Thy head wull compensate, in some sma' measure, for the loss o' Cargil's."

"This flourish relative to "my sword's defending me," was in consequence of his seeing my drawn sword already in my hand. It was not the language of an honourable, though misguided man, permitting me time to draw. Had I been unarmed, I should hae been favoured with nae speech on the occasion. The unarmed peasantry against whilk Claverse and his bandits wage war, are not so honoured: the butchery is done in silence, and a horrid promptness.—We fought!—you know the rest.—I shall say nothing o' the silent, and desperate effort of self-defence, on my pairt:—or o' the deep-settled purpose o' murder, whilk distorted my assailant's face, wi' the fury o' hell!—Had Sir William been a few short moments later, I should have shared the fate of oor martyred brethren. My body would have been trodden under the heel of the ferocious soldier: and my severed head, under the hammer o' the Cooncil's executioner, wad hae been looking down, this day frae the high spike, on the West Bow o' Embroch!"

A convulsive shudder passed over every individual in the group, as he uttered these words.

"Oh! my kintry,"—exclaimed the Principal, his voice stifled with grief and indignation,—"What miseries are brought on thee by prelates, wha hae na the bowels o' mercy; and by oor treacherous nobles: and by a prince, the tool o' Clarendon,—ignorant, indolent, licentious;—and wha cares less for his prostrated kintry and his bleeding subjects,—than the hounds o' his kennel!"

"Ay! gude my worthy Principal,"—replied Cargil with one of those keen glances of paternal reproof, for which he was so remarkable, among his friends,—"It is weel said: but e'en sae says ilka ane o' oor nobility; ay! ilka ane o' oor maist cauldrife Scotchmen!—that is,—if they hae felt a looner frae the foeman. We hae the benefit, in that case, o' their indignation, set forth in weel set phrase eneugh! If they hae basked in prosperity through an excess o' neutrality,—we are edified by their weel jointed and clamorous praises o' sweet liberty! They cry ye shame on all tyranny in lugubrious exhortations. But move they ae finger to help us? Respond they to the spirit of our gallant Whigs,

whose voice wi' awful warning, calls to Scotland's deliverance, Oh! when the harvest of OUR toils, and bludy sufferings has come:—and when the very bairns shall see that for all the liberty and independence, in the Kirk and State, whilk they enjoy as Scotchmen, they are indebted to the Whigs o' Scotland's *Killing Times*,—then let them not forget our memory,—nor usurp the honours due to the WHIGS! —But, my gallants! time speeds; let us hence."

On uttering these words, Cargil arose, and taking Burleigh in his arms, he kissed him with paternal affection: And having uttered his blessing on all the rest,—he beckoned to Sir Robert Hamilton, and the youth who had entered with him, to follow him; and they retired to their retreat beyond the Molindinar Burn.

CHAPTER VII.

"This Lara marked, and laid his hand on his:
It trembled not in such an hour as this:
His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,
His eye alone proclaimed. *'We will not part!*
Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,
Farewell to life,—but not adieu to thee!'"—BYRON.

Within the grey walls of the venerable college of Glasgow, there was no more that deep silence, which indicates intense application to literary pursuits—and which is interrupted only by the hourly bustle of youth pressing into the recitation halls: or retiring into the stillness of their chambers. There were jarring elements already operating within; and putting forth their violence. And the distant bruit of arms over the land was heard by the restless and impatient students. The decided superiority alone of the Whig students in point of numbers—prevented open war between them and the Tories.—The king's council had long watched, with anxiety, the growing principles, which manifested themselves among the better class of youth, in the University of Glasgow, and of Edinburgh. They had repeatedly threatened to strike a blow which would suspend the exercises of

both institutions: and disperse the dangerous youth. The Glasgow Professors, and the regents had, many of them at least, taken the oaths; and made their peace by concessions. But it was not in the power of the Faculty, especially when none of them took a zealous lead in the affair, to check the growing spirit of liberty: it was easy to perceive the practical result of the principles of the Whigs, as they were developed strikingly, before the public eye, under their cruel sufferings. The martyrs were undaunted in the hour of death. They exhibited at once, the unshaken courage, and coolness of the old Romans; and the ardent and enlightened piety of the primitive Christians. Hence, by every public execution of a martyr at the Grass-market; or on the Gallowlee—the royal cause lost ground. In the deportment of the sufferers who stept in to fill there place, there was an artless, and unaffected display of virtues at once, so awful and solemn; so lofty and chivalrous, that the enthusiastic spirit of liberty was thereby excited in the bosom of all ranks—especially of the ingenuous youth, to an immeasureable degree. And in the same proportion did the tyranny of the Court, and cold-blooded cruelty of the Prelates, who had hitherto braved public opinion, send over every heart a deep indignation and abhorrence. And all this only waited its opportunity, and the hour of retribution. And the revolting barbarity of the Council, as if sporting with the feelings of the nation, seemed to spare no pains to nurse this feeling. The mangled limbs of the martyrs were seen suspended on the battlements of Castles, at the grating of the prison windows, and in the most frequented streets of the cities. At Kirkudbright was set upon a high pole, the head of *Major McCulloch*, with those of his gallant associates. At Glasgow cross hung the heads of others of these brave men who were dispersed at Pentland. At the gate of Lanark there was a long row of human arms and hands, with their fingers pointing toward heaven; on the spot where these religious patriots had, with uplifted hands, sworn the Covenants. And from the dark walls of Edinburgh, on their lofty iron spikes there looked down, for years, the head of that illustrious patriot and christian nobleman the MARQUIS OF ARGYLE—and the head of that eloquent statesman LORD WARRISTON: and near these was the skull of the immortal

JAMES GUTHRIE—which has been left to bleach in the sun and rain, for *twenty-seven years!*

In these shocking spectacles, which met the eye every where, Scotland saw the threatened prostration of religion and the extinction of her liberty.—The busy multitude looked on without concern: Matrons mourned their murdered husbands and sons: the weeping orphan kneeled down, and clasping his little hands, at the foot of the gallow's tree, implored the cruel men '*no to kill his puir faither.*' The patriot looked on—and he shed no idle tears. For he was planning, in silence, the redemption of his country. While every ingenuous youth, as he passed by, felt a thrill of horror —and grasped more firmly the hilt of his sword!

The first public demonstration of this spirit was at the return of the foremost division of the "Heeland Host," after the failure of the Council in their attempts to press the BOND on the West and South of Scotland.

"Meet me at mine hostess', when the evening star is up;" —Cargil had whispered to Burleigh—"and bring the youth wi' you, in whom you have confidence."

The twilight had now disappeared in the West; and the evening star was sending her purple light over the lofty spire which rises from the centre of the Heigh Kirk; the evening hum of the busy city was dying gently away; and the kettle drum, and bugle note of the Life Guards, from their neighbouring tents, were no longer heard on the still ear of a February night—when Burleigh Stewart, and a large company of his comrades, hastened along the Rotten-Row, and hied them over the Molindinar Burn: and over banks and braes, through Cockmuir and up the Lang Glen, to the sequestered cottage of Dame Margaret Craig.

They presented themselves at the door. All was silence; but a large fire of peats and pine-knots was sending forth a merry blaze from the hearth.

"There must be some mistake in this thing, Burleigh," —whispered Lord Mauchlin:—"Here are verily no indications of a conventicle."

"Leave that to me"—said Burleigh, as the door opened, and sent a blinding light on their faces.

"Come ye peaceably, my braw gallants,"—cried the Dame—"when the clash o' airms and the souch o' war is a' ower the laun?"

She was a tall and erect figure who uttered this. Her features were full of the light of peace: and her eyes sent forth a look of smiling kindness and affection. Her dark hair, yet untinged with grey, was combed in front and enveloped in a coiffure of no small dimensions. For the rest —a small snow white mutch, from under which her glossy hair fell down on her shoulders and bosom; the long slim waist, decked out with plain and tasselated ornaments, the quilted petticoat, the white apron, the white stockings, with red *cloaks*, completed the *tout-ensemble*. Dame Margaret Craig was born and bred a gentlewoman. And like those whom she sheltered, she had seen better days. But no one could say that he ever heard her repine; or call her lot hard. "He whom I serve," she would say, "was sae puir, that he had na whare to lay his head. I hae a cottage and plenty, and freens;—can I repine?"

The sufferers had their signals. And the faithful Dame was speedily convinced that none but friends stood before her.

They were conducted into the clean and neatly sanded parlour: and thence into a small bed-room, the floor of which was, according to the fashion of the age, tastefully covered with green rushes. The walls were lined with pannel work of dark oak—which seemed to be a row of door's. Between these false doors were smooth surfaces of the same materials. One of these was a real door, and admirably concealed. It opened into a narrow and dark *turnpike*, as their conductress, in the Scottish style called it. The house was situated close on the bank of a stream, which rushed, and murmured close by, over its stony channel, between two walls of rocks, which were surmounted with copsewood of hawthorn, sloe and bramble bushes, with here and there a rown tree. A natural cave had been in this spot; and the cellar of the house had been united to it by a narrow passage.

Our party of young men descended into the cellar, and thence into the passage which led to the cave. Voices were now heard. And upon opening the door and lifting a temporary curtain formed by a highland plaid, they found themselves within the cave. From the roof, a lamp was suspended, which shed a dim light on the inmates. The floor was covered with green rushes: and the members of the conventicle sat

on low rude benches, with cushions rudely formed out of *wusps of sprits*. Burleigh pronounced the respectful salutation of the "gudeen." Cargil received them with cordial embraces; and gave them assurance that, when they visited him at his retirement on the Moose, in the cave of Wallace, he would be in a condition to receive them in *more spacious apartments*. "As it is, my gallants," continued he, "better to me far is a wee cave, wi' my mistress liberty, and a gude conscience; than the palace of the sceptered priest; or the gilded cieling o' the heartless tyrant!" So saying, he presented them to the assembled sufferers: and led them to rustic sofas formed of piled up bundles of rushes and sweet-scented sprits and ling.

The speaker whom they interrupted, and who still kept his position, was a short thick man, with an animated and interesting countenance; in a plain suit of black; with white woolen stockings. It was BAILEY WARDLAW. He went on amid a general call of "Bailey gang on."

"Exercise is over,—ye'll ken,—my young lads"—said he, by way of preface, to the Collegioners. "And we are on business in which we seek your aid." Then clearing his throat, and smothing back his hair, he went on. "Ye're weel awaur, ilka ane o' ye; my masters, that the HOST—the HEELAN HOST... we hae been speakin' o' my noble freens."..... And he bowed to the students .... "was called frae their Heelan hills to put doon an insurrection in the South and West o' Scotland, which was never planned, nor e'en thoght o'. The South and West, and especially the shires o' Ayr, Galloway, and Lanark, were full of Conventicles, they said. The heritors o' ilka parish declared they could na put them down. For lik as the auld Gauls, o' antiquity, juked the bludy minded Caesar, when they sailed by water frae ae toon till anither; as by laun he beleagered them: and whensomever he was cock-sure o' having them fast—plump, like a water moose, they dived and rose up again in anither place—as weel prepared to oppose him as ever. E'en sae: nae suner was ae Conventicle put doon in Beith hill, than another was heard o' on Loudon hill; on Wardlaw; or Cairntable; in Well-wood, or Glenmore. They might put doon ae conventicles in the Aird's woods or Barscob. Ten new anes arose in place o' ane in Lanark, or Nithsdale, or through Galloway. The doctrine o' the

haly evangel o' the Maist Highest, is something sae deevers frae ilka thing else, and in a special manner frae the fushionless trash o' thae puir craters, the curates and priests; that nae power on earth, can mak' the West and Southland people yield. Thae men's meat is Scotchman's pushion! Hech, Sirs! Du they think that they can force a Scotchman's conscience, intil the slaps o' their faulds; and hear wi' ony kind o' acceptance at a', sic craters as the curates? What wilfu' ignorance o' human nature! Their morals gar us scunner: and their doctrine o' *passive obedience*, and the divine richt o' kings and bishops, heaven save the mark! puts us a' clean red wud mad!

The Cooncil, therefore, has in this new Bond, whilk I hae been speakin' o', made a last desperate thrust at us a'. It's a kin' o' *ne plus ultra.* They wha tak that Bond and Aith, do bind themsels, their wives, and bairns, girt and sma', ne'er to shelter, or comfort outed ministers. And mairover, they maun, after the spirit of the ancient Norman law, wha hanged the man, if the wife wha stole the gudes —could na be found—they maun e'en bind and oblige themsels for their wives and bairns: ay! and their servant laddies, and girls, their hostlers, cooks, tenants, and cotters, to the bargain—that they wunna gie their countenance to a conventicle; nor house room, nor e'en a cup o' cauld water to a minister wha preaches in the fields;—nor to ane o' the sufferers—were they e'en o' their ain flesh and blude.—

Noo,—as I live by bread, the Cooncil hae been attemptin' to cram doon this deevilish morsel"———"Order, Bailey!" —cried half a dozen of the Covenanters at once.

"I meant to say,"—cried the Bailey stammering—"this daumed morsel...."

"Hoot, toot! waur and waur, man!" cried several voices at the same time.

"Just call it the BOND, worthy Bailey,"—cried Cargil;—"It needs nae epithets to mauk it blacker. It strikes all epithets clean dead, in every true Scotchman's ears."

"Weel," resumed the Bailey, hemming and coughing, as he sought out an acceptable phrase,—"the Cooncil hae been tryin' to cram this same BOND doon oor thrapples. And ye see, my masters, in order to make a' things sicker, and to enforce the BOND on the Heritors o' ilka parish in

the South and West, the Managers sent doon the Heelan Host, ten thousand strong,—the wild heeland men frae Athole; in order to spulzie the lieges o' their gudes and gear; to live at free quarters; and to hae a free indemnity against a' pursuits, criminal and civil, for injuring, or killing ony wha might oppose them. And to gie a' proper effect to this singular mode of disciplining a nation, by a new-fashioned kind o' reformers too,—to wit, thae *travelling inquisitors*, the Heelan Host, the Council has sent a Commission o' ghostly supervisors ower them. And some o' oor auncient nobles are the members thereof,—such as the marquis o' Athole; the earls o' Mar, and Murray, and Glencairn: alas! he is no lik his loyal and religious forebears:—and the earls o' Wigton, Linlithgow, Airley, Perth, and Ross. These Scottish nobles,—shame fa' them,—that they should du the like!—did press the *Bond* wi' the maist indecent zeal!

But they a' failed totally,—praise be blessed! and I am prood to say't, oor ain good shire o' Lanark stood clear oot, and stark,—wi' the exception o' a few daidlin bodies, o' the waurer sort o' heritors, and fewers, wha cam frae hame, without their consciences, prepared to swallow the Bond, or any thing else that might be offered them, to mak peace aad save their gear!

When this utter failure, touching the Bond, was made known in Council, Lauderdale put himself into a towering passion: and ripping up the lang row o' buttons on his wide sleeve, he laid bare his huge arm o' purple flesh, lik the ham o' ane ox, and swore ane oath, in terrible blasphemy, by Jehovah, that he wad mak man, woman, and bairn tak that same Bond.

But there has been a perfect failure, in this particular, on the part o' the Council. They hae bent the bow until it has snapt. The best men o' the laun view their measures wi' abhorrence; and hae refused, in the firmest tone, to tak the Bond, or show it any favour,—such as the Deuk o' Hamilton, the earls o' Cassils, and Loudon,—the father of my noble young freen there,—together with my Lords Montgomery, Cochran, Bargenny, and Cathcart."

The Bailey, after a few additional remarks, laid down his project; which was speedily matured, and accepted by the meeting. And this project, the Bailey insisted, should

actions suited thereto. For he actually moved him, as they say in deliberative assemblies, with this difference, that the Bailey's action was a *literal motion.*

"The business, may it please you, my masters! may be told you in one word," said master James. "We hae ascertained, that a corps o' the heelan host, some twa thoosand strong, is now marchin' on Glasgow, in its return tae its mountains. It may be in the Gorballs on the noon o' the second day hence. And we call on you, noble Annandale, and on you, noble Loudon and Sample, and the remanent members o' the gentlemen and burgesses present: and we conjure you not to permit, wi' impunity, these licensed marauders to plunder your city, or to carry their defiling presence into your sanctuaries, and families. Their hauns are stained wi' the blude o' oor fellow-citizens: and they came loaded wi' the booty o' peaceable men, wha plotted nae treason, and wha executed nae conspiracies: and whase forbearance has permitted thae man o' Athole to take themselves awa alive—notwithstanding that they hae carried themsels wi' mair insult and cruelty, than ony invading foemen wad hae dune. We hae nae military in whilk wi' can repose the safety and honour o' the city. And the nobility and gentry, the gentlemen and burgesses are sunk into ane apathy, utterly unaccountable. Rouse we up the ceevil powers. Whare's the Lord Provost, and Bailies? Whare are their trained bands? Whare are the volunteers,—the brave Presbyterian True Blues? Whare are the dean o' Guild, and the convener o' the trades? Whare sleeps the spirit o' Wallace, or o' John Knox? Are there nane to staun up for auld Glasgow, in the hoor o' danger?"

A general murmur ran over the assembly as he sat down. "Let us march to the auld brigg;" cried one. "That wunna du" cried another—"Let us seize and garrison the Gorballs." "Hoot, toot, man," cried another, "that's waur and waur;—They'll set the wee bits o' thacket hooses o' the auld village a' in a lowe aboot oor lugs; and that ye'll see—and skeyl us lik a nest o' bumbees." Let's hasten to the spat, and throw up a fort on St. Ringan's croft, and flank it wi' a sconce or twa," cried some with much zeal. Others could see no use in it. Multitudes spoke without object, or any motive. Many plans were

convened for some youthful overflowings of his zeal against the men in power, and their measures.

He rendered him honour such as was due, in the strictest rules of politeness, to a gentleman, and a gentleman in power under the king. But he gave him simply the title of *Sir*.

"William," said his regent, with affection and respect, "You surely forget to whom you are speaking. His grace, the Lord Archbishop is a greater man than yourself, William."

"I thank you, good Master Regent," said the young nobleman, "and I honour your heart and your loyalty. I needed not to be reminded that the King, God bless him! did make this person, a *spiritual lord*. I believe in the King's power to make and manufacture such ware: and he wull do it *right*, as long as he is the *pure* fountain of honour, and keeps the streams and streamlets *pure*. But the honour frae the young decree whilk made this gentleman *a lord, is but green yet!*

"And nobility,—I mean *nobility*, my masters, is a fruit o' true honour, whilk has had the ripening and mellowing o' many generations. Besides, in my weak judgment, in the whilk, however, all the true nobles, and sound-hearted commons o' gude auld Scotland, God bless her! are decidedly united,—the honours o' nobility, and yer titles o' *yer lordship*, and *yer grace*—Heaven save the mark! du sit maist awkwardly upon a PRIEST! And, mairover," he added, as he drew himself up to the full measure of his length, and put on one of the most lofty and contemptuous looks imaginable, "in reference to the present case, gude Master Regent, I know fu' weel, that the son of the piper o' Arbroath here, in the Archi-episcopal chair, is not once to be named wi' the son of my father!"

As Annandale took his station as Preses, he uncovered with gracefulness, and dignity, his *brent* brow, and finely shaped head, adorned with a profusion of yellow curls, which fell down in glossy ringlets on his shoulders; and in a few hurried words, uttered in a silvery tone of voice, he demanded "What the pleasure of the present meeting was?"

"Break the ice, Master James!" said Bailey Wardlaw in a loud whisper; and he beckoned, and nodded to the youthful companion of Cargil: and enforced his nods by

actions suited thereto. For he actually moved him, as they say in deliberative assemblies, with this difference, that the Bailey's action was a *literal motion.*

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proposed, and speedily abandoned, Some spoke aloud—not to the chair, but to the little circles of listeners around them. And each of them had his own "effectual plan against the Highland Host, if it wad only be adopted."—Some were for springing a mine on them, and sending them sooner than they could wish it,—towards the heavens. Others "preferred blawin' up the auld brigg when the main body should be fairly on it. Others proposed to rush on them, pell, mell, wi' ony kind o' weapon, whilk chance micht throw in the way—and then snatchin' their ain weapons frae their hauns, ye micht streek them oot like rizzard haddocks a' in a heap.—Some laughed this wild project to scorn—and proposed to establish a battery on the Stockwell end o' the Brigg, and blaw them up at twa rounds, allowing a thoosan' at ae round—as they reached the centre arch o' the brigg."

Annandale controlled the youthful minds with prudence and firmness. At length Bailey Wardlaw after "sufficiently finnin" the pulse o' the meetin', as he himself observed "that he micht tak siccar grun', and sure coonsel," rose and addressed the assembly.

"May it please you, my noble Annandale,—and you my richt gude masters; I'm no ane o' thae Glasgow folks wha can neer be perfectly certain that they are right, until they find themsels followed, or preceded, by the many; or wha neer lack zeal,—except when the public weal calls lood for it. But wha, as sune as the multitude laud, and self-interest brogs on, mak ane inordinate splutter in warslin' and sprachlin' up the brae!

Neither wad I be ane o' yer het-bluded Lawlanders, wha at the very show o' contradiction, get clean daft,—nay, red wud mad, by the gush o' Scottish blude up to their weak heads! I'm ay for moderate measures, lik my gude faither afore me. Ay leuk afore ye loup, was the sayin' o' my duce faither, wha was in his day, the right hand man o' worthy maister Durham. Noo, my gallants! I'm not for fighting—I'm not for spilling blude. I'm not for garrisoning Gorbals, nor casting up a sconce in the rear o' the auld biggins; nor in their front on St. Ringan's Craft. Na, Na! The Heelan Host hae ower lang swords;—they wad be at yer briskets afore ye could look aboot ye! And they hae targets, lik' Ho-

mer's shields to the life—meikle brass doors, to wit, carried afore them; frae whilk oor pistol, and musquetoon bullets wad skeyt off lik dry pease! And they hae heavy artillery, transported at the expense o' a thoosand siller merks—and whilk they made gude use o' in the Wast and Sooth in the glorious wark *o' blawing up Kirks, and the Whig's cotter hooses;—and the skeylin' o conventicles!* And they march their meikle guns in their fore fronts I'm told. Noo, hoo lang think ye, could we stand a bout wi' sic heavy gear? Ae lunner would blaw us off in a giffy, lik ribbons, or peelins o' ingens! I'm for nae overt acts—nae forcible assaults! Na, Na! It's a' vain," continued the Bailey,—turning from the chair to an objecter in his rear, to whom he continued his speech. "We canna get ony big guns oot, to match the enemy's artillery. We canna muster o' the city's property, mair than ane or twa lang Tams. And but ane at this day, to the best o' my knowledge, is fit for service."

"E'en thae rusty gear, the frichtfu' tubalcain lik', pieces o' wark, hooped wi' iron hoops, whilk for oucht I ken, hae, frae the days o' the unlucky Armada, been leukin' doon sae threatenin' lik' on the city, frae the heichts o' the Dean-side Brae; or whilk lurk amang the auld ruins o' the bishop's palace canna be put into ony usefu' service. But, my gallants, it's a puir thing to hae but ae string to ane's bow. For no to be rusin' aneself, for self-praise is nae honour: I hae na been idle syn I saw ye in the cave." The Bailey paused, coughed loud, and took back his words, "in the *cooncil ha'*, I wad hae ye understan' me. For this mornin', e'en by the peep o' day, I was at my Lord Provost's bedside; and I gat me the Bailies Anderson, and Zeuill, and Waddel and Graham, and McKechnie, and the convener o' the Trades, and the Dean o' Guild, wi' a few ooted Bailies, and I argied the point twa hoors, on my legs. But, hech Sirs! they wad na budge. Wad thae oppose force to the troops o' his Sacred Majesty? Wad they cut their ain thrapples? Wad they fight against the throne and the bishops? 'A bonny pirn ye're gin to spin us,' cried Bailey Zeuil, 'the lifeguards wad come ahint us, and the Heelan Host afore us! Why, sirs, auld Glasgow could na staun it. She wad coup the cran.'"

"Ye're a' braw slaves and futemen, cried I, ye're glori-

ous passive obedience, and non-resistence men, my certie! Sic doctrines ye canna cram doon a Scotchman's thrapple. His blude's ower het for't. It wunna du. Press it on them wha hae neither herns nor gumption; whae hae naething to lose but traitor's gear; and wha will sell themselves to harm auld Scotland, God bless her. And my Lord and Bailies, I begin to jaloose ye a', cried I, "dinna interrupt me, my Lord, I'm a member o' this cooncil, and am in my place, I maun be heard, nane o' yer gag-laws, my Scotch chafts wunna bide them, my tongue's as free as the wind on oor mountains: Weel, Sirs, I'm awaur o' the difeeculties afore me. It's no that canny to live at Rume, and fight wi' the Pape! and he maun hae a lang spune that sups wi' the Deil! But I'll tell ye, what's what, my Lord Provost, and you Bailey Zeuil, wha art a red het Tory, ye may e'en pickle in yer ain pock-neuk, as my auld father, the Elder o' the High Kirk Session used to say, and he had gumption equal to baith o' ye. E'en tak yer ain gaite. Let thae wild Heelanmen in again wi' their dirks, and joktelegs, and whangin gullies. Ye'll no get them to stay at the Water gate; nor can ye wyse them up lik a flock o' tame geese to the Coocuddins! There wull no be a wantin' they wha wad wyse them anither gaite. And they'll gang straight up the Saut Mercat, and doon the Gallowgate, and amang the rich gudes, and gear in the Tron-gate shops. And my certie! when ye'll see the kilted craters coming in without speerin' yer leave; and beginnin' to thrapple ye, and spulzie, and violate yer wives and sisters, and bairns, [there wull be nae danger o' yer wife and dochters sufferin' Bailey Zeuill!] then wull ye remember the words o' Bailey Wardlaw: and I wish I be nae the Cassandra o' yer Cooncil.

"But to cut a lang story short, I did prevail wi' the Toon Cooncil at last, seein' they declined appearin' in their official capacity, just to let me tak my ain gaite for aince, in order to save Glasgow, if possible; and, in ae word, to act as if I had the Toon Cooncil on my back, as it were; and, mairover, no to prevent, or gie trouble to ony ane wha might be like minded wi' oorsels.

"Noo hear, my masters, what I advise. Choose we a committee o' active and sponsible men, and to their hauns commit we the haile arrangement, and through-carrying o' the business.

"I hae already, at my ain risk, made arrangements wi' the Glasgow trained bands, and volunteers. We wull be on the Auld Brigg, by nine o'clock, to-morrow mornin'. And my masters, let us multiply oor forces by this simple expedient. Let each ane o' us muster sax o' oor companions, and bring them thither, wi' something o' ane imposing dress and armour. Let them be as fantastic as a Scotchman's fancy can devise: thae wild Heelanders dinna ken the king's Lawlin uniform, frae that o' their brither Russ, or Turk!"

This proposal was no sooner announced than it was acceded to, by acclamation: and the shout of applause rent the welkin, and re-echoed back again from the grey walls of the College, and died away on the glen of the Molindinar Burn. Bailey Wardlaw was placed at the head of the committee, which had the management of the whole enterprise. And they hastened to accomplish the work entrusted to their care.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder."

The Bailey and his committee had been busy men all that day, and all the succeeding night. And by the aid of the mechanics, carpenters, blacksmiths, and carters, who cheerfully volunteered their aid in great crowds, they had contrived to make the Auld Brigg, and the vicinity assume an imposing air of a strongly occupied military position.

They had caused something, which looked like a breast work of heavy timber, to be thrown up in the middle of the Stockwell-street, fronting the passage over the Auld Brigg. And contrary to all expectation they had mounted on it, a very threatening line of heavy looking guns. To the eye of the beholder at a distance, this work seemed to be flanked by mounted cannons possessing something of a new construction. They had stationed by those guns tall men, fantastically dressed. And in front of them, as if designed to

mask them, there were a few corps of guards of very ferocious looking men, with every variety of armour which human ingenuity, or sheer necessity could put into requisition. And beyond this formidable looking fort, in the distant back-ground, at the crossing of the streets, which could be seen by the expected Highland companies, as they ascended to the centre arch of the Auld Brigg, there appeared a strong corps of men mounted in an imposing manner.

They had placed the finest looking men, and the best armed immediately on the Bridge, and on each side of the street to flank the approaching Host as they passed over the Bridge into the city. The students were dressed in their scarlet gowns, with belts, and swords. Each had a brace of pistolets in his belt, and a musquetoon slung on his shoulder. The broad brims worn in those days, being smartly turned up, lent a fierce look to their cocked hats. An immense crowd of young men, of fine appearance, and tolerably well armed, poured down the Stockwell and Salt-market: defiled before the committee, and gravely waited their orders.

"My certes! the thing succeeds gloriously," exclaimed the Bailey. "Wha wad believe it, that this fine corps o' braw Glasgovegians, hae contrived this imposing appearance, by clappin' on a shirt for a tunic; and a yellow ribbon for a buff belt, and their grandmithers' red mantles for military cloaks."

A long column of strong, blackaviced fierce looking men, next followed. They were the carpenters with long shafted lances; and the blacksmiths with spears. Each in the hurry, had fabricated his own lethal weapon; not made for inspection but for a job of terror. These men were placed, in a line, two file deep, on each side of the passage of the Auld Brigg. In short, such was the zeal, suddenly inspired by the alarm of these marauders approaching, for the city now rang with the evil doings of the Host in the South and West, that the committee were in a brief space of time fully ready to receive the Host.

The Bailey, no mean looking man, was well mounted on his fine grey horse; and sat bolt-upright in the huge saddle of the construction of those days. His dress was not like that of a modern Glasgow Bailey. There were none of the courtly velvets, and black broad-cloths about him. There was no gold chain, falling down in copious and rich

She was a tall and erect figure who uttered this. Her features were full of the light of peace: and her eyes sent forth a look of smiling kindness and affection. Her dark hair, yet untinged with grey, was combed in front and enveloped in a coiffure of no small dimensions. For the rest —a small snow white mutch, from under which her glossy hair fell down on her shoulders and bosom; the long slim waist, decked out with plain and tasselated ornaments, the quilted petticoat, the white apron, the white stockings, with red *cloaks*, completed the *tout-ensemble*. Dame Margaret Craig was born and bred a gentlewoman. And like those whom she sheltered, she had seen better days. But no one could say that he ever heard her repine; or call her lot hard. "He whom I serve," she would say, "was sae puir, that he had na whare to lay his head. I hae a cottage and plenty, and freens;—can I repine?"

The sufferers had their signals. And the faithful Dame was speedily convinced that none but friends stood before her.

They were conducted into the clean and neatly sanded parlour: and thence into a small bed-room, the floor of which was, according to the fashion of the age, tastefully covered with green rushes. The walls were lined with pannel work of dark oak—which seemed to be a row of door's. Between these false doors were smooth surfaces of the same materials. One of these was a real door, and admirably concealed. It opened into a narrow and dark *turnpike*, as their conductress, in the Scottish style called it. The house was situated close on the bank of a stream, which rushed, and murmured close by, over its stony channel, between two walls of rocks, which were surmounted with copsewood of hawthorn, sloe and bramble bushes, with here and there a rown tree. A natural cave had been in this spot; and the cellar of the house had been united to it by a narrow passage.

Our party of young men descended into the cellar, and thence into the passage which led to the cave. Voices were now heard. And upon opening the door and lifting a temporary curtain formed by a highland plaid, they found themselves within the cave. From the roof, a lamp was suspended, which shed a dim light on the inmates. The floor was covered with green rushes: and the members of the conventicle sat

the committee twelve in number, all on horseback, well mounted, and presenting an imposing aspect. Lord Annandale was in splendid style; and Lord Mauchlin, and several others were not much inferior in appearance.

The good Bailey was evidently much agitated in his novel station. He was often heard to whisper a vow to the Almighty for his most holy benediction and countenance. And at times he would talk aloud to every one who came in his way.

"Ye may weel lairn, frae the scenes afore you, maist beloved youth," cried he, after a long silence, and raising himself in his saddle," "what ony truly patriotic and enterprising man may du for his kintry. Only enlichten the people—only enlichten *them*;—just show them what's what—be disinterested, honest, and undaunted; and ony man,—it disna require a Wallace, God bless his memory,—ony ordinary man shall deliver his kintry frae ony foeman. To be free, a kintry only needs to *wull it:* and it wulls it, when it's enlightened. Knowledge is *strength*. An enlightened people will burst through the strongest chains o' slavery; ay, were they even forged by Sathan himsel." And saying this, he reined his steed, plunged his rowels into his flanks, and galloped to the south end of the Bridge.

For jüst as he uttered them with exultation, a distant roll of the kettle-drum was heard. And the discharge of a gun, from the advanced guard, announced that the Athole men were within sight of the Gorballs.

A deep silence pervaded all ranks on the Bridge. Each man stood firm at his post; and sent an inquiring look on the Bailey, and his youthful group of attendants, as they returned slowly back to their former stations. The bag pipe sent forth its martial music. The shrill note, and the deep and monotonous boom of the bass, floated on the air. Now it was slow and solemn: at another time, rapid and harsh. The youthful aids of the Bailey were busily deciding on the peaceable, or the hostile air of the pibroch: and divining from the piper's tune, the spirit which played in the breasts of these half-savages. The conclusion was what every stranger to the martial airs of the Highland bag-pipe, would naturally adopt on hearing its music. It sends forth proud defiance. It proclaims fierce and unsubdued impetuosity. The sweet note of peace finds no

place in its loud screams, its tumultuous redoublings, and the overwhelming booming of its never-varying bass. It braces the mind to terrible deeds. It was not composed by Lowland amateurs, nor among love-sick swains; nor amid polished courtiers, nor laughter-loving dames. It was composed by martial spirits, amid the terrible sublimity of their mountain scenery, and the roar of conflicting hosts!

"I think, Bailey," said young Annandale, with some agitation, "that you had better order up your cannon in front; we must sweep the Bridge. That Heelan' music gars a Lawlander's flesh a' grue. I'd sooner meet a legion o' deils than thae craters wha mak sic music!"

Burleigh and Mauchlin smiled. The Bailey cast a grave look on the youthful speaker, who evidently would rather have been at close blows, than standing deliberately at a distance, biding the pelting, and threatening of the *Heelan' Bag-pipes!*

"Ye kenna what speerit ye're of, dear Annandale," cried the Bailey, who could with difficulty keep his own teeth from chattering in his head;—"Hech man! I must tell ye, as a magistrate,—hem,—hem,—that thae men,—hem,—hem,—are no just at open,—open,—hem—war, as it were, wi' us here. Nor hae we proclaimed war *formally* as it were, against them,"—and he cast his eyes over his men, and his military preparations. "Na, na, were that sae, ye wadna find Bailey Wardlaw, a Glasgow magistrate, hereawa', I tell you. The wicked half-savages are the tools o' a misguided, and profligate Cooncil, whilk will be brocht to its richt senses ere lang: or it will be broken lik a potsherd, by a rod o' iron! I just tak thae Heelan' craters in the light o' reivers, returnin' frae a successful spreagh; whilk their commanders canna control at a'; nor indeed are they willing, were they able. I tak them just in the licht o' highwaymen chased oot o' the fields intil the toon; and we place, as it waur, a line o' guards; and shut up ilka nook, and bore; and then throw open the yetts o' the Tolbooth and thence compel them, as it were, to rin intil them; for fien' hate o' a door, or winnoch else, is there for the craters to rin intil."——

So saying, he shook Annandale heartily by the hand; and called on young Lord Kardross, one of his aids, to take a file or two, and "ride up to meet the Heelan' men.

Find yer way to their commander, and just tell him e'en a' ye see: and tell him mairover, that some o' the ceevil powers—ye ken what to tell him—beg leave to salute him at the head o' his officers, on the centre arch o' the auld Brigg o' Glasgow."——

Lord Kardross rode up at full gallop; and with hat in hand, called out for the officer commanding. He speedily presented himself in the person of a stately Highlander, of a bronze complexion; with heavy red-haired eye-brows, and of a fierce aspect. He had on his head a graceful bonnet, set on in an easy jaunting air, with an eagle feather or two, forming his simple plume. He demanded in a harsh voice "the wull o' the Duniwassel."

Kardross began with mock solemnity,—"His illustrious excellency, the commander-in-chief, at the ither end o' the auld Brigg, with the noble Lords, his right honourable aid-de-camps, waits your presence, noble Heelan' Sir Chieftain! to escort you through the liberties o' gude auld Glasgow. For, my certie, he says ye mauna come intil his city, nor walk a street o' it."

"Wha is he, speak?" cried the chieftain.

"He's ane o' the Toon Cooncil: and nae less than a BAILEY! Yer Heelan' Chiefs are naething to him. Weighed in the scale wi' him, the biggest o' ye a', wad be found wantin'," said Kardross with the gravest face imaginable.

"Has he a military company?"

"Ye maun e'en come yer wa's up and see for yersel."

"How many?"

"Why—not exceeding sax thoosand five hunder, or thereaboot.

The Highlander started, and clapt his hand on the hilt of his Andro Ferrara, while he threw his eyes over his own men. He then uttered some Gaelic words to his officers, in a hurried manner, as they gathered round him.

"Sax thoosand five hunder"—repeated our messenger to him, with great *sang-froid*. "Besides his militia corps, wha are comin' in to pay their respects; and whilk I see already advancing on this side of the Clyde. And the brave Cathcart men wull be in yer rear soon."

And as he said this, he pointed to the Rutherglen men coming down the banks of the river, at quick march; and

to the Govan men, pouring their strength up into the Gorballs.

"Go, call up the three sax pounders," cried the Highlander to an officer. "But stay a bit—has the Bailey ony cannon?"

"Only some thirty lang toms, includin' all the *Quaker guns*," And he spake truly: for they were nearly all of this class, *non-resistance guns*,*

Our student added after a pause, "We Sassanachs are a kittle race o' people, when aince fairly roused up!"

"Mean ye, in blude earnest, to impede my course?" cried the chieftan fiercely.

"Why—yes—no—" replied Lord Kardross, hesitating, and speaking with an air of mysteriousness, "that is to say, it just depends on your putting yourselves on gude behaviour. And let me just add by way of information," continued our youth, as he cast his eyes, with some affectation of contempt, over the divisions of the Highland Host,—"Aiblins, we can clap some *four* stout Sassenachs on the back o' ilka ane o' yer Heelan' men, and may be *sax* o' them. I hae delivered my message. We wait your approach." And he rode off without waiting for his reply.

The commander looked after him for some time in silence. He was evidently in some degree of confusion. He found himself actually hemmed in. He formed his men into close rank and file, six abreast, which he had to reduce to four as he approached the centre arch. "Screw your daggers on your musquetoons," he called to his men, "and see that your pieces be weel loaded, and in good order. We'll hae hett wark o't. We hae been thus far tulzien' wi' auld wives, and weans; wi' priests, and herd callans. We're like to meet wi' *men* noo, *Seid suas, gillie!*" added he, raising his voice into a scream. "Blaw up the pibroch, club yer airms, march warily, in close file; preserve a deep seelence: and be ready to fire."

He placed himself at their head, and his officers took their position on each side of him. And he pranced along on a gallant steed, which he had taken out of the stables of the Earl of Cassilis, on the same terms as his father, and

* These, as in ships of later times, were literally so, being made of wood.

himself took a cow, or a horse from the stable of the Sassenach, who happened to refuse the tribute of *Black Maille.*

The town's men and students looked on in deep silence, upon the mass of nodding black plumes; and the glittering musquetoons, and the waving sheen tartan. And when they arrived at the centre arch, the whole of them in mock solemnity, uncovered for a moment, and lowered the point of their swords and spears, before the host—but in such a manner as really to assume, awkwardly enough, a very ambiguous posture, and doubtful kind of salutation.

At that moment a salute was fired from the rear of the temporary fort in the middle of the Stockwell. And the close column of men stationed in advance of it, wheeled suddenly to the right and left, and presented to view what seemed to be the muzzles of a threatening battery of cannon; and the gunners in their place, making a wonderful display of their lighted matches, and waving them round their heads to have them in prime blazing order to fire off their cannon. And in the distant perspective, squadrons of horsemen were seen advancing, and defiling, in an imposing manner. And the company of Carters backed their tumbrils more into the street; which they sported before the astonished Highlanders, as mounted cannon, ready for cross firing.

"Conduct the officers, and forty of their men, in advance" —cried the Bailey, as he gave a flourish with his sword, somewhat in the awkward style of a military novice, and made a low bow to the Highland chief, and his staff. They moved on at a quick step.

"Hully—hully a bit, you the rest"—cried the Bailey with a tone, and air of authority, after the forty men and officers had passed on. Then raising his voice still louder, he called out—"Let the rest of the Heelan' Host halt, *instanter*, unless ye want to be blawn a' intil the air, like peelins o' ingens." He paused a moment, and added partly to the Highlanders, and partly to his own men, with a laugh.—

"My certes! only forty o' ye, my gallants, shall enter the royal liberties o' Glasgow, at ae time—ay! and no ae soul mair at ainee:"—Adding in a lower tone to his associates. "Divide, and conquer, eh! as my duce auld father, the Barony Kirk-elder used to say.

As the Bailey uttered his order, a line of his guards threw themselves across the passage of the bridge. The Highlanders halted. There was no officer near them to give them orders. They looked on each other, and muttered their astonishment and fears.

The Chieftain and his staff were meanwhile marched on, *in terrorem*, towards the cannon's mouth: then, suddenly defiled to the right. And as they turned the corner out of the Stockwell, they found, to their fresh astonishment, the street lined with stout threatening looking men in arms. The Highlanders were crowded through a narrow space where not more than a single man could go at once. Thus by the simplest contrivance imaginable, they were separated from each other: and thrown personally into the power of strangers.

"My orders"—cried the person commanding there (it was Sir Robert Hamilton,) are to rid you of your cumbersome baggage; in short, to take away from you ilka thing, whilk ye hae come by, without the tedious process of buying, and paying for it. That's only fair, ye ken, my gallants!"

One of his associates, a Highland student, repeated in Gallic, this order of Sir Robert. They laughed in Sir Robert's face. "That horse," added the commander of the student's party, "wi' a' manner o' humility permit me to say it, belangs, I am just informed, to Lord Kennedy,—dismount.....seize him guards—" added he in a thundering voice, as the chief was drawing out both his pistols from the holsters, and uttering Gallic oaths, mingled in a grotesque manner, with the court oaths of Charles, in a voice half choked with rage and vexation. The guards seized him on each side, and he was dismounted in a trice. The staff rushed in to the relief of their commander, with a kind of howl which was gradually heightened into a shriek—and which sent the word "*Claymore*," loud on air. It was a moment of frightful confusion. They threw themselves on the guards. Fresh guards, consisting of students, poured themselves in upon them. And in their turn the forty men in the rear fell upon those. A fresh supply of townsmen and students rushed in on them. The swords clashed. Poignards glanced in the air. They screamed: they cursed:

they fought. The women and children shrieked, and tumbled down, in heaps; while others ran *pell mell* upon them, as they lay groaning, and sprachling, and banning those who had broken their limbs, and peeled their shins. Meantime the kettle-drum, in the rear, kept up a constant roll, which effectually drowned the noise of the tumult: so that the main body neither saw their officers, nor, for this reason, heard them.

The result was, that they were all disarmed: and the officers deprived of their horses.—

CHAPTER IX.

———Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For dark and despairing my sight I may seal:
But man cannot cover, what God would reveal.
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before!—CAMPBELL.

Order being in some measure restored; the students threw themselves in a circle of three or four men deep, around the marauders; and commanded them to render up every other article of plunder.

"Search us, and take what you shall find,"—said the chief doggedly.

"No, verily," cried Sir Robert, "We are men of honour. None of my men put their hands into other men's pockets. That's the work o' highwaymen, and Heelan' Hosts! My orders are peremptory. And there is no time to be spent in parlying wi' sic reivers. Deliver up a' the gudes and gear aboot ye; on this lang table put them a' doon *instanter*. Men! make ready—I wull blaw ye a' to the Heelan' hills, in a giffy, if ye dinna, this instant, deliver up yer ill-gotten gear, ye base loons, and reivers!"

The countenance of the chief, and the rest of these Caterans became suddenly changed. They put on looks the most ruesome imaginable. At one time they cursed and grumbled. They looked wofully around them on the military, and the laughing mob: then they crouched, and be-

sought. And finally, they smote their thighs and hands, and cried, out of pure indignation; and a sense of their utter helplessness. They were now become quite chop-fallen. And their long and lank countenances, and skinny jaws were eked out to a hideous length—like those of the quivering criminal at the gibbet. Then with groanings, and half suppressed oaths, and Gallic interjections; and the most ludicrous contortions, and fidgettings—all of which scenes the students enjoyed exquisitely—they began to pull out, and render up their plunder. One rummaged his portmanteau, another his sporran, another his pockets, and drew out slowly, and with heavy sighs, piece by piece, what they had stowed away in them with much economy of space. The chief threw down a bunch of parchments, with their broad red seal attached to them: and some papers: then some linens, marked with the well-known devices and coats of arms of the nobility and gentlemen of the South and West:—some gold buckles next made their appearance, and some silver plate, with gold rings and jewels,—sparkling with gems—torn from the ears and fingers of beauty.

"What hae ye there in that bunchy sporran o' yours, master chieftain," was clamorously repeated by several of the younger students. "Come,—oot wi' it;—else our steels will scatter its fragments afore yer een."

The chief had with some anxiety kept this concealed under the foldings of his tartan plaid. And as this demand was so imperiously repeated, he groaned with vexation; and big drops of sweat broke over his brow. He dashed the bonnet off his head, scratched his glossy red curls; and replacing it, he felt for his claymore: and looked furiously around him, for his hainchman to bring him his arms. He talked earnestly with an aged clansman, who stood near him, and whose long white hairs streamed in the February wind.—A young Highland student explained to Sir Robert the conversation of the parties, while the chieftain was pouring out the contents of his sporran, there fell out a necklace of elegant gems. It sparkled in the sunbeams as it fell on the table. There followed the figure of a coronet, made of diamonds; and some ornamented gold inlaid with rubies, topazes, and garnets: then a gold chain of exquisitely delicate links, to which was appended a locket, containing a

on low rude benches, with cushions rudely formed out of *wusps of sprits*. Burleigh pronounced the respectful salutation of the "gudeen." Cargil received them with cordial embraces; and gave them assurance that, when they visited him at his retirement on the Moose, in the cave of Wallace, he would be in a condition to receive them in *more spacious apartments*. "As it is, my gallants," continued he, "better to me far is a wee cave, wi' my mistress liberty, and a gude conscience; than the palace of the sceptered priest; or the gilded cieling o' the heartless tyrant!" So saying, he presented them to the assembled sufferers: and led them to rustic sofas formed of piled up bundles of rushes and sweet-scented sprits and ling.

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music, I said, will scatter the damps of this heavy darkness, which the demon had poured over my soul. Malvina, my daughter, was not nigh, with her clairshach. I touched the chords o' my harp. The harp o' my fathers sent forth no sweet music. There was blood on the strings,—and the dewy damp o' death. A clash of jarring sounds rung doubtfully in air—I awoke from my vision in agony! And O, chief o' the bloody hand, I hae lived to see the race o' my native hills melting awa' afore the demon wha chastises the bludy, and the unjust. The dastard sons o' the Sassenach will not grasp the sword o' blood. We shanna fa' by the Lawlan' outlaws, which the Stuart chases frae his protection—the men o' the mountain psalm, and the mountain prayer. They wull leave us to perish by the hand o' the GREAT DIAH.* It was nae forray,—nae creagh! We burnt the temples o' DIAH! We violated matrons and maidens. We dashed the wee smilin' bairn on the point o' the claymore. And syn that day o' crime, the sun has not shone, in its loveliness, on our heads: the clouds hae rolled darker, and the thunders hae roared louder. Son of the mountain and flood! the bricht day o' thy fame has passed awa. Fallen art thou, and sunk in shame!"

The Bard uttered these words of his song in a loud tone, which caused a deep silence: and covering his face with his plaid, he wept. The chief bent his dark eyes in silence on him, and groaned. But rage and pride overcame the remains of humanity. With a look of immoveable assurance, and with eyes flashing fire, he surveyed, with hurried glances, the faces of the multitude around him. And folding his arms over his sheen plaid, he frowned defiance on every soul of them.

"By the pure heevens! Jeemoc," cried a voice in the Ayrshire accent, "Dinna ye ken that man? It's the very chiel himsel." The voice came from a cluster of ruddy youth in Kilmarnock bonnets. "It's the Heelan deevil, himsel," added another, "wha along wi his caterans, broke into oor lady's hoose, in the absence o' her lord, and wha plundered the hoose o' a' the gudes and gear, gowd and jewels; wha dashed her ladyship's wee sweet baby frae the cradle, and laid his murderous steel on it; and the puir

* Hebrew *Jah*, or JEHOVAH.

unprotected lady went distracted, and ne'er saw peace mair. And she roves aye doon the streets, and ower the fields—and aye, as she met a stranger, she wad wring her white hauns, and say, 'Did ye see my wee baby—sau ye my puir wee Jamie.' But God pitied her grief, and teuk her hame to his ain heeven."—"Hech! man," cried another, "had I been there to save her, my long kail gully should hae drunk the vile cateran's blude."

This was spoken in a fierce tone, while he suited the action to the words. The bandit eyed the youth with unchanged countenance. His impudence overcame the lingering remains of their patience. The young men threw themselves upon him with the first weapons which they could seize. He was dashed down in the mire, and literally covered with the desperate youth, who were eager to take vengeance on the military bandit. In vain he shieked and gr[illegible] In vain his men threw themselves in among them to [illegible] him aid. The students did not permit them to interfere.

Sir Robert called a strong guard, and ordered them to clear the way, and carry off the Highlanders to a place of safety. After a severe struggle they succeeded in bringing him off—his dark belt, tartans, and plumage covered with mire, and the blood, the meanwhile, falling in big drops from his neck and face.

The infuriate youth would have despatched him on the spot, in defiance of the guard of students, had not their attention been suddenly arrested by another voice calling out the name of another commander of a party, who had plundered Kilmarnock; and of another who had plundered Ayr, and the neighbourhood of Cassilis; and of another who had set all the kirks of Carrik on fire. "There," cried one, "is meikle Dumbar o' the Grange, who robbed his landlord, even auld Davy Muir, o' a' his gowd and siller." "There," screamed another, "is the villanous leader o' the nine, wha robbed Willie Dickie o' a stockin' fu' o' siller, brak twa o' his ribs; and killed his puir feckless wife and bairn." "There," roared out another, in still louder note, "is the Heelan gillie who killed oor minister, Maister Wedderburn, the *indulged* minister, wi' the butt end o' his musquet, when he was intercedin' wi' them, base

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headed, that Kilmarnock micht not be given to be plundered on the Sabbath day."

From words they proceeded to blows. And as the thundering strokes fell on the neck, and broad shoulders of the Highlanders, they added, "tak that looner frae the laird o' Kilbirnie."—"Ye'll mind the toad cellar o' the Dean hoose!" "Ye canna hae forgotten the bludy scenes o' Ochiltree!" "Tak that for the *black maille* o' Kyle and Cunningham." "Can ye forgett auld Quintin Dick o' Dalmellington?" "Or yer deeds at the Brigg o' Doone and the Kirk o' Alloway? and Maybole? And the rapes o' St. Quivox, and the bonny family o' the Bruces'? And the stab o' the cauld steel on the fields o' Colmonel?,' "Tak that for the shepherdess o' Distinckhorn;" "and the burning oot o' the cotters o' Auchinleck:" "And the spulzie o' the Laird o' Torfoot, and the burnings o' Glenkeel and Avendale.

By this time the tumult began to assume an appearance truly terrific. Nothing but force opposed to force could prevent a massacre. At length, after a rigorous and persevering effort, Sir Robert succeeded in driving back the youthful assailants; and in conveying the Highland officers to the Western Gate, and out of the city.

Meanwhile the Bailey was sending on another division of forty, guarded by another escort. They passed on in quick march. And the same scene of pride, rage, and confusion was re-enacted, before each soldier was constrained to lay down his plunder.

Nothing escaped the eagle eyes of the students. They stript them of every thing, except what was strictly Highland. The fiftieth escort at last came, and brought the last of the two thousand Highland soldiers—and the *finale* of this unparalleled inquisition.

The Bailey and his aids followed up the rear, with a tumultuous rolling of the drums, and "the ear-piercing fife," and the occasional discharge of a heavy gun.

The place of general deposit exhibited an extraordinary medley. From the knap-sacks were rolled out pots, pans, kettles, shoes, boots, Kilmarnock blue bonnets, feckets, doublets, hose, petticoats, gowns, plaids. Then followed the baggage wagons which were made to disgorge a little mountain of linen, blankets, beds, *raw hides, sheep skins*;

all manner of household furniture—materials sufficient for furnishing the cottages of a Highland Strath.

The Bailey presented himself to each company, as he passed along, and thanked them cordially for "their soldier-like conduct, and the effective service, this day rendered to the country. You, the brave students, wi' whom this wark originated—I thank you, my bony gallants! in the name o' Glascow, and the sufferers. May God mak you and your youthfu' associates o' the city, to stan' up in future times the bricht ornaments, and pillars o' defence to AULD SCOTLAND, oor dear native laun'.—And you, Carters, I thank cordially, for that demonstration got up to so good a purpose. Ha! ha! ha! I thank you for your *wooden* cannons, wi' their black bausoned muzzles, which struck nae sma' terror into the stoutest Heelan heart. And you, braw youth o' the auld goodly city o' Glascow, wha reared the fort o'pine boards, and mounted the long *Toms*, and howitzers, manufactured out o' black oak, whilk sent sic a death-like lour ower the Host; and threatened ilka moment to belch oot frae their wooden entrails liquid fire and grape shot, to send them, as *thin ghosts*, in the twinklin' o' an ee, to the airy ha's o' their faithers! And you, brave coalheavers, and carters who mounted on your nags, and equipt in armour, o' the *year ane*, by moving in quick march, round and round, in the back-ground, presented to the astonished Heelanders an interminable length of cavalry, pouring in on both flanks, in sic a manner as to convince them that a' resistance was vain. We owe you, my braw hearties! our cordial thanks. And, in fine, though we kenna what may be the upshot o' this day's wark, we shanna close this campaign of a day, till we hae it thoroughly dune. Hear then, a' o' ye, what I hae further to advise. And in the *first* place, we maun escort these Heelan caterans not only fairly oot o' the toon, but we maun show them a demonstration o' oor numerical powers that we are sax to ane; and, hence, that for them to return in order to leuk after their fleeced woo', wull be their certain destruction. *Se*
we maun lie on oor airms all night, and hae hal
nels planted. And you Burleigh
executed. *Thirdlie*, a' this spul
be conveyed to the Custom-hoos
respective owners o' the same,

it, by public outcry, at the market crosses o' the different toons in the Wast and Sooth. And you, Sir William, and Robert Hamilton, wull communicate wi' the sufferers, and see this thing carried as far as practicable—into execution. And, *lastly*, your unworthy general invites you, ane and a', wha have been in the *regular* service this day, to come, afore we pairt, and partake o' some vivers. If a hearty welcome and plenty o't can make a banquet, then shall we hae a banquet on buns and yill, and a tass o' brandy wull wash it down. I hae only this ae wush, my hearties! that I were but a prince for ae single day, I might then du something towards liquidating the debt whilk auld Glascow owes ye, my lads!

The generous Annandale and Mauchlin, together wi' Semple, and the twa Hamiltons, wull hae the pleasure o' attending to this, and see the vivers and crater comforts duly and plentifully provided. For the needfu' to discharge a' the debts; I tak the supervision on mysel, and let nae man insult me by contradictions and refusals."

The Bailey and his active committee saw every item of this done. He escorted the Highland troops with all his forces—and saw them in full march on Campsie and Kilsyth—breathing vengeance, some way or another "on the Glasgow bodies wha had befooled, and plundered them sae outrageously.

CHAPTER X.

Proh tempora! proh mores!"—TULLY.

On the morning of the second day, after the affair with the Highland Host, the Bailey was seated at his usual early hour, by the breakfast table. There were smoking before him, the substantial materials of the breakfast common in those days of "the giants." But he was thoughtful and melancholy. His daughter, his only child, was seated at the head of the table, a young maiden, of twenty years, the idol of her widowed father's heart.

And she was worthy of his undivided affection. Helen Wardlaw was a beautiful being: she was the pride of the Trongate. In her figure, she was tall and majestic. Over her face, which was of an oval shape, and formed on the loveliest Grecian model, and lighted up with the purest and most delicate tints, were there spread, withal, an indescribable sweetness and grace. She dressed after the manner of her noble and accomplished Highland mother. And in her tartan sheen, and silken plaid, at church, or on the promenade, leaning on her father's arm, and smiling in all the witchery of her beauty, the beholders and passers by, looked upon her, and blessed "the beautiful Helen, the gude Trongate Bailey's daughter."

Her accomplished mind possessed sufficient solidity and good sense, to keep her equally from the extremes of affectation and haughtiness, on the one hand, and levity on the other. There was just a sufficient tincture of pride about her, to keep her from being vain. Kindness and unaffected condescension to the poor, were, moreover, a beautiful trait in her character. This her noble and gay young friends called the romantic part of her character, but it ministered a real pleasure, and happiness to her kind and benevolent heart. It was, also, in her view, a matter of duty: and who could dissuade her from what was dut[illegible]d a pleasure? Hence she was as often seen in the humb[illegible] cottage of the widow and orphan, and by the couch of the sick, as in the halls of the gay. If she was the enchanting beauty, admired and caressed in the halls of the noble, and the withdrawing rooms of the fashionable dames of Caledonia; she was adored as an angel of mercy by the widows and orphans of the sufferers, and the martyrs of Scotland.

Being of noble descent, by the mother's side, and an heiress to a rich estate, she had received the usual education of damsels of noble rank in Scottish society. And her vigorous and amiable mind had availed itself of the favourable opportunities of improvement, in whatever was useful, and ornamental. Her reading had been rather extensive in the different departments of literature. She never wrote verses; but she had looked into the classics; had examined the French and Italian writers; and was a good judge of English and Scottish poets, and prose writers. She had been thrown, at an early period, into intercourse with the suffer-

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roes, and the champions of the Kirk. It was their calamity that they could not mingle in sympathy with her; and they had her pity, and that of the whigs of Scotland. If there was romance in her character, it was the glorious romance interwoven in the character of the illustrious patriots, to whose labours and sufferings, sealed with their blood, Scotland is mainly indebted for that liberty, and form of religion, which she now enjoys.

Such was Helen Wardlaw, the sole heiress of the baronet of Auchingowrie, so famed in the story of the whigs during the dark days of their struggle, for her benevolence and charities: and the beautiful being, moreover, whom busy fame had assigned to the young heir apparent of the barony of Akenhart, to wit, our hero Burleigh Stewart. One thing is certain, no one bowed before our beauty, with more impassioned adoration than he did. And, in justice to him, it must be added, that, notwithstanding all pretences to the contrary, there was manifest evidence, that the loveliest scenery of Auchingowrie, and all the beauties of its stately castle, were very dull and insipid things to our beauty, when Burleigh Stewart was absent. We return to our narrative.

Helen perceived that the troubles of her father were, this morning, increased tenfold. She did, indeed, affect not to see them, as they sat at table. As often as the Bailey turned his eyes in sorrow, on her, she seemed busily engaged in training up, under her silken snood, some straggling locks of her glossy raven hair, which had escaped, in their luxuriance, and had fallen, in rich curls, on her white neck and bosom. But her dark blue eyes, the while, watched her father in silent sorrow: and the big tear drops fell from her long silken eye-lashes. For him, he ate not. He had turned himself round, and in a deep reverie, his eyes rested on the military gear, lately thrown off by him, and now lying in his view, on a table in the alcove.

But there was a singular elasticity of soul in our good Bailey, which soon restored itself to its proper tone of feeling; and dispersed the gloom from his countenance.

"True it is, my Helen,"—cried he at length,—"there are seasons in which we mauna waste time, in parlying wi' the foemen, and throw awa an opportunity in stopping to gie reasons and explanations. We must lift the hawk

and we must act. When the three Hebrew children in Babylon, found themselves in the painful predicament, that, in obedience to the urgency o' the king's decree they must een be idolaters, or rebels against his tyranny,—they did na pause to gie reasons. 'We are not carefu', cried they, "to answer thee, O king, in this matter!" It was na the time for cold calculations, and expositions: they wadna hae been listened to: they behoved to act on the instant: and in acting, deny their God, or their king! They hesitated not; though the fiery furnace was afore their een, blazin', aught times heated into fury!

"And, my sweet Helen, we have dune richt in what we hae dune," he added, as he turned himself round, and applied himself to the solid vivers smoking before him; and the stoup of claret. "It was nae time for explanations and apologies. True it is, its a bold step we hae ta'en. And it was unco weel for a' parties that the Life Guards were awa frae their quarters on some forray, and deel's errand, up Clyde side. Blude micht otherwise hae been shed. As it was, ha! ha! ha! we had it a' oor ain gaite! But, there wull be news o' this, wi' a' my daffin. And e'en already, my sweet bairne,—wha kens but the bludy hoonds o' Claverse may be on the scent! But, my bairne, when we maun deny oor God, or oor king's power in thae things, —we mauna swither, were there een a blazing furnace afore oor een, o' the king o' Babylon's heating!"

At this moment, two persons entered hastily by the door which led in by the rear of the building. The eldest of the two drew from him his grey cloak; and threw himself down on a seat, with a sigh. He was pale and breathless, and faint. It was father Cargil, and his youthful companion.

In an instant Helen was at his side. She took off his broad-brimmed hat; unbuttoned his coat; gathered up his straggling grey locks: and smoothed them down over his temple and ears; and then hastened to bring him a cup of cool water.

"My dear good old father!" cried she, in sweet and silvery tones, which poured out the sensibilities of her soul, and spread over the desolate heart of the aged pastor, the charm of the sweetest sympathy;—"You are ill, my venerable father;—what new calamity has befallen you?

Cargil raised her hand to his lips, and kissed it; and ting a languid eye to her beautiful face, beaming with mpathy and pity, he said, "Ask me not, lovely maiden, hat calamity has befallen me: the enemy is abroad. It s the hour and power of darkness: short is my story: ve hae been pursued. Let me, I pray thee, be led to my oncealment."

The Bailey instantly arose, and led him to his secret hamber. And not allowing any of his domestics to enter it; or even to see who was there, he carried the contents of the breakfast table, with a stoup of claret, into his retreat, and urged him to keep himself in perfect composure; and to refresh himself with food and sleep.

When the Bailey returned, he learned from Master James, that the chief of the Highland Host had contrived to send a message, by one of his crafty gillies, to the head quarters of the Life Guards: and that an express had been sent after the dragoons: and that, moreover, being at no great distance, scouring the upper ward of Lanarkshire, they had been hurried back, and were already in the city.

"And noo, Bailey Wardlaw," cried Master James—"I entreat you instantly to take measures for your own safety. The pursuit is hot, and who may escape? Speed you, for the sake of this angel of mercy,—your daughter."

Father Cargil returned at this moment, and united his earnest entreaties to those of Master James.

"I can," said he, "my sweet bairne, look wi' steady een, on the coming hour, in the whilk I sall be offered up, for His dear name, and haly cause's sake. But there's ae cause o' pain and distress to me, my sweet Helen, I may draw doon ruin on my friens, and on thee, and thy faither's hoose especially, for thy ministering to the persecuted members o' HIM, wha rules abune, canna meikle langer be concealed. Could I but fa' alane, Helen Wardlaw, hoo sweet wad death be to me!"

"Fear noucht for us, father Cargil, and you Master James," cried Helen; and she added after a long pause, during which her eyes beamed with affection, and respect on her father,—the Bailey's face, as she waited his reply. A nod from him made her proceed. "My father and I are prepared for a' extremes. And we hae ta'en our measures.

For me, I practise the lessons o' my saunted mother, in heaven, wha inherited the romantic love of liberty frae the gallant knight her father, wha was brocht up in the military school o' Gustavus, and was amang the stalwart lords and knights that carried their persevering arms through varied fortunes, until the fierce Montrose expiated on a tree, his murder and treason. As the heiress of her estate, which descended to her, the only child o' Sir George Gordon—I might take my place amang the nobles o' the land, e'en where my noble mother moved in the better days o' oor Kintry. But my heart is not there, father Cargil: and canna be there in the dark days o' oor nation's mourning. Amid the glare o' honours and riches, I should find myself among the ranks o' the licensed oppressors o' my Kintry, and the haly cause o' liberty and religion. Let them call it romance or *cant*. The thoughtless must hae something to say in defence o' their treason against God and their Kintry. For me, in the bloom and promise o' sweet youth, I *can* say, give me liberty, or give me death! Since I was a little maiden so high".....And she made a motion with her white arm.—"I have listened to the soldier's tale, wha fought in the ranks o' Scottish patriots. And in thae later years my faither's hoose has been the asylum o' the *sufferers*. I hae studied their characters, and their motives; not in the fair sunshine o' health and smiling happiness,—when hypocrisy draws her vizard close over the face,—and when the rage of fashion is to assume the awkward garb o' sanctity. I hae studied them in dungeons, and in caves, under the weicht of crushing sorrows. I hae witnessed,—and the daughter o' the Gordons blushes not to say, that I hae participated in their enthusiasm for the liberties o' Scotland, and the emancipation o' the kirk, frae the thraldom o' the Stuarts. And I speak not without knowledge o' the character and motives o' those o' the other side, in the great national question."

As Helen spoke this, she turned her animated eyes, and beautiful face on Master James, whom she suspected of wavering between the Whigs, and the Tories; under the influence of the family of Perth: and whom she anxiously wished to gain over.

"I hae mingled wi' the wives and daughters of both the nobles and the bishops," continued she, "and, Master

mes, it cost me nae great effort, young and inexperienced ough I was, to appreciate the distinctive character and mo-es o' thae oppressors o' Scotland. As my father has told you, id he kens mair of this part o' their character than I could ae opportunity to learn,—dissipation has not only per-aded a' ranks, it has bowed their lofty spirits down, and nslaved them. If I am correct in comparing the narra-ves o' my honoured mother, with mine own personal ob-ervations, even our fair sex has not altogether escaped the noral pestilence. Where meet we wi' the Scottish and English dames who were famed in story for having elevat-d the female character to that commanding rank, which t had long sustained among the nations o' continental Europe,—for its high-toned moral worth, and angelic moral beauty. Our days present to view as much beauty as ever, but the charms of their bright virtues have faded. I speak what I do see; and what you see, Master James.

"The ears of the Scottish fair have been poisoned by the disgusting conversation, and writings o' men o' wit; long rendered fashionable frae the throne, doon to the humble squire; and, noo, sae common are they, that they seem not conscious of any error.

At what their *mothers* blushed, *they* only smile. What their *mothers* condemned in principle, *they* do more than half approve. They ridicule religious scruples: they indulge their dull wit at moral feelings: they laugh to scorn the pastor, the bible, and the holy day o' the Most High. They sneer at the canting psalm-singer, but they blush not at the poesy and ballads of the age, to the characteristics of which, I cannot permit myself even to allude. The *whig*, another name with them, for *rustic and clown*, is the butt of the vulgar laugh, and of drollery even in the withdrawing room of beauty and nobility. Our countrywomen,—oh! such is the shocking effects of the horrid barbarity of our times, can even talk of gibbets, and boots, and thumb-screws, and the axe, without shuddering! And the grand-daughters of those high-minded, and moral nobles, wha exe-crated inquisitors, and put down, by their moral influence, the Catholic persecutors, even they can roll their eyes with an easy jaunting air, over the mangled limbs, and the bleached skulls o' the martyrs; wi' which—oh! horrible, oor prison walls are garnished! In the higher circles

(I speak not, Master James, frae hearsay) they hae baptized religion, and morals, with the odious name of *cant and fanaticism!* And under thae names they persecute them with deadlie feud! The name, and thing itself, o' piety, is not known in these circles, nor even alluded to, without raillery. The sacred hymn, and the psalm sung by the pretty lips of their mothers, are displaced by the pitiful ballad,—the ribald song, and the shameless epigram. I hae seen all this—I hae studied all this, for six years. Liberty, and her sweet sister, Religion, hae fallen by the hands o' the Stuart, and his degenerate nobles. And wo be to those who come not to their help. Perish they can never! The Holy Ruler o' the world has sent them, as angels o' mercy, into oor earth, out o' pity to his children. Strong and invincible is the arm that will preserve them alive: and blessed, and honoured will he be, who has the happiness o' coming up to their help against the foemen!

"But pardon me, my mother's daughter is not loquacious in her own affairs. I could not thus hae permitted myself to speak in my own private griefs. The heart o' a Gordon beats for his Kintry. I bethought me that in the national danger, when all is at stake, which man, and woman too, count dear, our mother Scotland calls upon ilka ane o' us to du oor duty.—And as ilka body counts *ane*,—I was anxious, not only to show mysel *ane*, but to win over *anither* here, to the holy interests o' his Kintry!

"My fair protectress!" cried Master James, as he awakened from the deep reverie into which he had fallen, as he listened to the words of Helen Wardlaw:—"I have seen ower Meikle at the Grass-market, at the Gallow see, and in the Heelan Host, with the young Drummond,—ever to let myself retrace the steps to the ranks o' tyranny."

"All that may be very true—but the feelings do not place you beyond the reach o' danger, frae the influence o' Perth, your years are not so many as mine by *three* at least; and I hae seen twenty winters. And besides six years spent amang our nobles, now in office, have brought me six years' experience which is aiblins worthy o' a young man's sober notice, after a'."

Cargil and the Bailey fixed their eyes on the beautiful and blooming maiden as she uttered this,—and smiled: while a delicious tear stole down the cheeks of Cargil.

"I hae observed"—continued the persevering Helen, and her eyes sparkled with uncommon vivacity: "I should hae said, I hae learned frae experience, Master James, that the mind is not always apt to look merely at the force, or the beauty of an argument: or at bare truth, in its loveliness; or its power. The mind of the best disciplined o' us will stagger at the plainest facts, and at the proof, strong as haly writ, when it chanceth, that a denial o' them, or a sneer at them cometh frae the lips o' beauty and nobility. Such is the supremacy o' certain small extraneous things over the most vigorous intellect. The glitter o' a star, resting over a very silly heart; or the splendour of purple; or the ribbon glaring on the breast of a babblin fool: or the head geer sparkling wi' the diamond pearlins on an empty pretty head, hae aften deranged the well-digested argument o' a learned divine, and o' e'en a weel fee'd lawyer. And heark ye, further, Master James, the pretty face o' the Countess, or her splendid daughters, laughing on you,—wad make you despise, then ridicule, then loath the "*canting whig.*" The Earl's eloquence,—and verily it is nane o' the brichtest,—by the aid o' his star, and coronet,—his pomposity, and glare o' ilka thing around him, will make ye believe that the essence o' whiggism, is treason, and fanaticism!—Nay I hae seen the presence o' beauty and nobility absorb every thing like sympathy, and pity over the tale o' woe! I hae seen the glow of piety cool down into frigid and even irreligious indifference, before beauty and nobility, I hae seen the mitred bishop, and even the devout pastor whisper out this minced graces, fearfully, and wi' complimentary apologies for venturing to utter their religious sentiments to their God, in sic a presence! I hae witnessed the force o' the exclamation o' "*nasty rude creatures*"—frae the lips o' beauty and nobility, sending as by enchantment, a chilling frost over the sensibilities of a polished circle, when they were ready to melt into sympathy and even tears at the tale of the Scottish Whigs. And it was no common tale of woe. For instance,—some one was relating, as an occurrence, in the news o' the day, that that coldblooded and heartless being Claverhouse, had caused burning matches to be put between the fingers of a female, a devoted wife, to compel her to discover the retreat of her

husband; and between the fingers of a little boy, to force him to discover his father. And by his orders, the soldiers blew furiously on the lighted matches until,—Oh! horrible, one of the fingers of the miserable sufferer,—a woman,—had actually dropped off! A thrill of horror went over our spirits. But the sudden exclamation came frae an elegant and witty Countess, that,—"*they are only whigs, after a,'—puir vulgar creatures, a' beneath the notice o'* us,—*or oor pity,*"—and,—I dare say the active and enterprising servants o' his Majesty, only did their duty."—

Instantly, and as if by a wizard's rod, every emotion of pity, and sympathy was laid to rest. And the half-formed exclamation of pain, and regret died away on our tongues. For me, I would not have lifted up my pleading voice for the MARTYRS—for a thousand worlds! I was ashamed to name even the whigs: It was perfectly vulgar: I was almost driven forward, with the rest of the worshippers o' the Countess, to applaud the military butcher, Colonel Graham of *Claverhouse, as an active, and enterprising officer of his Majesty's government.*—Yes! and, Master James, I fear for thee, thou art only in soft and yielding seventeen. Look thou on thy reverend father, there,—and on mine: and say, canst thou,—wilt thou stand up by their side; and own, with the decision o' a true Scot, the cause of God, and thy Kintry? I know thou wilt. Helen Wardlaw will, this day, be able to add thy name to the long list o' noble and pious youth, whose hearts beat leal to their Kintry, and the gude auld cause!"

Master James threw himself at her feet, and seizing her hand, kissed it with enthusiasm, as he exclaimed:

"Helen Wardlaw, thou hast fixed my resolution for ever! The God o' my father, and my mother, who is the God o' oor fathers and oor deeply injured kintry, I wull ne'er forsake! So help me God! And, father Cargil, may High Heaven, this day, record my oath in the register o' eternity, I sall ne'er return frae followin' after you. Whither you go, I wull go: your people shall be my people: and your God, my God!"

"Amen!" cried the beautiful maiden, as the clear tear-drops of joy, pure as angel's joy, rolled over her cheeks, and fell sparkling among the rows of pearlins and diamonds on her white bosom.

"My child!" cried father Cargil, "thy words hae sent ower my soul, the sweetest joys I hae tasted in the days o' my sorrow!" He paused for a moment in deep silence: a dark cloud passed over his spirit: tears gushed from his eyes, and dropt from his long white beard upon his lap: but the cloud soon vanished away.

"Yes!" he added in a low whisper, "I see the coming event: it is the hour, and power o' darkness: short, but sharp! And be HIS haly wull dune. In the day o' my fall, and when the standard-bearers shall faint, thy young arm, my bonny son, wull bear up the fallen ensign! And *my* God wull be *thy* God in that hoor; and *my* people,—sad and melancholy though the remnant be, wull be *thy* people. In the blossom o' thy early days, thou shalt sleep by my side: oor bairns' bairns wull visit oor graves, and they wull name oor names, and bless oor memory! And in yon bright warld, the while, where nae man o' blude and treason embrues his hauns in the blude o' the martyred saunts, or mangles wi' his greedy steel, their pitiable remains,—there, Master James, I sall welcome thee to the croon o' martyrdom!—and at a far remoter period shall we welcome to her croon, and her sister seraphs, oor bonny Helen Wardlaw, after she has lang ministered to the patriots, and seen Scotland's bricht day o' salvation. But noo hear me"—

Before Cargil had finished his sentence, the front-door of the Bailey's house was suddenly burst open, and a number of his friends rushed in. Among them were the two Hamiltons, Burleigh Stewart, the young lords Kardross, Semple, Mauchlin, and Annandale driving up the rear.

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CHAPTER XI.

Leather awa' wi' yer oak stick,
Leather awa' wi' yer oak stick;
Down wi' the Tory, and up wi' the Whig,
Up wi' the Whig, and down wi' the Tory;
Leather awa' wi' yer oak stick!

OLD BALLAD OF AVENDALE.

"Are you here," father Cargil? "exclaimed Burleigh, and Sir Robert Hamilton at once,—"save him, save him, fair Helen! We are pursued: the Life Guards are on our track; and like rampaging lions, they wull pounce on their prey! To horse! To horse! and away!"

In an instant all was confusion. Some cried one thing, and some another. The Bailey and Cargil alone stood unmoved, in the middle of the floor, like other old men, whose blood is cool: and who wait the issue, with feelings very different from those of the young and fiery. Helen's whole anxiety was about her father and Cargil: and they, on the contrary, were concerned only for Helen, and their beloved young friends, brought into such peril for their sakes.

Master James reconnoitred. He perceived that a crowd of people had thrown themselves in front of the guards, and were impeding their march on the Bailey's house; while fierce and threatening voices gave the military notice, "that if they dared to harm their gude auld Bailey, or his angel daughter, they would tear them into spawls, and scatter them lik peelins o' ingens!" He perceived, therefore, that they could not reach the house for some time. He instantly called Burleigh Stewart and Helen, and stated to them his plan: Helen immediately summoned her man Sanders Elshender, and assured James that he might put perfect confidence in him.

"Sanders," cried he, "You can save your honoured master, and the fair Helen, if you will do as I bid you, *instanter*. Make the best o' yer way through that crowd,—they're all friens to the Bailey, and through thae Life Guards. Hie thee, to the sign o' the Hart, or if not there, to the Bull's head; find oot young Drum-

mond,—tell him in ae word, Sanders, that bonny Helen Wardlaw, and his dutiful Tutor, are in distress, and wad be unco glad o' his presence, a few brief moments!"

Master James having despatched Sanders, mingled in the crowd, and besought the leading men to contrive to keep the guards in play, for a few moments; then hurried back into the house.

The military approached with drawn swords; and when they reached the front of the house, they halted amid the populace, and formed in close line, in the middle of the street. And as the bugle sounded the note of assault, they forced their way through the crowd, with sword in hand. The multitude, headed by some desperate men, threw themselves, in a dense column, before them, threatening to effect by numbers, what the lack of arms prevented them from easily doing in an instant. The soldiers were ordered to clear their way: and they began to slap the cheeks, and shoulders of the *rustic heaps*, which impeded their march: and now and then they gave a cut and prick with their shabbles. This was more than Glasgow Scotsmen could endure. They returned, with more courage than prudence, these military salutations; and lent some well-directed kicks with their huge steel-armed shoes; as they cried,—"tak that belly-fu', ye Southron pock-puddins!"

From less to more, they came, one and all of them, to heavy blows. The butcher lads, and green aproned men tumbled down, more frightened than hurt, under the blauds of the long swords, while the vigorous party of the Life Guards dashed the populace aside. Such was the terror also of the naked gleaming swords, that none ventured to offer any serious resistance. And the soldiers, at last, marched, two and two abreast, into the Bailey's house.

The Bailey presented himself in front of them; while our gallant young men threw themselves around Helen and Cargil, each with his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"What want you? whom seek you, in my hoose, soldiers?" cried the Bailey.

The officer minded not the question put to him, but cast his eyes fiercely around the group, in front of him, as the hawk does on the covey fresh sprung, while he muttered thro' his teeth;

"'Ere we 'ave ha ole conventicle, by St. George! has hever there was hin the Heast, hor West hend hof Hengland!"

"Whom seek ye, Sir Caitiff! I hae been speerin' at ye," repeated the Bailey. "Knowest thou not, that thou art in the house of a Glasgow Bailey,—ane o' the four Bailey's o' the Cooncil o' this gude and godly city? Hoo daur ye assail people in their ain domicil? Pit doon yer bit shachlin spear, or I'll make it spin ower yer head in a giffy! Hae ye a warrant, duly signed, and delivered by the hauns o' some beadle, or some heigher power, that ye daur tak on ye, at this gaite? Ken ye no a man's richts in his ain hoosehold, whilk, if ye war'na a puir ignorant Southron,—a Londoner, I hear, for ye canna speak yer ain vernacular tu ony decent purpose, ye micht hae kenned, was a man's kingdom, sacred, by law, frae a' intrusions, butt permission, asked and gi'en, to hae *ingress*, and *egress*, and *regress*. Noo—"

"Soldiers!" cried the officer,—"the loons hare before you: seize the two hold men, and hall the hothers, saving the lady honly."

"Hark ye, Sir Cateran! if ye stir anither foot, by way o' violent ingress, I sall convene ye, and ilka soul o' ye soldiers, in ane action o' trespass and damages; and ye sall be clapt by the heels in bilbow, as reivers, and trespass maukers!"

The soldiers now made a desperate rush to execute their orders; but not before the more rapid movement of our young gallants; who hurried the Bailey by the side of Helen and Cargil, into their rear; and showed their battle blades. The soldiers made a momentary pause at this unexpected movement: for they had conjectured that they were already terrified into a surrender: and the Bailey's harangue, which they could not comprehend, had strengthened them in the supposition.

"Stand firm, my gallants!" cried Sir Robert Hamilton: and they immediately closed with the soldiers: and Helen and the aged pastor shuddered at the clashing of the swords, and the obstreperous tumult that followed.

At this crisis, young Drummond with his attendants arrived. He leapt through the crowd, into the middle of

the soldiers, as he cried out,—"A truce, my gallants! who commands here?"

The soldiers paused;—and the young English Officer turned on him a look of bitter contempt.

"Drummond commands you, Sir, to retire!"

"And what Drummond deigns to issue the horder, most igh and mighty Sir Knight?" demanded the Southron scornfully.

,'Drummond o' Perth,—the son o' my father, commands you, Sir. At your peril assault this honest and peaceable family. And you, ye loons! and brawling gillies, to disturb at this gaite the peace and sanctity o' oor honourable Glasgow Bailey's fire-side; are ye drunk, or mad, a' o' ye?"—

"I don't know ye, Sir Gascon!—seize them hall, soldiers!" added the intrepid soldier, who reflected on nothing, and judged of nothing; but simply, as a mechanical agent, moved fearlessly on, according to the strict letter of his instructions.

In the fray, amid the clashing of swords, young Drummond pushed forward, overthrowing with violence, one or two of the soldiers, who happened to have their backs to him, and made his way to the presence of Helen, and the Bailey. He hurried them, together with Cargil, out into the back court,—as he whispered to Helen with a low obeisance—"My sweet lady! what a scene for your presence!" Then hastening back into the room, he eagerly sought about for some weapon, for, in the hurry of the moment, he had forgot to gird on his sword. Most happily he clapt his eyes on the poker,—and it was one of no small dimensions, which the Bailey had been using to raise up the coals, and peats in the grate, in the cold winter morning,—and which he had left, with the point thrust into the centre of the fire, and the handle resting on the hearth. Our young nobleman, who was large for his years, and unusually athletic, and whose Scottish spirit was, moreover, inflamed to a towering fury—grasped exultingly the massy poker, most opportunely—it was red hot, at the far extremity, and he rushed, pell mell, in among the soldiers, exclaiming—"Now hon you noblest Henglish! whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof."—"Wish not one man more from Hengland," continued he, imitating the uncouth dialect of

our young officer, whose eye had watched him, and who now made directly at him. With that he smashed in among the soldiers, and laid around him with his iron mace. And at each dash, you might have seen, and heard the red hot iron smoking and hissing, as it came into contact with the bluffy cheeks of the soldiers, and their thrapples, and bellies. And none of them that were struck, waited for another visitation of the kind. They puffed, and blew, and sputtered, and bellowed, and jumped, and screamed, and ran *pell mell* out of doors. Some, more venturous, aimed a blow at young Drummond, but he dexterously evaded the stroke or received it on his poker. And in his turn he pushed it into his antagonist. Some threw themselves on him, and grasped the terrible weapon. But no sooner did they touch it, than the skin came off in blisters, the whole interior of their palms being excoriated. And slapping their hands, and shrieking like Indians, they retreated—tumbling heels over head, and scrambling on all fours—out of the street door, into the midst of the shouting multitude. In a space shorter than I have taken to describe it, the house was cleared, amid the peals of laughter from Perth, and his brave associates, which was vigorously *encored* by the mob without! Drummond planted himself in the midst of his allies, in the Bailey's door, and shook his iron mace at the captain's head, amid the loud huzzas and peals of laughter, of the Trongate citizens. And his keen eye having caught that officer slyly drawing out a pistolet, he sallied out, and threw himself upon him, from the top of the door steps, and with one well-directed blow, struck him to the ground; then seizing him by the cue, and the profusion of his red bushy curls, while his gallant associates Burleigh and the Hamiltons took care that no one should interrupt the fair play, he applied the massy poker, (still hot enough) to the cue, and singed it off in a giffy. And as the cockney tumbled and screamed lustily, he continued his process of castigation, and applied his hot iron to the broad round curls, which were formidably marshalled on each side of the soldier's head, before and behind his ears, stiffened and matted with pomatum—these he singed off also—and then threw the terror-stricken soldier from him, all smaistered, and coomy, and seared about the head and chouks, like any singed sheep's head. At last, getting upon his knees, in a

bending posture, and looking around him, with the most rueful face imaginable,—the soldier began to comb down with his fingers, the sad remnants of his curls,—and hold up, most piteously, before his eyes, their singed and crisped fragments!

This was irresistible! The populace roared outright, and shouted and hallooed, over the disarmed military, as they drove them, at a dog trot, down the street toward the cross; writhing with pain, and waddling like a flock of tame geese, and keeping up, the while, their flagging courage, with half-smothered oaths, and breathings of vengeance —even nothing short of absolute annihilation, as soon as they could muster their auxiliaries!

As soon as the coasts were clear, young Drummond hastened into the house, and with much gravity, delivered up his novel weapon of war to the Bailey, as he waggishly repeated out of the poet:—

"Scilicet ut ventres lamna candente nepotum

"Eh Bailey.

"Diceret urendos, correctus?"

Then having received the attentions of Helen Wardlaw, in getting a few cuts and scratches, which he had received in the stramash, bound up, he kissed her hand, and bade her adieu. And calling to Master James, who accompanied him to the door, he added in a half serious mood,—"I must hie me off,—and so must you, incontinent. This affair can be metamorphosed into a frightful piece of treason: and it will soon reach the ears of my honoured father Perth. I must travel ahead of the rumour, or I am a ruined man. Verily, Master James,"—he added in allusion to the device on the coat of arms of the old Earls of Perth,—"I am lik to be on *a green hill, semè, of galtraps:* and I see the scroll afore my waukin een,—GANG WARILY," yes! James, GANG WARILY! I set oot this instant, and if you cannot accompany us,—consult your safety, and hasten to join us, in two days, at the extremity."

He departed with the regrets of all our young gallants. "What a pity!" exclaimed each of them, "that such a brave and generous youth should not be gained over to the gude auld cause!"

"Yes!" replied Cargil, "Nae ane regrets it mair than I do. But the wush is a hopeless ane. It is wi' him as wi' the rest o' oor noble youth, throughout the laun. Generous, high minded, lovers o' liberty and independence themsels, and brave even to a fault, they need naething but the sicht o' oor cruel oppressions and sufferings, to rouse their gallant Scottish souls, into a haly indignation! But, alas! sirs, the training and discipline o' their paternal domicils, keep them far oot o' the sicht, and hearing o' Scotland's iron-rod oppression: and, then, their irreligion, and vice, and ribaldry whilk they daily witness, and in whilk they daily mingle, send a palsy ower their feelings and consciences. Sae is it een, wi' Drummond. Scotland's groans reach not Perth's Halls: or reach them, to be treated wi' cruel mockery. Oor next meeting wi' this gallant spirit, may be in the ranks o' the foeman—pitted against us, in the hoor o' oor deadlie conflict!—But, sirs, this is not the place for sic melancholy discussions. Let us hence, my gallant associates!"

CHAPTER XII.

"Full many a stoic eye, and aspect stern,
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn;
And many a withering thought lies hid—not lost,
In smiles that least befit, who wear them most."—BYRON.

Cargil and his youthful guide had not proceeded far, when their attention was arrested by a sudden burst of martial music from the direction where the life guards lay encamped. The protracted roll of the kettle-drum, and the fierce clangor of the bugle, which sounded, "*to arms, to arms*," fell on their ears. It was now evident that the detachment, which had suffered a defeat at the Bailey's, had reached their quarters, and had given the alarm: and that the whole troop was now hastening to spread themselves, in detached parties, over the streets, and main roads leading out of the city, while others would scour the city and beat up every lurking place of the Whigs.

Master James could not conceal the anxiety which struggled in his soul. He took the arm of the aged pastor, and quickened his step in deep silence. And as he raised his eyes toward the place, whence the military summons floated on air, he ejaculated—"He'll be massacred afore my very een."—He was awakened from his reverie by the sound of his own words, which he had unconsciously uttered.

"No, Master James," said Cargil, as he took his hand into his, "My time is not yet come. But, yet, it is almost a kind o' tempting o' Divine Providence to be on the street, in thae habiliments o' mine. Thae velvets, and the shape o' the haile, is sae strongly presbyterian, that they mak a wanderer, as ken-speckle to the dragoons and Southrons; as the man o' their ain military claith and cut, is to his ain comrades. But there is an overruling HAND, and I should violate my ain feelins, did I doubt HIS special care o' his puir auld servant. A' my weary wanderins are chalked oot by his sovereignty: a' my sufferins are numbered: a' my '*tears are put intil his bottle*:' and all my sorrows registered in his beuk! To him I owe my hair breadth escapes. Thae seventeen years, I hae served him, ilka day, at the peril o' my life; and *that* is the last thing, *noo*, they can tak awa frae auld Donald Cargil. Through simmer's burnin' days, and winter's cauld and howlin storms, I hae wandered ower mountain and dale, over kintry and toon. And I hae ceased not, in the midst o' a' my weakness, "to preach CHRIST JESUS, and him crucified," and to du my best to rouse up my slumbering kintry, and the ministry o' the Kirk. HE kens a' my tears and waes. I pour them oot into HIS bosom. HE kens a' my joys. In a' my warslins up the steep and rugged paths o' duty, in a' my afflictions, and God has filled my cup up to the brim, I hae neer rued the uptakin' o' HIS cross! I hae aften been sair forefouchton, and wearied in his service. But ne'er hae I been wearied of it.....And noo".....continued he, as they turned into a more retired street, keeping up the tone of his voice, and gestures, as if talking to his young guide, so that a straggling passenger could not have perceived the import of his words,—And, noo—Oh, my God, Creator, Preserver,—I am sore beset. The enemy are abroad, and thy puir servant is ready to faint. Cast the lap o' thy

cloak ower his auld grey hairs: and preserve him, and thy young servant, this ainee, and we shall record it to thy glory when, in the bright day o' thy Kirk's salvation, we sall rehearse the memorials o' oor deliverances."

There was no fear in Cargil's soul; nor paleness on his cheek. His manner rather indicated unusual cheerfulness. He urged forward with a firm step. "Seek we Bell's Wynd," said he. "There dwells ane o' my worthy parishioners, whose roof has, mair than ainee, sheltered his auld Pastor when pursued by the foemen."

In a brief space he was in the house; and held in the warm embraces of the family. But they could not conceal their distress to see him. They knew that the military was abroad, that a great price was set on his head: that this had drawn out a host of *spies* and *informers;* and that the indiscreet affection of some of his old parishioners had let too many into the secret of his concealments; and they had now become known.

The good man of the house had scarcely returned from the upper chamber, in which he had left Cargil, when the military, and a multitude of townsmen were crowding into Bell's Wynd from the High-street; and some of the advanced guard were already nigh the door. In the first confusion his host hurried up to apprize him of the state of matters, and to bewail his impending fate.

"Ye canna escape, beloved pastor: the loons hae beset my house: and they hae taen possession o' the lower apartments. Had we but got a moment's warning o' yer comin', I could hae summoned a wheen stalwart lads, who wi' their shoemaker and butcher's gullies, and their smith's forehammers, micht hae cleared the Wynd o' them. But waes me for you! my gude faither; I am single haun'd. And what can Saunders Zeul du against a haile host o' airmed men!"

"Bide a wee bittock!" replied Cargil, as he continued hastily to put on the last of his new suit of disguisement; and stowed away his black velvets into a corner—"I canna gae oot, say ye, Sauners, by the common way o' egress? Then I canna flee awa' frae the garret winnock. Aiblins I might escape by the roof: but yer steep sklate roofs winna du for safe footin' for an auld man,—to leap frae roof to roof, or dive into some attie dormitory winnock. And sae,

I maun een gang out the way I came in. And harkee, Sauners! bide ye here a brief space: ye sall hear o' me. There is to be a grand Conventicle in the woods o' Carlsness, May neist. See that ye meet me there. The heads o' the sufferers will be wi' us."

He added as he held his broad blue bonnet in his hand, —"And noo, haly Providence! keep this gude man, and his, frae a' skaith. And reward him for the cup o' comforts and the shelter he has gien to thy servant. May he and his ne'er want,—and may they ne'er suffer for oor sake!—Farewell, Sauners: may the gude wull o' him wha dwelt in the bush, be wi' you and yours. Thae dogs winna wag their tongues at me. Be you still and keep close."

He instantly proceeded down the turnpike, as the Scotch call the stair way,—with his *braid bonnet* on and in his suit o' grays, and he mingled among the crowd who filled the house, and looked on while the soldiers were searching the cellar and closets. He passed, unmoved, through the bustling soldiers and crowd of men and callans,—and was taken, by them, for the gude man of the house. Some of the mob were threatening the soldiers if they *daured to touch a hair o' gude Donald Cargil's beard:* others, in half serious, half jesting way, were recounting *"the braw bludy deeds"* o' the Life Guard's men, while the merry troopers received the plaudits, and backed the praise with the new-framed oaths of the Court: some, more venturous, were contrasting the zeal of the King's servants against the *solemn league and covenants*, with the King's own zeal in behalf of the said covenants, when on his bended knees, in the palace of Scoon, he voluntarily swore the oath of the national covenant.

"Ay, ay! right *voluntarily* he did it too, gin we may tak the word o' a king, ye ken"—cried another burgess, as he held the sergeant and a few of the life guard's men about him. "And may be, my braw lads ye dinna ken ony better. When the deputation frae Scotland arrived at Breda, worthy Mr. John Livingston was amang the number. He sune saw through him, and a' his hollow disguises,—and sae did he,—as ony ither worthy Scotchman, o' ony gumpshon at a', micht hae dune—for e'en while they were ripening the conditions o' his hame comin'—they

found him oot plottin treason against his ain kingdom;—for, my certie! a king can plot treason as weel as less men.—He was plotting an invasion o' his kintry through the flanks o' the Heelans, by the instrumentality o' that vile graceless crater, the Marquis o' Montrose. Weel, ye see, when they got him hame,—for he was unco easy aboot the conditions, when he had secret intelligence that the crater Montrose was grupped, after a total failzie,—haein' failed to tak the kintry and the croon by force o' airms,—he, Charles, becaum as tame as a lamb,—he set out wi' the deputation, whilk by nae means kenned as meikle as he kenned aboot things,—he submitted to a' terms,—agreed to the halsome restrictions under whilk the croon was tendered to him,—and swore the great aith of the covenants,"———

"Do ye presume to say to my ain face, ye leein' rascal, that the king took the aith of the covenants?" cried the officer whose zeal here burst out beyond bounds.

"Say it?—Du I say it?"—replied the Burges, "Yes; and the hail nation kens he teuk the great oath on his knees, and swore on the pain o' damnation to his soul, that he wad keep that aith o' the national covenant. Why, man, ye ken unco little o' Scottish history. But I bethink me," added he as the officer retreated under the laughter of the citizens,—"a soldier ne'er reads, nor thinks;—well, my braw lads!" continued he to the dragoons, "Patrick Gillespie, wha was Principal o' oor College, Saunders Zeull, ye well remember him," he added with a wink and a nod to Cargil, as the supposed gude man of the house,—"Weel, Patrick Gillespie says to his Majesty, we disavow a' compulsions o' the conscience: and we entreat yer Majesty, in God's name, not to take this great aith o' the covenant if yer Majesty has any doubts or scruples on yer conscience. And what think ye, Wattie Hepburn, was his Sacred Majesty's answer," said the Burgess with an expressive look and pause.

"Why," says Wattie, "he wad order the covenants to be burnt by the hauns o' the pyoty coated men,—and yer knaves Livingston, Gillespie, and Douglass to be flung, by Auld Nick, into the bottomless pit, for their pains."

"Toot, toot! ye profane crater, stop ye there. But I'm weel served for speerin' sic a question, at a soldado!

Na, na!" continued the Burgess, turning him round to the other soldiers, "King Charles, at Scoon, teuk the aith o' the covenants.

"And noo, soldiers, ye are a pack o' gowks, thus to be imposed on; and driven on at this gaite to persecute the men wha hae dune nae mair than yer royal maister, oor gracious sovereign has dune. Hark ye, soldiers! you are, noo-a-days, the only ministers o' public justice: Ye ocht to gang yer ways straight to Embro' and throw into Bilbo auld perjured Rothes, and bloody McKenzie and the remanent members o' the Cooncil,—fause loons! and also a' the *Criminal* Lords, (as wi' gude sense and justice they ca' them,) and, I'm thinkin' ye ocht to set up a Coort o' the wisest o' the Whigs, and bring to condign punishment the traitors against the covenant, whilk the king, oor Lord teuk, on his knees, at Scoon! Depend on it, my lads! yer officers are imposing in a rascally mainer on ye. Ye'll a' be hanged by the king, some day,—when he'll tak it intil his head to remember his aith! and I am tauld he has already got some qualms o' conscience; and the day wull come when nettles wull grow in the court yard o' Roseneath, and yer Claverse wull fa' in battle and tumble the crane oot ower the craig, like a pair o' auld boots! as sure's my name's Tammus Tweedie!"

While this dialogue was going on among the guards stationed beneath, and while things were coming to a crisis, which must soon end in blows the other officers having finished their search below, proceeded up stairs.

Father Cargil stood, all this time, wedged up, in such a manner, that he could not move towards the door. And had he shown any unusual impatience to extricate himself, he would have caused suspicions immediately to fall upon him. He stood still, and with calmness waited the result. And, upon the rush of the soldiers up-stairs, he moved gradually towards the door, slyly pulled Master James by the sleeve, who, not having perceived him in the crowd, but believing him to be up-stairs, was leaning against the wall in great distress:—and slyly giving him a wink from beneath his broad blue bonnet, he walked out with measured steps, like one in no especial hurry.

"Let the hounds noo seek the prey,"—said he,—"the lair is empty. The red deer has the wind o' the hunts-

man."—And taking master James' arm he hurried up the High-street.

Every thing indicated a hot search. It was the design of the arch-bishop and his military aids, to sweep Glasgow, that day, as with a drag-net; in order to take our party who were justly considered the leaders of the whigs, in the West.

Cargil and James pursued their way up the Deanside-Brae, and down the Rotten Row. And hurrying from one obscure lane to another, they urged forward their retreat, until they reached another of Cargil's hiding-places.

When they advanced, they found the doors and windows shut, Cargil knocked loudly. Upon this, they could hear a bustling, and rushing within. In a few moments, the door opened slowly on Cargil: while a dark eye, with a searching look, fell on his youthful companion; as it measured him from head to foot; and glanced, in contemptuous scorn over his scarlet, and lace.

"Come in, come in, father Cargil."—And though the words were addressed to Cargil, the eyes of the speaker, rested wholly on Master James.

"Ye're not a prisoner, I hope in mercy!" added the Argus, after a painful suspense, and as he could contain himself no longer.

Cargil whispered a sentence into his ear: and the stern features of the Covenanter instantly relaxed into a smile: and carefully shutting the door, and bolting it, he embraced both of them very affectionately, and with tears in his eyes.

He led Cargil eagerly forward, and presented him to his family, and to the meeting. It was a group of his parishoners assembled for social worship.

"Beloved pastor!" cried a venerable old man, one of the elders of the Landward parish,—whose hair, as white as the snow wreath on the top of Darngavel, fell in a profusion of curls on his shoulders and bosom,—"oor souls within us praise and bless HIS name, that we aince mair see ye alive! we had just heard a doleful tale;—and man, woman, and bairne lifted up their voices and wept,—when it was tauld that Donald Cargil was taken: and that yer bludy baptism had been nearly consummated. Oor hearts sank within us: and thae auld een, whilk had wept,

until I thought that there were nae mair tears in them,—wept bitter tears for you, our unco dear auld pastor! and we had just-assembled here, wi' ane accord, after the example o' oor Maister's disciples in the case o' Peter,—to mak instant and earnest prayer for you, that ye micht get deliverance frae the enemy's power: or grace to finish yer course wi' joy! and lauded be his name, he has given you to oor vows; and we see ye alive!"

The old pastor lifted up his eyes, and looked around him: and beheld the leading members,—and the elders,—even all of them who had survived the bitter storm of persecution, thus far,—who like so many Aarons and Hurs, had, in the former sunny days of his ministry, borne up his hands. He sat down in the midst of them; covered his face with his hands, and wept: they looked on him, and wept also: there was not a dry eye in the whole group.

In a short space his mind was composed. He rose up; and as if the events of the day had gone from his memory, like the dream of a summer's morning, he proceeded in his official duties. In those passing meetings, when Providence threw an opportunity in their way, the pastors of those days, seized the few moments allowed them. Every one felt the urgent necessity laid on them. Time was of inestimable worth: they had none to throw away. The next hour might see them dispersed;—or in the hands of the foemen.—Cargil offered up, first, a solemn prayer: and then he addressed them, as he used to do, in the pulpit of the Landward kirk.

It was a specimen of the simple, pathetic, and sublime; which the Scottish pastor occasionally displays, as well in the *matter*, as in the *manner*, of his messages; when looking forward, over the brief space of time,—and the still more brief span of human existence, into the deeply solemn, and awful realities of eternity: or when looking on the inestimable worth of immortal souls; or when conceiving of the approaching scenes of death, judgment, and eternity:—or when urging the duty of instantly making the necessary preparations to meet these scenes, and the presence of the Judge of all;—he pours forth his arguments, and expostulations, and entreaties, in impassioned language;—and implores his beloved flock, by

all that they hold dear in life; by the holy God; by the death and atonement of Him who hung upon the cross; by the expectations and anxieties of a dying hour, when all human hopes perish: by the immortal glory of Heaven; and by the fearful doom of eternity!

Such was the present exhibition of Cargil. He always possessed the overpowering animation of the Scottish pastor: in the pulpit he was more dignified: in the conventicle, more familiar. There was something unusually interesting in his countenance;—there was that in it which struck awe into the beholder, and at the same time, something so lovely and sweet, that it gained the affections of all. Nothing could excel his fine face, when lighted up by the excitement of the pulpit exercise. His deep-toned and musical voice, was in perfect unison with his grave and placid countenance; and lent force to the dignity of the speaker. His singular pathos, which revealed the vehement sensibilities of his soul, as it put forth its powerful energies over the heart of his audience,—produced extraordinary effects! He did not terrify: he did not strike the mind dumb with amazement. The audience became oppressed with sorrow as he spoke: and their labouring hearts gave vent to their feelings in floods of tears!

He was approaching the close of his touching appeal,—and giving utterance to these words of Jesus Christ,—*what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul: or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*—when the sudden alarm given, by their sentinel, that the enemy was approaching,—constrained him to break off. He raised his eyes towards heaven, and breathed this short prayer,—"*Into thy hands, O, oor God! we commit oorsels: and that cause whilk is thine ain!*"

In an instant while the people disappeared in the lane, in the rear of the house, and over the garden wall,—the most active of the young men had Cargil and Master James conveyed up stairs. And their ingenuity suggested, in the twinkling of an eye, a scheme of concealment. They hastened to conceal them in a deep recess; and then placed a shelf containing a pile of books, in the front of it.

The soldiers had received certain information from a

spy, that Cargil, and another Whig had been seen going into that house. The officer stationed a soldier at each door and window in the inside, and proceeded to institute a diligent search. They overturned all the beds; and thrust their swords through them, to make sure work. They rummaged every corner, and closet, and hole, beginning at the cellar. They searched even behind the ceiling: they ascended into the attic story, and examined every recess and opening. In the eagerness of the search, the zeal of the officer out-stripping his prudence: he had reached forward to look into a dark place, immediately under the high slanting roof;—and, losing his centre of gravity, he tumbled into a part of the garret floor, which, through the careful economy of the landlord, had not been laid with planks;—but which had only been lathed and plastered below. He fell headlong through the cieling; and like a hero of Homer, on the battle ground, he was prostrated at his huge length, on the floor below, enveloped in fragments of lath; and broken plaister: and a suffocating cloud of dust.

Just at the moment of this catastrophe, a soldier had been eying the books, in the room, below the garret floor. And he was suspecting, that it was not for nothing that these books were rather out of their way, and so nicely crammed into the wall press, there. And he actually had his hand on one of them, in order to pull it out, to get a peep into the recess; to ascertain how deep it might possibly be, and what it might, happily contain besides books; when the faithful Meg Munro, who had, with keen eyes, been watching the movements of this soldier: and had been very clamorous in expressing her fears, 'that he was gaun to steal her Master's beuks and other gear,'—screamed out,—"see till him, noo, the thievish loon, he's begun to steal oor beuks!"

These words reached the ears of the prostrate officer, a moment after he had fallen; and as he was beginning to gather up his huge bulk; and was examining, with, most rueful looks, his head, and ribs, and hinderlands. And the next moment, with a grotesque mixture of ejaculations, and curses, he metamorphosed his crying wry face into a terrible frown upon the soldier, and commanded him to refrain, and let the books alone.

"Books! knave!" continued he, as his face was lighted up with a bitter and sarcastic smile. "Books! verily, a soldier steal books! A life guards man take it into his head to read! By the everlasting Sathan, then ye're not going to live long, if ye be seized with that kind of fit of madness!"

He now summoned his party together; and writhing and groaning with pain, he succeeded in telling them that—"the Whig priest was certainly seen to henter this ere ouse; hand now hall hof them ad hocular demonstration! ay, faith, hand I ave ad more than hocular demonstration—ho! my poor shivered bones!—that e his not hin this ouse, nor habout hit, from the roof tree, down to the cellar." And he added with an oath not to be recorded—"Hold Mahoon, hor the *hauld deel*, as the Scotch call im, must ave habsolutely elped im hof, being one hof is hown servants—scudding hit hon ha broomstick, through some crack, hor cranny, hin the door, hor the windur: hand as borne im through the hair! Hand, so, my gallants, baiting my loss hof *the three thousand silver merks*—ho! my crushed limbs!—they be hall poundered intur a jellyr—so hit will be hall to the same heffeck; has the colonel, hor the council could only ave sent im that same way, to Beelzebub's dominions, by ha good empen rope, eh?—ho my cracked ribs, hand my haching ead! I ham habsolutely pounded to ha jellyr!—Elp me to my quarters, soldiers! I leave my death hon the Whiggamores! Ho! curses hon the Whigs! Good eavens! if there be hany eavens, save my soul, hif I ave a soul! when I die, hif I must die! Ho! ho! there's been murder ere, this very day, by the Whigs, I trow!—Forward, march!"

While the soldiers, with difficulty suppressing their laughter, were supporting him down the street, Cargil and Master James lost no time in effecting their speedy retreat from the rear of the building.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Give me, Heaven! a gude Scotch tongue, and a wee bairne's simplicity!"—AN OLD PROVERB.

Scarcely had they reached a friend's house in the Rotten Row, and drunk a cup o' cauld water, and eaten a cake o' oaten meal, when another file o' soldiers on foot, was seen, by his watchful host Robert Bruce, of that ilk, marching slyly up in the steps o' a spy and informer. The neighbours, a few o' his faithful and affectionate parishioners, procured his escape. They raised a scuffle: laid twa three weel applied looners to the chouks and hurdies o' the spy, and his coadjutors. Cargil, in the confusion, losing sight of Master James, had thrown himself over the garden wa', in the rear o' the hoose, into a narrow lane, and disappeared. In pursuin' his way frae the Deanside Brae into the High-street, he met full in the face two dragoons. No wonder! Ilka street was teemin' wi' them. He walked up wi' admirable presence o' mind, and hummed a tune. One o' them asked him 'pray, sir, what o'clock is it?' 'It is past six,' said Cargil. The other started, "That is the man we seek," cried he, "I ken his voice weel."

That moment Cargil plunged into an obscure close, and ran forward until he turned a corner. All this was effected before the soldier could convince his comrade that this man, walking so much at his ease, was Cargil. They set out in full trot, and directing their course down the High-street, they kept a strict look-out on the lanes, and rows of cottages, at that time, opposite the college,* and the ruins of the Grey Friars, in hopes that the Conventicle man might make his appearance again. Cargil had directed his retreat on the college grounds. He, therefore, did make his appearance in the High-street, nearly opposite the college gate, from a lane between a few cottages. But he had not reached the middle of the street, when his ear caught the dragoons' shout which they raised at the discovery. He directed his course to the spot where the Grey Friar's church had stood, and which had been thrown down by a

* How different, in those days, was the High-street, from what it now is, opposite the College!

violent storm some thirteen years before this. But perceiving no prospect of a hiding-place among the ruins, or in the vicinity, he turned suddenly down the college garden wynd, and in through Sucky Langthrapple's Close, and threw himself on the mercy of the inmates of the first door he found open. "Donald Cargil is pursued by the enemy," cried he, out of breath, "and he throws himself on your honour and mercy; wha eer ye be, ye'll no betray him."

To his utter astonishment he discovered that he had actually entered the house of one of the soldiers of the gallant Scottish dragoons. A tall female arose and met him. She was dressed in a plain dress, and coarse, but with that taste and neatness which characterizes a Scottish soldier's wife, who had received a Scottish education, and had probably seen better days.

"I am a soldier's wife," cried she, but a smile on her fine countenance chased away his fears. "You have appealed to oor honour, and the honour o' a soldier's wife has ne'er been appealed to, in vain. Come in, you sha'nna be betrayed by me."

He had not been secreted many minutes by the soldier's wife, when a soldier walked in. It was her husband. "I hae had a heat to nae purpose, wifie! after that thin lank Whig. My certie! though an auld man, he rins glegly. His auld pow, let me see noo, wad hae been worth three thoosand gude siller merks! That wad hae placed you and I, wifie! on a pretty wee farm, and a bonny cottage, wi' a bit green, and a ripplin' burnie rinnin' by, and murmurin' through the copse wood, and lang yellow broom! And, then, I could hae retired, and left aff the "*killin' trade*," as the Whigs ca' it. And may be, dinna misca' it, after a'!"

"And my braw Bauldy," replied his pretty wife, with a smile, "could you, noo, hae enjoyed yoursel, and the company o' yer wee anes prattlin' on yer knee, had ye made three thoosan' merks oot o' human blood and butchery? Could ye hae kneeled aside me, yer ain wife, and thanked kind Heaven for a' yer comforts, when thae comforts were boucht by blude and crime?"

"What for no, woman!" cried the soldier, "It's no the blude o' a nobleman, or o' ane honest liege, but the vile puddle that creeps in the veins o' a Whiggamore fanatic! A base rebel loon wha assembles the lieges at his canting Con-

venticles, 'thae rendevouzes o' rebellion,' as his maist sacred Majesty, and his Cooncil ca's them."

"Na, na, Bauldy, I ken yer feelings better, my braw callan. Ye're no speaking as ye think, this time. I hae heard ye, and seen ye shudder at the monsters, Claverse and Dalziel, and Kennoway; and at the deeds of thae swashbucklers, the life guards. The dragoons o' yer Scottish regiment, thank God, are no the life guards. It was poortith and cruel injustice that drove ye into the military life, at a time when the gallant soldier nae longer fights the battles o' his kintry, but turns his weapons on its bowels! I speak what ye weel ken, Bauldy!"

"What, woman! think ye, I wad na hae ta'en aff that Whig's head? Think ye, I wad na hae whanged it aff like the stalk o' an ingen. *Three thousand merks o' siller* are no to be sneezed at, by ane honest Scottish soldier! And yespecially when he can come honestly at it, ye ken, by *justifying* a Whig, and slicing up Whiggery! But e'en tak it yer ain way, my sweet wifie," added he in a soothing tone, and asked "if it wasna' near brose time yet, for he was unco sharp set."

As he spoke this he began to unbuckle the belt of his long sword: and laying his steel cap beaming on the floor, he took up his little prattler, in his arms,—a pretty boy with yellow curly locks, and laughing blue een.

"Come, wee Davy! what hae ye been aboot a' day? Bonny laddie, Heelan' laddie!"

After a few minutes' prattling, and tickling, and worrying, the wee laddie looked him earnestly in the face and said—"Daddy, de ye ken wha's in the hoose?"

His mother from behind the soldier knit her brows, in a terrible frown; and shook her fist at him slyly.

Davie did na ken the meaning of all this. His kind little heart and soul had no idea of his father's employment. He did not know yet, that one man sold himself, for silver, to do any thing which an unprincipled commander might order him to do. He had not yet found out by experience that there were men,—that his own father was one of them, who made it his *trade* to kill his brother man, at the word o' another;—because that brother did not think and believe as he, and his commanders think on religious matters! Wee Davie had not felt the influence

of this knowledge on this unspoiled kind heart. Like other sweet children, he knew no guile. He, therefore, repeated the question in the perfect simplicity of his heart, thinking it would give pleasure to his father.—

"Dee ye ken, Daddy! wha's in the hoose?—Guess." "In the hoose, my wee man: why, wha should be in the hoose, but yer ain dear ma, and yer ain wee brithers and sisters."

Davie laughed merrily, and clapt his little hands, and crowed because 'he kenned mair,' he said, than his father." "Why, Daddy, gude auld Donald Cargil's in the hoose! He cam bickering and running in, a bittock ago, a' oot o' breath,—and said 'auld Donald Cargil,' said he, that's the way, Daddy, that we kenned his name—auld Donald Cargil,' says he, 'comes in to tak shelter wi' ye—ye'll no put him oot,—the enemy is pressing hard on me'; thae vile bodies, wha can they be, Daddy, that wad be sae naughty as to chase auld Donald Cargil? I can think o' nane wha wud du it, unless they I read of, in my carratches, *'the deevil and his angels.'*—Speak, daddy,—what for look ye sae wild and staring at me.—Oh! Daddy, auld Donald is a bonny auld man His hair is sae white;—and it's divided sae nicely down the front this gate,"—and Davie, parted his curly locks in like manner in front; and it fa's doon in lang bushy curls on his neck and shoulders. I do love auld Donald Cargil. Dinna ye love him, daddy? I hae been wonnerin' whaur he bides: mither put him into the meikle press ben in the spence there; and steeket the door on him; just a wee while afore ye came in, at the street door."

As Davie thus ran thoughtlessly on; the soldier looked, in speechless amazement, first at his bairn; then at his wife; who threw herself on her knees, clasping wi' ae arm, her wee Davie, as he sat on his father's knee; and with the other arm, she embraced her gallant soldier's neck. And before his words could find utterance, Donald Cargil presented himself before the dragoon.

'There he is, daddy—I tauld ye sae,—Is na Donald an unco bonny auld man?' And Davie threw himself down off his faither's knee, and ran to the old pastor, exclaiming—'Ye're no gaun awa' already, afore ye speak to faither!'

Cargil took Davie up in his arms, and kissed him; and laying him in his bosom, supported by the one hand he raised the other toward heaven, and offered up a prayer: 'May the Almighty God bless thee, my sweet wee bairne, wi' a' purchased and special blessings!'—and his tears, in large drops, fell on the face of the lovely child. Davie looked amazed, first at Cargil: then at his mother; and then at his father; and wondered why they all cried, and then he cried too;—and kissed Cargil's cheek; and fondled with his fingers, in his long beard, while he looked on his parents and sobbed.

The soldier rose, stept to the window, and dashed a tear from his eyes; then turning him round, he took his little boy out of the bosom o' Cargil, and pressed him to his own bosom.

"Father Cargil—for I maun e'en ca' ye sae,—did we ken each ither better, and did we come together wi' the simplicity, and guileless heart o' my wee Davie, I think the murderous wark o' thae dulefu' times wad speedily be brocht to an end!"

His wife came hastily up as he uttered these words, and laying her white arm round her soldier's neck,—she kissed his cheek, with fondness, while the clear tear drops rolled down the red cloth on the soldier's arm.

"I knew it, my Bauldy! I knew it weel. And, Oh! it needs only the meetin' o' Scotchmen, wi' a Scotchman; and the opening o' a Scotchman's heart to the sympathies o' a Scotchman's heart, to put an end effectually to this bludy butcherin' wark."

"Yes!" cried the soldier,—"I think if wee Davie here, had introduced auld Donald Cargil to Claverse, or e'en to Sharp himsel' wi' this simplicity, and innocence o' childhood, he might move baith the ane and the ither.—But come, venerable man, continued the soldier to Cargil,—I am ane under authority, and no my ain master." He cast an expressive glance at his wife, as he uttered this, "And at this instant, ye are no safe under this roof," added he,—my comrades wull soon be here: follow me."

Cargil hastily wrote a few lines, which he put into the hands of the soldier's wife; with instructions that wee

Davie should, in person, present them to Helen Wardlaw.

He then took up the child once more, in his arms, and pronounced a solemn benediction on him, and kissed him. "We shall hear o' thee, some day, my bonny wee sweet Davie. May the benison o' the Almichty be on thee, and on thy kind-hearted mither, and thy faither!"

The bairne wept, and sobbed as he held out his ruby lips to be kissed; and leaning him against the door-cheek, his weeping eyes followed Cargil, and his father, up the street until they disappeared.

The soldier led Cargil up the High-street; and thence up the hill-side toward the ruins of the bishop's castle, which, at that time, extended over the spot, which is now the site of the Glasgow hospital. And having conducted him into the midst of the ruins. he shook him heartily by the hand, and instantly disappeared.

Father Cargil seated himself on the fragment of a pillar, in an obscure corner of the ruins, and sunk into a reverie. These ruins of massy columns, and architraves, and sculptured pediments recalled the idea of the former grandeur of the men of olden times. He thought of the inmates of this episcopal palace,—the warlike bishops of this castellated house. He thought of priests who had here muttered their morning prayers; and their orisons at toll of the curfew—who had fasted and lacerated their flesh, and counted their beads before men; and rioted in intemperance and crimes, when no mortal eye saw them. He thought of priests converted, here, into soldiers and led by the bishop, mounted the bastions, and sounded the warder's bugle, and flung the lance, and handled the shield, the sons of war and of peace, as it suited the taste of their proud mitred lord; who mingled in politics, and mumbled masses —who dictated to the willing consciences of king and nobles; who granted absolution to living knaves; and extreme unction, and a passport to dying sinners; who reaped golden harvests from masses over the uncomplaining dead; and drew rich bequests from the dying ruffian. There passed before his mind the image of bishops who had reigned here; Lauder, and Campbell, and Morton, and Blackadder; and above all, arch-bishop Beaton, the voice of whose revelry, in these halls, rivalled that of any Scottish

duke or lord, when with the neighbouring chiefs he drank deep potations.

> "There was mirth in the hall;
> And beards wagged all."

But the Reformation came. The voice of John Knox was heard: and the voice of the lords of the congregation, and the voice of the Scottish nobility. It came upon arch-bishop Beaton like a thunderstorm from heaven. It fell on his strength, his glory, and his profligacy. He escaped to France it is true. But he had the characteristic wisdom and forecast of his fellows. He fled not—until he had secured the rich plunder of this castle-palace, and the plunder of all the valuables of the Cathedral adjoining this, now called the Heigh Kirk. "And the rooks hae a nest here nae mair. So neither hae I," continued Cargil gathering up his grey cloak around him—"Neither hae I, intil whase weak and unworthy hands, for ane, the rod o' the shepherd o' thae same sheep, has fa'en. We drove the Romanists frae their palaces. The Erastians and Malignants, in their turn, hae driven us frae our humble sheelins! Beaton, wha had studied *temporals*, wi' nae sma' attention,—trusting naught to French hospitality, and conscious that e'en the Pope wad gie him mair credit for his spiritual disinterestedness, in proportion as he had ta'en the means to place himself independent o' his Holiness' bounty, took especial care, in his saving knowledge, to provide himself wi' the materials o' a splendid home. I wha aince fed the saum flock, here, hae na, this night, whare to lay my head;—savin' it be amid the Prelate's *fragments*." The old man wrapt his cloak closer around him and laughed aloud at the idea, while he repeated it—"saving it be here amid the 'bishops' *fragments*." And he laid himself down; and stretched out his limbs on the ruins of a massy pillar;—and laid his head on the chapiter work, for a pillow; with perhaps, as much real enjoyment; as the ancient bishop had stretched himself out, probably, in this same spot, after a luxurious banquet, on his bed of canach, or sea-fowl down!

"No, indeed!" cried Master James, coming up to him with some concern, "E'en this is denied you—a' the imps o' hades seem, this day, to hae broken loose. And the

bishop's ghaist frowns on ye, father, for this liberty ye hae ta'en wi' his *fragments!* Arise; some persons approach, not soldiers, but strangers they seem, who wish to look, also, at thae monuments o' sacerdotal pride, and sacerdotal downfa!"

"I bethink me, noo, Master James," said Cargil raising himself up, with great indifference, and a singular elasticity of spirits, so common to the sufferers, as dangers thickened around them; "I bethink me;—in that humble street o' thatched houses, near bye, dwells my auld Bedrel, wha has served me faithfully for mony a year bygane. This way James! Let us descend through this shafted window. Let us, soldier like, retire so as to hae the auld ruins o' this sacerdotal bigging, to cover oor retreat. This way, Master James!—You are as thin as I am. Thanks to our moderate larder. Had I been an English *bishop* noo, to whom a huge corporation seems as essential as canonicals, I could na hae effected my escape by any means. I must hae been grupped by the foemen. What a beautiful and appropriate fitness there is in things! There noo! how easily oor slim bodies slip through the shafts o' the ruined window!"

They were soon at the fire-side of the Bedrel of the Barony Kirk, and their welcome was a substantial one. The old man, without one unnecessary question, or unbefitting remark, rose up from his humble table; led Cargil and Master James into the spense,—presumed that this maun be his young frien seeing that he had brocht him alang wi' him: told him that he had heard, this day, unco meikle aboot his dear Minister, that had alarmed him right sairly. "Noo," continued he, "ye canna lodge here, nor rest e'en ae hoor! The enemy hae been here this very day, mair than aince, and well I jaloose, they'll be here again, ere long. I do believe, father, they hae, at last, found oot ilka ane o' yer lurking places in the haille city and parish. For the three thoosan' siller marks, set on yer dear auld grey head, hae sent oot mony a pack o' bludy villains after ye: God help ye! Noo, dinna say ae word. Come ben and tak each o' ye a retreating mess, and then run. Noo, Lucky!" continued the Bedrel, turning his eyes on his kind help-mate, who was wiping away a tear with the corner of her white apron, while she held the

hand of her minister with the other, "bring ben the meikle pot o' barley kail, and the residue o' the haggis, and the kebbuck,—I'm grieved that we hae nae yitt meal cakes,—the grand staff o' Scotland's life. But we hae a gude substitute: we hae plenty o' mashlum bannocks, and scadded scones. And thir kittle times afford us nae time to think o' a nice and delicate gab!"

By this time they were seated, and father Cargil lifted his hands and pronounced a brief benediction over "the gude viands so unexpectedly provided by the kind hand o' Providence;—and noo! O gude Lord," continued he, thou art ay mindfu' o' thy puir wanderin' servants: we hae ne'er wanted for ocht. Bless thae crater comforts; and endue us wi' thy heavenly grace: and let our souls be nourished to the day o' rest and glory. And the mair especially as thy puir auld servant knaws not whaur he may eat his neist meal; nor how sune he may be called to glorify thee in the last extremity o' his sufferings."

"I hae nae claret, to wash down the viands," cried the Bedrel, as he bustled about to serve them. "But I hae the best o' gude yill," continued he, as from the large pewter pint stoup he filled the two clean little bickers brimming full, and drank to their health, and craved Heaven's benison on them.

As he hurried them through their frugal meal, and frequently went to the door to reconnoitre, the anxious Bedrel discovered, or conceived that he had discovered, a straggling party advancing towards his humble dwelling. Without ceremony he hastened Cargil and Master James, out of the back door, and over the garden wall into the next lane. "Noo, ye'll gang doon intil the howe o' the Burn, and then, father, ye'll tak upwards, and find yer way intil the Kirk yard. The sun is, by my reckonin', twa hoors heigh yet: I'll tak my canny way to be wi' ye: and I sall meet ye in the Kirk yard wi' the keys, and introduce ye intil yer retreat. God bless ye baith,—haud that way, and hasten on." As he uttered this, he directed them down to the hollow, on the east, and then left them to shift for themselves.

Cargil led James down the lane into the channel of the Molindinar Burn; and they pushed their retreat up the bank of that small stream, which, at that time, had no mill dam.

They gained the east wall of the Kirk-yard; and pushed onward, until they reached the north-east corner of this vast repository of the dead; and, then, with little difficulty, they found their way into the interior of the yard.

This was a new scene to Master James. It was a clear afternoon of February; and the sun shone bright. His slanting beams fell on the Kirk yard, which was covered, as it would seem, at the first glance, with monumental flat stones, and ten thousand memorials of the dead. He raised his eye to the west, and to the south, and to the north, and there was one uninterrupted display of these mournful mementos of the dead. Over the vast field, of several acres, there appeared scarcely one solitary inch which was not covered by some melancholy memento. Men, and women, and bairns,—a little world below! Here are the families, and the neighbourhood of fathers and mothers, and blooming young men and young women the generations of eight centuries or more! Each individual history may be big with affecting and momentous incidents.

"When I enter this ground, Master James," said the old Pastor, "I feel as if I entered with all my insignificance, into a vast assembly of our forebears, who need only the awakening, from the Omnipotent Power, to be roused up again into the activities of life. And, verily, were the morning of the great day come, and were you and I here at the rising, we should sink into insignificance, and feel lost amid the countless throng..... Now," continued he, as he was advancing toward the centre of that vast repository of the dead, "here remain we, till oor frien the Bedrel, come at his ain canny leisure wi' the keys." And he wandered from stone to stone, and was soon wrapt up in profound thought, reading the memorials of the dead and listening, as it were, respectfully to the idle pleadings and calls, to the heedless passenger, in homely prose and verse,—"Halt, passenger, a word wi' thee or twa." "Here lies the blooming youth." But he was particularly struck with the following, over the grave of a young maiden.

"Here lyeth bonnie Bessie Bell,
In lovely seventeen, wha fell
In cauld death.

The bonniest maiden o' ye a',
Lik my sweet Bessie, sune maun fa,
In cauld death!".....

"And she was a bonnie ane," said Cargil, "and a gude ane. I kenned her weel. And here lyeth the Laird Jehu, o' Tumblecrane, wha died by a fa' frae his gallant grey. What's this we hae got here?

"Atween the saddle and the grund.
I mercy asked, and mercy fund."

"It might hae happened, that saum thing," ejaculated Cargil, "For His grace has the speed, as weel as the might o' Hrs ain lightning. But, I wadna gie a groset for the wild Laird chance."

The kind-hearted Pastor next came upon a cluster of his parishioners and intimate friends. He read their epitaphs again and again—and called their names in a soft whisper—and as the image of their living persons, and the incidents in their lives rose upon his busy memory,—he leaned on this staff, and yielded himself up to a flood of sorrow!

CHAPTER XIV.

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon light;
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Master James, meantime, had placed himself opposite the middle tower of the Heigh Kirk, and stood wrapt up in wonder and delight, as his eyes wandered over the venerable and magnificent pile. He had not, hitherto, had an opportunity of examining it. And he yielded himself up to his youthful enthusiasm.—By an instinct natural to a delicate, and a cultivated mind, when an object grand and sublime is presented to it, he raised his hands in silence,—and remained fixed, and immoveable in the place which he

had first occupied. An exclamation of amazement and delight, uttered after a long silence, brought Cargil to his side.

"Yes, Master James, ye may weel admire! It's a magnificent buildin', and a venerable. There's nocht to match it about a' Embro. It's the only entire Gothic biggin noo standin' on the continent o' Scotlan'. There's just ane ither sic like, somewhere in the isles o' Scotland.—As Homer delights to linger ower the persons and deeds o' olden times; and then sings ye how weak and puny the best o' modern persons and men are, compared wi' them o' auncient days, whase bodies were sae huge; and their souls sae magnanimous; e'en sae, my braw callant, are the men, and the ecclesiastical biggins o' modern times, to the men and the biggins o' KING DAVID o' Scotland's times. There stauns afore yer eyes, the Cathedral; whilk was built by the munificence o' KING DAVID, under the canny care o' bishop John Achaius: and whilk was *dedicated*.....a piece o' haveril nonsense! to *St. Kentigern*, whilk is to say *St. Mungo*. I'm no going to justify the extortions o' the Romanists, wha made the people worship them to sic an extent, that they suffered the priests to pick oot their gowd and siller frae their purses, and their very een oot o' their heads, to get wherewith to mak magnificent displays. It's nae maxim o' mine that the gude end sanctifieth the means to compass it. But had the Pope and his shavelins laid oot their ill-gotten gear at a' times, on sic biggins as that ilk afore us: and not upon their wicked lusts, and revelry, their extortions wad hae been o' less damnatory a kind. But the meikle end o' the proceeds o' their spiritual rapine, and plunder o' the nations, was laid oot in sumptuous banquets; and the loons the while were at great pains, wi' their hair claith, and obstinate fastings to mak their gomeril parishioners believe that thae round faced, rosy cheeked, braid shouldered priests lived *on dry pease and callar water!*

"And, James, let me whisper ye a truth. I wish weel that oor godly Reformers had possessed a wee bit o' the Papist's warldly policy. They micht hae herried the rook's nest, and dressed it up their ain gate, and no hae brunt it, stump and rump. Had they appropriated the rook's nest to their ain purpose, whilk een the gowk kens to du, in regard to the nest o' anither,—hoo commodious

and befittin', had been oor kirks this day! Instead o' that, we see miserable biggins, mere kennels, theeket wi' straw or rushes, or heather, or e'en green divets, in deevers corners o' the laun. Och! puir kirk o' Scotland! In the struggle o' the Reformation, the nobles in their *excessive* zeal lest she might be corrupted by riches, carried off her revenues. "Nocht" cried they could be mair dangerous to the kirk than makin her ower rich, therefore they reduced her to poortith: nocht can be mair unsafe in a healthfu' body than getting ower fat, therefore they starved her to skin and bone, on bread and water! And their arguments were in their own view absolutely irresistible,—for they, in power, were *to share in what the kirk did na need!*

"Then cam there anither toozlin', to her, frae her ain best and fastest friens, the haly Reformers. Instead o' cleansing the hooses o' Papish filth, and their altars, and crosses, and bits o' stane and timmer idols, they set the stately biggins a' in a bleeze!

"And, noo, we're biding a waur toozle than a', in thae mournfu' days. The loss o' oor livings and oor biggins, whilk we may as weel hae had as no,—we can endure. But the arch foe, the auld evil ane 'has come doon in great wrath,' and set up his power in the land. He has shot oot his left cloven foot, and has given the ministry a kick, maist distressin'; and he is defacing the carved wark o' the sanctuary. Alack! puir kirk o' Scotland! But it's a' come in Scottish style, Scotchman like, wha's ay wise behind the haun! They pulled doon the magnificent wark o' Gothic structure, as if the faults aud errors o' the Roman beastie had been mixed up wi' the stanes and materials o' the very biggins!

"I revere the memory o' thae tradesmen, wha wi' the maist worthy Dean o' Guild, Master James Rabart, at the head o' them, drew up their hale strength, when the barmy headed zealots frae Glasgow, and the neebour paroches, poured in their strength, wi' their sledge hammers, and massy raipes, to whammle this stately edifice afore ye.

"They took a graite aith, that, if ony o' thae toon or kintry bodies wad daur to lay their rascallion, and heaven daurin' hauns on ae single arch, or pillar, they wad plaister the cauld grave-stanes wi' their streamin' blude, and

reekin' hairns! And there it stauns, Master James! a prood memorial o' olden times: and o' the gude sense and piety o' the tradesmen o' Glasgow!"

As the Bedral had not yet made his appearance, he proceeded to point out, in a reply to a question from Master James, the structure, the strength, and grandeur of this noble Gothic building.

"You see, there, in that vast pile, a truly chaste ecclesiastical edifice of the early pairt o' the twelfth century.* It is supported by ane hundred and forty-seven pillars; and it is lighted by ane hundred and fifty-seven windows o' nae sma' dimensions. Ye see the succession o' the lancet, or sharp-arched windows of equal dimension. But, then, turn yer eyes, Master James, on those in the south transept, directly under the great tower, whare the usual order of the lancet windows, on the right and left, is interrupted. These windows, in the transept, under the great tower, are forty feet high, and twenty wide. And the slender shafts, the mullions, and the tracery wark, on the top o' the shafts, and immediately under the lancet arches, are a' stane, maist exquisitely shaped, and chiselled.

"And ye see, there, the ootor wa' is divided. Aboon the first tier o' windows, the outer wall terminates in a battlement. And frae this part, in the interior, springs the arch o' the lower, or first roof. This arch extends entirely across the body of the building, and is supported by massy pillars, and groined arches o' singular and exquisite workmanship. And a' thae arches and pillars, frae side to side, are o' solid hewn stane; there's no ae inch o' timber about it.

"Weel, frae the first battlement, the wall, now by some feet thinner than at the base, proceeds in a perpendicular line, till it reach the second row o' battlements, aboon the last tier o' lancet arched windows. From the interior wall opposite the second battlements, spring the arches, frae side to side, which sustain the outer roof; in whilk, as I said there is no timmer, a' is o' solid hewn stone. And the haille o' the arched roof is covered wi' massy plates o' lead; without ae leakin' or decayed spot in it. And touchin' the drappin aisle, ye'll see it, Master James, on the

* It was founded in A.D. 1123.

North side o' the biggin, as ye look into the gloomy donjon-like cell, near the basement. Noo that perpetual dropping o' chrystal drops is not owin' to ony leak or defect in the roof, but the caller water frae the massy wa' is attracted, and oozes frae them, drop by drop; as frae a huge rock on the eastern cliffs o' Loudon Hill, or the lofty Tintoc.

"Mairover, in the centre o' the transept, or where that pairt o' the cross, runnin' frae North to Sooth, passes across the Choir and Nave, which extend frae East to West, there rises the grand tower. Its base rests on four massy pillars, ilka ane o' them being thirty feet in circumference, and they stand in the centre o' the transept. The said tower is carried up thirty feet aboon the leaden roof o' the biggin. And frae this tower, with its arcades, on ilka side; and pinnacles at it's corners—there rises the lofty spire, which is of an octagonal shape; and tapers to a point; and is surmounted by a ball and vane. From the base to the top, its entire height is 232 feet. And it's no made o' timmer lik many ither painted fairlies. It is solid mason-work chisseled to the top. Then turn yer eye to the West end, there is the second tower, whilk rises to the level o' the pinnacled battlement o' the ither tower. But it has nae spire. It ends in a pyramid roof o' lead. The groined arches whilk sustain the floor o' this tower; and also the hanging stairs leading up to the centre of it, and to the great bell, are curiosities worthy the attention o' a *connoisseur* in architecture. The haile biggin is 330 feet in length, by 70 in breadth.

"In times o' Papistrie this magnificent edifice was divided into the choir, the nave, and the cemetry. But in better times, after the purifying o' the "*Rook's nest*," it was divided, by oor canny and economical forebears, into three spacious apartments; each o' whilk was converted into a commodious church. The Chôir on the West end, is the *outer* heigh kirk: the nave on the East o' the great tower is the *inner* heigh kirk: and the cemetry, whilk is under the nave, is the barony, or Landward Kirk, whaur for many a year I spent the sweetest sabbaths o' my life, amang my dutiful and affectionate flock—Alas! mine nae mair!"

In answer to a question from James, he continued;

"In ae word, the North end of the transept, or cross noo appropriated to private lairs of the dead: and upper chambers are public ha's for business. The So transept, whilk, for reasons that I hae na been able discover, has been carried nae higher than the first tier arches,—is noo made the depository o' the earthly rema o' the ministers o' the city of Glasgow."

Master James stood in silent contemplation: and mind was bewildered and lost in a pleasant maze of ad ration and wonder; as his eyes wandered over the lan arches, and shafted windows, and their mullions, a transoms, and tracery work; and the arcades and pinnac of the grand Tower: and the niches; and the ma buttresses, and embrazures, and perforations,—the bat ments, and tiers of pinnacles, on the lofty spire, the ball, a vane floating far in air, in the blue dazzling sky.—A the thought of the past rushed on his mind,—the mer other times, their taste, their bold conceptions, and plan their daring, and persevering enterprises:—their pr monuments of art and science.

While Master James was yielding himself up to t pleasing reverie, Cargil had wandered up to the West Wall of the kirk yard. He had come up to two fr graves, with their brighter stones, and new epitap "*Hic jacet quicquid mortale fuit.*" .... He read on, a uttered a deep groan as he read the names of two of beloved lambs—two young men—brothers whom hands had sprinkled with the holy water of baptism; a who had grown up under his eye, from sabbath to sabba They had both perished, in the bloom of manhood, by cruel steel of the ruffian soldiery, against whom they h been defending the grey hairs of a father, and the hon of their only sister—a beautiful young maiden of Barony Parish.

"So then its ower true;—the bruit whilk I hea anent you, when far awa, was ower true.—Ye sleep peace, my ain sweet bairns! yer father too,—there lie mortal remains. He survived the shock, some short w or two: and the beautiful and innocent lamb,—yer sis ***Mary Kennedy***,—is a maniac wanderer, far hame! Perhaps, ere this, she also, sleeps Sweetly ye a' sleep; and puir a' ld (

once loved Pastor, is still a weary wanderer, and the blast is sweeping ower the plain: I hear its wild sooch. It tells me that nicht is settin' in, the lang nicht when I sall lay my auld grey hairs doon, and sleep in dust. Oh! in yonder world, in yonder bright flood o' light, on the mountain o' glory, I shall bask me in the beams o' HIS countenance,—whare nae foemen come,—and nae murderous steel can reach!

"Ye maun come yer ways noo, faither Cargil,"—whispered the Bedrel, who had come close up to him:—"No ane o' thae raging creaturs has heard a sooch o' ye: nor has ane o' them an inkling o' this awsome place o' concealment: sae, arise, and tak possession."

He led the way, bearing the keys in the one hand, and in the other some substantial proofs of his 'gude auld lucky's,' remembrance of the bodily wants of her good pastor.

The massy door being thrown open, they found themselves among the long slender Gothic pillars; and under the groined arches, which towered high above their heads; "and which," as Master James remarked, 'seem to hae been suggested to the mind o' the architect, by the arches formed by the green boughs thrown over a pathway through the stately forest."

Cargil led the youth to the spacious door of the outer kirk,—"look thou West,"—said he,—"into that venerable place!"

James cast his eyes over the magnificent scene. The sun, now near his setting, was pouring, from his broad disk, his yellow wintry rays, through the lofty Gothic windows: and they fell on the massy pillars, and arches, and the groined cieling, with its ribs, and tracery work: and they sent on his eyes, and into his soul, a picture which no human language can paint.—

"Magnificent scene!" exclaimed he,—"what a befitting place to worship the Almighty,—the founder and architect of the great world!"

"Yes!" cried Cargil,—"and here many a solemn prayer has ascended from the humble and broken heart, to the High and Holy Ane, who sits on the throne o' eternity! and, here, many a song o' praise has rung along that lofty vaulted ceiling, and died away in reverberating echoes, amang thae

pillars and arches, while the spirits o' the men wha breathed them, rose in haly aspirations to the throne o' the Eternal!—Hoo mainy o' my sainted faithers and brithren hae, in that venerable place, won souls frae the errors o' their ways, to the Father o' Mercies, through Him wha hung on the cross for us!—In that hallowed spot did my youthfu' frien', and maist beloved brither in Christ, sound the sweetest and most melting tones;—It was there the maist haly and humble o' ministers poured the enchantment o' his message, in rapturous eloquence, ower the chained spirits o' his audience! yes, there ANDREW GREY prayed, and preached, and wept. Beloved friend o' my youth, dear in the unfading remembrance o' my heart,—thoo didst pass away frae oor weeping eyes, and sink into the grave,—ripe in thy glory,—in thy *twenty-second year!*

"And here, in like manner,"—continued Cargil, weeping all the while, as he led his young associate with a hurried pace, to the steps leading to the screen of the Nave, and the eastern place of worship, into which the entrance, at that time, led by small side doors,—"Here it was, in this magnificent place o' worship, that the *quondam* laird o' East Powrie, whase noble dignity o' soul trampled on riches and earthly honours,—did serve his Master faithfully in the gospel. A man he was o' singular attainments, and undaunted courage. He preached Christ Jesus, and him crucified, in the court o' king Charles I., and in this spot to a high born and splendid audience; withoot fear, and without flattery! Here did the immortal JAMES DURHAM pour his mild and impressive eloquence; and the heart-melting pathos of his heavenly prayers! *My father! my father, the chariots o' Israel, and the horsemen thereof,*—I see thee nae mair! Nor thee, much loved Ramsay, nor your companions, and forebears, thae men o' God who, fulfilled their ministry according to the wull o' God, syn the times o' the Reformation. I am, lingering here, the last of my race!—This way, come this gaite, Master James,"—he continued, after a pause, and taking him by the arm, "descend we, by thae steps, doon this way among thae arches. Noo, here it was that godly ZACHARIAS BOYD held forth his hamely spoken message,—and quoted occasionally the interminable length o' his ain poetic lines; and his ill timed mints at holy-

jokes, wi' the best o' intentions in the world, I freely admit, but wi' mistaken views o' the best way o' spreading the knowledge o' God's word amang plain people. He could na be persuaded that it was mair befittin' to elevate the people to the dignity o' truth, than to degrade her to their grovelling minds: to purify and raise them to the dignity of communion with her in her ain palace; than to throw tattered garments ower her, and send her to their hovels!—Weel! here it was that honest Zacharias ministered. Him it was my lot to succeed. This is the Barony, or Landward Kirk. It is as capacious, you see, as the place abune it; and its ceiling, o' hewn stane, is sustained by sixty-five massive columns, whose chapters and groined arches are finished wi' exquisite handicraft. Ye see the thriftiness of the Reformation. Here the Romanists interred their princely and sacerdotal dead. But we hae converted it into a Kirk, for the spiritual furtherance o' the living.*

CHAPTER XV.

Wit. "Black spirits, and white: red spirits, and grey:
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.—
Macb. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do?"—SHAKESPEARE.

As Cargil conducted Master James, and the Bedrel upstairs, and towards the grand southern entrance, and shook each of them by the hand, the former observed that nothing should induce him to leave him, in that place unattended.—

"Ye sall gang yer ways, Master James,"—said Cargil, "Nay not ae word o' remonstrance wull I listen to. Return, incontinent, to yer lodgings, and wi' to-morrow's sun hie thee off to Embro: and to Perth's mansion: tak yer ain measures; keep close: be faithfu' to yer trust: and withoot failzie, meet us at Carlsness, on the appointed day. In the

* Of late this place has been restored to its primitive use,—the repository of the dead: and a neat and substantial edifice has been reared for the Barony Kirk, hard by.

meantime, I shall betake mysel to Wallace's Cave; and to my trusty men o' the West, and Sooth. The services o' auld Donald Cargil, are, for the present, closed here: and aiblins they'll no be withoot their fruits, e'en in ceevils. We hae sent ae barbed arrow beneath the hawk's wing!"

Having uttered these words he embraced him affectionately in his arms, and kissed him, as he added;—

"Noo, fare thee weel, Master James, my son: the presence o' HIM wha dwelt in the bush, be wi' thy spirit." And wrapping himself up in his long grey cloak, he descended into the aisle of the Barony Kirk.

"Hully, faither Cargil, bide a wee bit," cried the Bedrel, recollecting himself, and bustling down after him, with his commission from his "Auld Luckie," as he called his wife, "Here, maist worthy pastor, are materials o' a couch on whilk to rest yer weary banes." And he trundled the blankets down the steps, and producing a green wallet, he went on with emphatic nodding and smiles; here, my certie! are plenty o' gude veevers. They're baith mae, and unco better than what my girnell and humble aumbry e'er afforded. I'm no gaun to boast whence they caum. But, he's a canny haun, that saum auld man, the favourite flonkey o' bonnie Helen Wardlaw, the Bailey's dochter that is. And here's a pint stoup o' the best o' claret." And the old Bedrel raised it up and clanked the lid of the pewter stoup triumphantly. "No the bit *pint* stoup o' the Southrons, wha, puir ignorant Craters! are content to tak a *mutchkin* for a *pint*. Na! na! look ye there, it's a walley *Scotch pint*. Commend me to the honest SCOTCH *for gude measure*! An Englisher's pint! ha! ha! ha! I pity the scrimpit craters. "Noo," continued the Bedrel, as he arranged the vivers in due array, and placed the silver flagon by the gausy pint stoup, "ye'll no affront Helen, by refusin' her benison." And he filled up a bumper, and urged it on Cargil. "Ye ken weel, reverend faither, that e'en the prophets o' the Lord slackened their drouth, and moistened their clay wi' wine, and the best o't, yespecially when they waur gaun to seek dealin's wi' invisibles, and haly communications frae heigh Heaven. They had the mense eneugh thus to raise their spirits up to a pitch o' dealin' wi' pure spirits. And, weel I wat, my maist reverend master," and he shrugged up his shoulders and looked fearfully around him, as the last beam of

the setting sun was spending its feeble yellow ray on the grey arches and columns, "this is the very place for sic gruesome scenes, and sic eldritch voices, and sic unyerdly converse. It is the very mooth o' the sepulchre, whaur their mools are crumblin. I hae, my ain sel, heard eerie voices, and hollow granes issuing frae thae dreary dwallin's o' the dead! But, fare ye well, yer young frien' wull be eeriesome waitin' up by there. And hear ye," he added, putting his head down and calling out, "My gude auld minister, I sall be in this spat at the grey mornin', to see ye, as the king o' Babylon, as it were, cam to visit Daniel, whilk is to say, to see gif ye binna devoured by the lion. I'm no gaun to say, just noo, by whilk lion!"

"Ah! Bauldy, Bauldy," cried Cargil smiling at him, "ye're the same daft auld man ye aye waur, I see, notwithstandin' a' my cautions and admonitions. Ye leeve ower near the Kirk yard, and the dead, to think meikle aboot deein'. But, Bauldy, at the age o' sixty and aught—it's time to be serious! Betake thysel to thy prayers, I charge thee, and remember me in them; as a' my faithfu' and affectionate parishioners, wull du this nicht. Gang thy ways, Bauldy, and learn to be wise and serious."

As the sound of this admonition fell on the ear of the Bedrel, a new excitement was given to his mind for a moment. He was advancing to unlock the outer door; but presently the current of his own thoughts returned, and he renewed his address to father Cargil, under an increasing anxiety about him, from the agency of the invisible world. He returned, unconsciously, to the door of the Landward Kirk, calling out.

"Serious! My master, said ye? De ye suspect my *seriousness*, maist reverend faither? Had I begun to daur heaven by ca'ing in question, the existence o' sprites, witches, warlocks, and deels, ye micht weel hae suspected my *seriousness*. But when I speak to ye in the pure orthodoxy o' Scotland's brawest days, when the king and the nobles, the priest and the people, a' believed doucely and soberly in thae beings, suspect ye my soberness? And nane o' us a' eer heard o' any exception; unless, allenarly, it be ae kind o' a crater cauld a *Deyest*. That, I think is the word, for the *thing* itsel, I canna describe it to ye, no ha'ing e'er seen it. But ye'll remember ye, o' thae wild sweerin blasphem-

ing deevils, the soldadoes wha' had been pushin' their fortune abroad, in France, and the Lowlands, striving to mak a leeving by cutting ither men's thrapples: and wha cam in amang us o' late, syn the troubles began in Scotland, thae craters waur ca'd *deyests*. They waur weel named, I hae heard my betters say, frae the Scotch word *daised*, whilk means, to be *doited, bamboozled, as it were, oot o' a' the wee wits they e'er had, and even doon* atheists, as it respects the things o' God!"

As the Bedrel thus ran on, Cargil laughed; and Master James shouted, "Bravo! Bauldy, ower meikle learnin' maks thee mad!" The persevering Bauldy went on:—

"Noo, it's no canny to tempt Providence. A man may throw himsel ower the auld Brigg intil the Clyde. Wull his calling on his MAKER, eer keep him frae falling intil the water? Noo, ye ken well eneugh what tricks, auld Nick played aff on Master James Durham, when the ill faured loon teuk on him the shape and appearance o' his betters, and weel I wat, nae waur wad serve him than that o' the godly personage o' *Maister Durham*. And *he* tried to mak the godly toon o' Glasgow believe that the minister was in communion wi' some ill-faured hizzies, up by yonner, amang the firs, on the knoll ayont the Molindinar Burn: when the minister, a' this time, was sick and in his bed!

Noo, gude my Master, ye're rinnin', wi' baith een open, into the mooth o' the serpent's den. I redd ye tak tent, and come oot, and gang yer wa's some ither gate; or I'm sure, that in the morning, as in the case o' Doctor Faust, I'll get nae mair o' ye left than the skin, hair, and banes!"

"And prithee, wise man o' auncient lair, what micht tak me aff at that gate?" said Cargil with affected gravity.

"Why some ghaist, or some deevil," said the Bedrel, wi' awfu' solemnity. "Hae ye no seen SATHAN'S INVISIBLE WARLD DISCOVERED?" We hae a' heard o' the Border fairlies, and deevilrie. But oor Glasgow professor's true and veritable narratives o' "SATHAN'S INVISIBLE WARLD DISCOVERED," beats them, and Michael Scott's douce travelling Deevil, a' hollow! Why, Michael's deevils waur na fit to haud the candle to oor professor's rampagin Galloway deevils! They waur o' a different species!"

"Bauldy," cried Cargil, "wull ye no hae dune with this

unedifyin', and bleatherin nonsense? As it respects the moral philosophy professor's beuk,* whilk ye hae named, I houp he'll get repentance afore he dee, if he be yet leevin', for raikin' up sic aff-gatherins o' the infernals. And I wush him nae waur than e'en some sanctified skelpins frae some o' his ain invisible drummers, to chastise his misapplied talents, for a brief season. But, let that pass. Hear me, Bauldy, and if ye hae grace, fructify under some halsome instructions o' plain reason, and haly scripture. I tell ye, Bauldy, *there can be nae sic thing as a real ghaist!*

As he spoke this sentiment, the Bedrel uttered a kind of scream, while he looked into Master James' face, and breathed through his teeth, "Losh keep me! de ye hear him?" Cargil went on.

"As for the spirit o' a christian man, Bauldy, it is gane to heaven, ye ken, and is mingling in the communion of bliss, within the circles o' the saints and angels: he canna, and he *wunna* wander doon here awas. Do ye think, noo, Bauldy, that if ye were yoursel, in heaven, that ye wad really be sae daft as to tak it intil yer head to leave sic company, for the purpose o' wanderin' back intil this warld again, and frequenting Kirk yards, and sepulchral vaults to fricht folks?"

Bauldy preserved an obstinate silence at this appeal, by way of an *argumentum ad hominem*.

"And as it regards the ghaist o' a bad man, his Satanic majesty, my certie! wunna let him wander back to his former lairs. I wonder, Bauldy, hoo it could hae entered intil the noddles o' you ghost-venders to gie Sathan credit for being sae very accommodating! Gif ye gang *thither*, my man, ye'll aiblins find the treuth o' what I'm saying!"

"Why, father Cargil, hae ye forgotten the case o' Samuel's ghaist, raised by the witch o' Endor?" Cried the Bedrel.

"That, I tak it," said Cargil, "was nae real ghaist, it was een flesh and blude in living state—some *familiar* o' the witch a' Endor—a pawky kimmer, trained to enact her pairt, and personify Samuel. I defy the witch o' Endor, and a' ithers whilk hae lived, before her, or since, wi' a' their

* Sir Walter Scott has quoted from this book, on Demonology, &c. p. 259. The author has read this ancient and most extraordinary work of Sinclair's.

kimmers and imps to the bargain, "*to disturb Samuel's rest*," as that puir crater, ower-shooting the mark, maist stupidly asserted, or to bring his body frae the grave, or his haly saul frae heaven, on her cursed errand! Nae created power could do this. And wad the Almichty, think ye, *at a witch's bidding* raise Samuel frae the dead, or send his pure soul frae heaven, on sic an errand? Wad the Almichty and Haly God answer Saul, by a message, delivered through deevilry, when he had refused to answer him by the usual sanctified gaite? Na, na, the *Samuel* o' the witch o' Endor's *making* was a leein' limmer. The battle could na hae been foucht on "*the morrow*," as it said; and Saul could na hae been back frae Endor, in time to fight it, on "the *morrow*;" add to this that Saul and his sons *were not* wi' him on "the morrow," besides "Saul and his sons" didna a' fa' in battle, as this form o' speech usually imports. Thae lees mixed wi' grains o' treuth, to mak them palatable, betray their true faither.

"But oor deevils,—oor rampaging deevils,—gang yer wa's on noo, and just annihilate them too, wi' yer *philosophical light*," said Bauldy, scarcely able to maintain his respect for his old pastor, such was the fierceness of his zeal against the doctrine, which had filled him with utter amazement.

"Yes, Bauldy," continued Cargil gravely, "thae evil beings hae been, they are, and they wull be: and I am by nae means denying their existence, or their influence. I am for reforming the doctrine, Bauldy,—not for annihilating it. That's the ither extreme: and it would puzzle a christian man, to determine whilk o' the twa is the maist irrational and impious. In oor day, we are lik to be driven upon the left haun extreme. In auld lang syne, when men were pagans, and through the mirky ages o' antichrist, when men were baptised pagans,—the deel made ower free wi' people's minds; and didna e'en try to conceal his satannic agency, or his palpable existence. They e'en did gie him credit for mae works, and *tricks*, than he e'er bethought himself o' duin'.—But, now, he has turned the tables against us: he has driven the human mind into the opposite extreme. He has succeeded in persuading multitudes o' brainless craters, that there's nae deel, nor evil spirit, in a' God's world. And wi' the maist pugna-

cious zeal, by word o' mooth, and grey goose quill, they contend that e'en he wha's aiblins their ain master,—and their saul-stirring associates hae nae existence at a' : that they are mere phantoms,—mere noucht ava!"

"Na, na," cried Bauldy, "naething wunna persuade me, but that there are yer violent and raging deevils, and ghaists, ganging aboot, and haunting dead men's lairs, and sic eerisome places as thae dark caves and crannies alang the wall there, behind thae grey arches; and when they get men intil their power, wi' their lang claws and teeth, like ten-pennie nails, they harl their een oot o' their heads, and pick the flesh off their banes as easily as a gos-hawk wad claw a bonny patrick, or as a tod-lourie wad spaw ye a maulkin!"

As he uttered these words Master James clapped his hands and burst into a loud fit of laughter, "Weel reasoned, Bauldy, ha, ha, ha! a fule, a fule,—I met a fule i' the forest."

Cargil cast a grave and reproving look upon James, who seemed to him more disposed to exercise wit and drollery than an argument on this matter; but he himself could not help laughing outright at Bauldy's most rueful countenance. And he was about to alter the form of his argument to suit the Bedrel's conceptions,—when he was interrupted by a heavy groan, which came indistinctly on their ears from one of the crypts, on the dark side of the Kirk.

Master James was composed into a grave mood in a moment; and came close up to Cargil's side. Bauldy threw himself on his knees behind them, and grasped a leg of each of them, fast in his arms, while his breast heaved, and he breathed through his nose, after the manner of the heaving and blowing of a pair of bellows.

After a silence maintained for some time, Cargil went on in reply to the Bedrel; as he cast, occasionally, his eye on the dark place whence the sound came, or had seemed to come.

"But to the point, Bauldy," said Cargil, as if recovering himself from a train of thoughts, which he conceived to be as much a digression, as if he had given utterance to them, "the lion o' hell, I tell thee, Bauldy, is chained,"——

"I wish he may e'en be sae," ejaculated Bauldy with great fervency.

"And when he is let loose,"——

"The gude Lord forbid it," added the Bedrel.

"When he's let loose, he has ower meikle wit, to show his cloven foot, or his sweeping tail, whilk the amateurs hae assigned to his orthodox shape. Sic appearances, on his part, wad ruin his ain cause. Du ye no see it, Bauldy? If the evil ane stept in among his ain men servants, and maid servants, in his visible coat and frightfu' conformation o' head, he wad put them clean outricht *hors-du-combat*, unfit for his service, in the common cause o' the dark kingdom. Na, na, he's ower cunning to mak himsel visible. And, mairover, Sir, his plan o' ruin pursued against the human family, is ower graite, and vast, and sweeping, to allow him, or any o' his under-strappers to turn fule and mountebank to frighten auld women and weans! He employs *visible* men, Bauldy, as his agents. His infernal machinery is on a grand and extensive scale o' deevilish exactness: and while he sits girnin', and pulling the wires behind the arras, he takes ane especial care to hae his cloots, claws and horns concealed frae a' mortal vision!

"But gravely, Bauldy, it is becoming christian men to reject the folly and superstition o' olden times; and the equally absurd atheism o' later times, touching this subject. And be the malignity and capacity o' evil spirits for mischief what it may, there's ANE whose nod sets bounds to their infernal agency, and maks the fiercest o' their legions minister at the wheels o' his haly Providence.

"For me, therefore, I fear na the utmost wrath o' the Evil Ane. The *Lord God omnipotent reigneth!* Place me on the bleak summit o' Benlomond, surrounded by a' the evils o' pining want and burning thirst,—place me in the deepest ravine o' the Alps, laved by its dark and roaring flood,—place me in the solitary bark, on the mountain's wave, or the loud sweeping torrent,—place me in the wintry blasts which rush ower the cauld Caledonia forests o' the north,—place me in the gloomiest cavern, whare the broken waves o' grey ocean send their eerisome moan on the ear o' the shipwrecked mariner, where eldritch voices issue from its secret chambers, and phantoms flit, in mystic seelence, before his een,—place me under the fiend-like

flash o' the inhuman Claverse's een, or the demoniac countenance o' the white bearded Chieftain,—place me on the table o' the Cooncil, wi' the the bootikins on ilka shattered leg, and the thumbkins, on each disjointed thumb,—place me in the last extremity o' mortal agony on the gibbet or at the stake,—place me near a legion o' demons lashed into fury by their satannic chief,—yet wull I rejoice in the Lord, I wull be joyful in the God o' my salvation! They might torment me, they might mangle thae limbs, they might kill auld Donald Cargil, but they canna hurt him. For naething can separate me frae the love o' God! Naething can separate his love frae me!" he added in an impassioned tone, as he threw back his cloak, and raised his hands and eyes to heaven, "'*For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord!*'"

CHAPTER XVII.

Edgar.—"Who gives any thing to Poor Tom! whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool over bog and quagmire, who hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his pew!"—Shakspeare's Lear.

He had finished these admonitions, and was enforcing them by some personal and affectionate cautions, delivered in a low whisper, as he slowly followed Master James and the Bedrel up the steps, when a second groan issued from the crypts or vaults of the dead, on their left hand, and louder than the first.

The Bedrel uttered a wild halloo, and sprung with one bound to the top of the steps, bearing James before him, and overturning father Cargil, who rolled to the bottom of the steps.

"There, noo!" he panted out, as soon as he could collect his scattered senses—while he threw his arms about

James, and held him as tightly grasped as a smith's vice, "There, noo! They're gaun to tak him at his word! It'll be seen what wull become o' a' his vapourin' aboot brustlin and fighting against a haile legion o' deevils, losh keep us a', and lashed intil fury by Sathan, he also said," Bauldy was stopt short in his comment, by another groan, which gradually rose, note by note, higher and higher, until it ended in a quavering scream. And then followed on their astounded ears an eldritch *grane and laugh.*

Bauldy leaped and hallooed, and tore his hair, and made diligent search for the keys in each of the huge pockets of his doublet, in order to make his escape. Master James returned to the bottom of the steps to help up Cargil,—while he was expressing his astonishment at the possibility of any impudent varlet getting in there to play the fool at their expense. "It is certain," replied Cargil, "that the door at which we entered was bolted, and sae were the rest,—and not even a tod-lowry could creep in through ony o' the Gothic windows."

They looked earnestly on the spot whence the sound had issued,—But nothing was visible. Meantime Bauldy, not being certain of safety above, and conceiving it possible that the goblin might assail him where he was single-handed, threw himself down the steps and hurried near to Cargil and James:—while his frame shook like an aspen leaf, and his teeth chattered like a pair of castanets. And he seized upon them as by a death's grasp; his eyes, the while, staring wide, and flashing fire from beneath his hair, which stood up on end, like hogs bristles. And the more they strove to shake him off, the greater he conceived the danger to be, and he clenched his hold the tighter, as he ejaculated broken fragments of prayers.

"There it is at last," he screamed out, as he retreated behind Cargil, "Du ye not see it noo? There! I see its horns. It's auld Nick, see, see! O Lud, Lud! I wush I were sittin 'a-straddle, on the neb o' the Heigh Kirk steeple weather-cock! Oich! we're herried and ruined a' o' us—outricht, soul and body and a'!" And he fell down and groaned in despair.

Cargil and Master James watched the motions of the being, which had emerged from the obscurity behind one of the groined pillars. The gloamin threw a faint beam

on it. Its stature might be of the height of four feet. It was a square, firm built figure. Its two shoulders rose high; its face was unusually large; its forehead high and bald; while its bushy and grizzly locks, on each side of its head, were brought forward and upward, in thick bunches and might have been taken, as Bauldy did take them, for horns. Its chin, which projected downward and forward on its breast, was surmounted with a grey beard; and its large eyes flashed fire from the obscurity of its lurking-place. It hobbled from pillar to pillar, as it chattered, and moaned, and held earnest discourse with itself.

"The auld mools rattle in the coffin,
Dead men are abroad this night:
The nicht wind is whistlin:—
The dogs howl, and race it up the Molindinar.
The howlet, frae the fir-top, hoots it frae the brae side.
It's a' dreadfu'."——

Then opening its long, stiffened jaws it poured out sounds, in wild imitation of those ominous beings he had named. And then it hobbled along, muttering strange words through its chattering teeth.

Master James shuddered, and placing his hand on Cargil's shoulder, he made a motion to go up the stairs. For Bauldy,—he screamed louder still; and rolling on the floor, he pressed a thumb into each of his ears, and hid his face with his hands.

As Bauldy screamed, the creature turned suddenly round—and half hid behind a pillar, it fixed its keen eyes on them—which glanced with dark fire—and raising its little grey mantle, it shook its fist, "How daur ye invade me?..... I teuk possession o' thae premises amang the dead, after Maister Cargil was banished by the powers: here I haunt.... hame hae I nane!"

Bauldy started up, and glowered wildly at the unearthly figure. But he felt his courage revive at the sound 'o' gude braid Scotch.' "May it please you," he cried, after some efforts, "I mean Maister Deevil!—or whom may I ca' ye—I mean you, Sir, Sathan—please ye, this saum man here is Maister Cargil, and it please ye to give up to him again the peaceable possession!"

"Donald Cargil! Eh?" and it approached a few steps

nearer as it muttered to itself, Donald Cargil! ha, ha, ha! I ken ye better. Na, na, his grey pow was hagged off And his bleached skull is heigh in air on Embro's wa's Hu, hu, hu! I see it,—I ken the date o' the bludy deed My puir mither was slauchtered aboot the same time. Donald Cargil, na, na! Daft gomeril, dinna deceive *me!*"

"Wha art thoo?" cried Cargil——"Wha am I? Ha, ha, ha! That's a question for ye, to be sure. Wha—am —I? I was,—aince,—a man. Noo, I'm naebody,—naething ava. I am a wee pickle o' dry dust,—meer stoor—and my saul in a roaring low, settin' a' in a bleeze. Ha, ha, ha! wha am I,"

Then clearing his throat, and bringing from below his doublet what was almost the fragment of an old violin, he sung in a harsh and broken voice.

"Bludy McKenzie—cum oot an' ye daur—
Heard ye that grane?—It was my MITHER.
Lauderdale loud is the wild sooch o' war—
Heard ye that grane?—It was my MITHER!"

"As I live by bread," cried Bauldy, with surprise, and no small sense of shame at his own cowardice, "that budy is nane else than DAFT RABB, hear him."

"Hech! Sirs; that was aince the bonny butt end o' a dainty auld sang. The chorus, in olden times, was in this gaite,—

"We bonny braw three;
A' under the greenwold, greenwold tree."

But noo, Sirs, it's "*Heard ye that grane? It was* MY MITHER." I did change it back to its ain auld gaite, aiblins half a score of times. But, wow me! The strings o' my fiddle wad soond nocht ava, but ay this,—

"Heard ye that grane? It was MY MITHER."

And I was na able to contradict the only freen' that stuck to me in a' my sorrows! And wat ye the reason why my faithful strings ay sound nocht but this?—I could laugh you it,—and I could cry you it oot. It soond it ay

in my heart's core. My puir cracked heart strings soond nocht but that ilka day—

"Ower the brush, and ower the brake;
Ower the stream, and ower the lake;
And ower the muir among the heather."

But stop me..... that's no it. That's a wee swatch o' the profane."—He made a pause,—passed his long skinny hand across his brow, and tuning his voice, he sung with a slow melting air—while he flung the end o' his tartan plaid and the folds of his little grey mantle over his left shoulder; placed a hand on each haunch, and stood firm on each foot.

"Oot spake the gude wife ayont the fire;—
Claverhouse glowered, and sae did his men.
I care'na for you; nor yet for a higher;—
The King an' a' his coort may cum ben.
Whaur lurks my Jeemie ye ne'er sall ken:
I bide by the truth—And Mause canna swither.—
Claverse—he fired—and sae did his men.—
Heard ye that grane? It was *my* Mither."

He then raised the old violin to his neck, and played a slow, solemn Scotch tune, while he sobbed and cried like a very child.

"My certie! ye're a canny ghaist, my frien' Rab," cried the Bedrel, as he advanced on our spectre with a great fraise, while he cast his eyes back with a knowing look on Cargil, and whispered, "It's wee Daft Rabb o' Balornock! de ye think I dinna ken him?"

Bauldy added as he perceived Cargil earnestly examining the face of the maniac, "Gude honest Mause o' the cottage on the Knowe near Balornock—ye kenned her weel. But puir Rab is waefully changed since the cauld bluded murder of his mither. He tint his senses sune after. My gude freen' Rab, hoo got ye intil the Kirk when I had the keys? but cum, nae mair anent this—cum and speak to yer honest mither's minister, Donald Cargil."

The poor maniac stretched out his hand to the Bedrel, and laughed.—Then fixing a stern look on Cargil, he let go the Bedrel's hand and started back.

Cargil remembered that pious Kirk-going Mause,—her

once peaceful cottage, and her once active and affectionate Rob—and he wept as he thought of them.

The maniac gazed in his face. The early impression of the report on his mind that Cargil had fallen, seemed to be stronger on his heart, than even that made by his presence before him—now that his mind was crazed,—and he broke out, "Maist worthy Pastor, waur ye no hanged and quartered?—I'm sure ye waur. I did hear it truly affirmed sune after puir Mither was shot by ———, but I daur na name him. His name blisters my lips, and sets my soul in a lowe. Had he shot Rab—that's me,—I shoudna hae cared;—I should hae forgiven him:—*But to shoot Mither!*..... But I remember me—puir Mither spak thae last words, just as the guns went aff wi' a fearfu' crack,—"Lord forgie them,—for they kenna what they're aboot." Sae, my masters, I forgie them. And I sall let ye see the prufe o't, worthy pastor. My mither used to kneel doon, as it were, in that end o' the cottage, fast by the wee aumbry, and sing, and then read the Word, and, neist, pray. I hae kept up the gude custom, sae do I. I kneel me doon and pray there: but I am ay like to choke; something ay comes up in my throat: and I get sae wae, that I canna get utterance; and the saut tears rin ower my puir wuzzoned cheeks. Besides, sirs, it's unco cauld there in the cottage. Mither is not there, and the fire's oot; and the roof is a' blawn aff, and the hearth stane is cauld and wat.—Weel! I name *him* in my prayers,—I mean the *man wha shot puir mither!* And lik as mither tauld me, I ay render gude for evil to ilka an o' them. I thereby heap coals o' fire upon their head,—to burn their hairns oot!"

He now stood for a few moments, staring at Cargil, with upraised hands, then approaching him he touched his hands. "Noo, I'm sure ye're leevin' after a'!" cried he: and he threw himself on the floor, and held the old Pastor by the knees, and kissed his hands, and wept like a child. As soon as he could articulate, he stammered out, "Hech! sir, my puir mither wull ne'er mair sit at yer feet, and hear the Word!"—Then he looked up in Cargil's face and laughed: and then he wept. "But she's gaun hame!" he cried;—"she's now gaun hame! And I'm going hame too! I'm on the way. They ca' me puir daft

Rab. And sae I am e'en puir daft Rab! But the Redeemer,—the merciful ANE redeems puir daft folks, as weel as you, wha are wise!—Weel, as to mither;—She was an unco gude mither to me. She nourishsd me kindly after faither's death. She was a gude woman, and we lived unco happy togither. But a body they ca' Claverse,—the deel, they say, brought him lately ower frae France; this Claverse wages war wi' feckless widows, and silly weans; he cam on us! It was a sair morning to me, sirs! They ca' him a deevil: but I weel wat that's no true. He's a *human* being to my knowledge, for when he shot mither, —no kennin' unco weel what I was doin',—I ran on him; I teuk him by the lug; I kept my haud o't, and pu'd it amaist clean aff: He ran yellochin', lik a deevil incarnate!—I'm no swearin', sirs! I'm only stating facts—the blude spouted ower his brown curls, and ower his bit skancin' thing on his shoulder. Weel! they only felled daft Rab doon—they didna shoot him. But let that pass. God wull right his ain, I ken weel. He wha redeems puir daft Rab, wull ne'er leave him, nor forsake him! And in the bricht mornin' o' eternity, it wull be seen whether *Charles* and *Claverse* were daft, or puir heverel Rab, after a'."

During this simple and touching expression of sentiment, Cargil and Master James were bathed in tears. Cargil took him by the hand, and pronounced his benediction on the humble *natural*, in an affecting and paternal tone; and then added:—"Fear nocht, my puir Rab! God wha taks care o' his ain, wull tak care o' thee—And we sall a' meet in heaven: *there the wicked cease frae troublin', and there the weary are at rest!*"

Rab grasped his hand and kissed it again and again, and bathed it with his tears.

"Faither and mither wull be there too," cried he; and he laughed, and then he wept, alternately.

The Bedrel now led him away to his house; and by the instructions of Cargil he never permitted him to leave his humble dwelling, until he got him placed under the care of the sweet angel of charity, Helen Wardlaw.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Their lips hymn'd praise, their right hands on their hilts,
Who in defence of conscience, freedom, law,
Looked stern, with unaverted eyes, on death,
In ev'ry form of horror."—GRAHAME.

The sufferers never failed to hold their public meetings, from time to time, throughout the land. This was a part of their sound policy. They were well aware, that, if they once yielded so far to the storm of persecution, as to abandon these meetings, they must soon be divided, and conquered. Our brave and pious ancestors had a twofold object in view in these meetings, or CONVENTICLES. The people were instructed in Christian principles, and thence excited to piety. This was one great object. They were thus prepared, as immortal beings, for the mansions of glory. This was not all: the people were thereby, as citizens, kept in a state of preparedness to receive, and enjoy the boon of civil liberty. Every tyrant knows that a people, in order to be made slaves, must be kept in ignorance and irreligion. And every lover of liberty knows that knowledge and religion are inseparably connected with a noble independence of mind, and ardent love of liberty. Hence tyrants are enemies to knowledge and the pure gospel of Christ. To fan the fire of liberty was the second object which they had in view, in the CONVENTICLES. Nor were they disappointed. From every one of these meetings did the people depart with an increasing ardour in the holy cause, and with a more deeply fixed resolution to persevere till the tyrant should be hurled from his seat, or relinquish his tyranny!

A general union was also kept up. There seldom failed to be messengers present from the remotest counties, and also from Holland, to communicate with the main body, and to give and receive instructions, mutually.

The fruits of these Conventicles became daily more and more apparent. The suffering patriots cheered each other with the assurance that the dark night was passing away, and the morning watch approaching. At every Conventicle new friends were gained over, and efficient measures

taken to spread light, and to inspire a deep-rooted abhorrence of tyranny over all the land; and trusty men, who witnessed these scenes, were, from time to time, sent over the land, and into Holland, "to consult with the numerous exiles, and to importune the gallant and pious PRINCE, to commiserate them, and to send relief, *or come himself* to do both."

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the tyrant and his minions employed every means to fix a deep stigma on these meetings, which they called the '*rendevouses of rebellion.*' And hence they were watched with the utmost anxiety, and punished with sanguinary violence.

A.D. 1678. The great Conventicle, took place this spring, in the woods of Carlsness, and passed off, with an increasing and cheering degree of excitement.

The young noblemen, particularly Perth and Annandale, had been anxious to witness a Conventicle. They had promised themselves much amusement, and a fruitful source of anecdote and merriment for a year to come. And as every speaker arose, their countenances and risible powers indicated the note of preparation for a burst of laughter suppressed and concealed, by bonnet, plume, and kerchief.

They had anticipated a motly group, of incurable barbarism in manners, and shocking rudeness in speech. They looked out for harangues in which the most monstrous figures and illusions should be blended with folly and treason. They expected to hear quotations made from the Apocrypha, and from Romish divines, by mistake, instead of the hallowed pages of the Bible.* They expected whining and canting, and nasal twangs, and "pulpit blaudins, and figures o' speech, which not even a saunt could resist."

They were quite disappointed. Annandale and the rest of them gradually calmed down, and even looked grave, while some of them whispered to Burleigh, "if this was THE GENUINE CONVENTICLE."

"Unquestionably," whispered Burleigh, "this is a Conventicle of the usual way. I see, however, that you have been deceived. The rustic and ludicrous species of Conventicles, is not after this sort. If you want to see one o'

* As one writer, I mean Sir Walter Scott in his Old Mortality, has actually, in our times, represented them as doing.

these, you must find out the "*weekly exercises*," whilk are held in divers places, ower the laun, whaur nane o' the pastors usually preside, nor e'en attend, whaur illiterate men do not content themselves with praying, but do pour out their effusions by way of exhortations. Thae wull come up to the full measure of the ludicrous. I hae seen e'en Sir Robert there, and Torfoot, and e'en the graver sort o' the elders, run oot frae beneath the clud o' peat reek, to laugh thar laugh oot, ahint the peat stack. By the spirit of Demosthenes! neither the Greek nor the Roman lads waur equal to the shoonless, huggered orators at thae conventicles of laymen. Sic roaring, sic quotations, sic metaphors, and sic like figures! They wad strike ye dumb all yer Ciceros and Demosthenes, and a' modern man o' mighty declamation. Not e'en father Cargil there, could staun their figures o' speech. Ane o' thae blades was, the ither evening, praying in the meeting and wushing to offer up a petition for oor pastors and elders; o' the latter, some few were present; and minting to quote frae Jeremy, the words "anent their goin' forth as he-goats afore the flock," he besought heaven that "*thae elder's micht be a' turned intil he-goats.*" And that was na a'; ane o' the elders,—Rab Finlay, he whae haes but ae ee, roored oot, no by way o' sayin *Amen*, as yer bits o' white sarked clerks du in chapels, but he bawled oot,—Dinna mean me there, Jeemoc, I wad rather be a ram, or e'en a gimmer, than ane o' yer he-goats!"

"On the contrair, my hearties," continued Burleigh, whispering to his companions, who sat behind a stately oak, amid the dense foliage of underwood and brackens, "ye see afore ye, men of gude Scottish education, college-bred pastors, men o' honest descent, and mainy o' them hae associated wi' oor noblemen and gentry. And they speak oor national language wi' great exactness, beauty, and eloquence. Ye mistake the sufferers, my gallants, totally. Yer feckless brained chaps, and yer unprincipled lads hae a' abandoned them. They hae gone ower to that side o' the hoose, wha hae the loaves and the fishes to serve oot, and wha hae put them into *leevins*, whilk is to say, gude quarters, plenty o' veevers, and easy spiritual services. Noo, it bespeaks ye men o' some nerve, and patriotism, wha staun not. Take yer second view o' thae five suffering auld min-

isters ower the way, wha hae been speakin'. The enemy hae failed to buy them. Mony o' their associates and the lower order hae had their prices. But thae men, whilk the apostates, and Tories affect to despise wi' the maist scornfu' een, they canna, naitheless, command gowd enough to buy them! They count a' things but loss for Scotland, for Scotland's freedom, and her haly religion! Wad they yet tak the enemy's bribes, and gang their wa's ower quietly to the rank o' them wha aince upheld Scotland's law and religion; they might soon staun wi' as prood looks as ony ane o' the licenced oppressors o' the laun; ay! and might sune sport their mitre and crozier!"

"Mairover, cast yer eyes ower the Conventicle. They are not o' the lower rabble by any means. The low and unprincipled rabble are ower easy bought, to be found here: they are, generally speaking, on the ither side: they are the hungry spies, and informers against the sufferers, wha are usually o' the better sort. Look ye, my Lord Mauchlin, and my Lord Annandale, ye canna see ane there, in the wide circle, but has come trig, and braw, and neatly dressed, frae the bushy silken rose o' the shoon, up to the decent and cleanly shining head dress, and purple, or scarlet hood. And e'en the auld wives o' a lower order, there, they hae their scarlet, and their blue mantles, and their decent black hoods."

"And, besides, my gallants, look ye on the richt side o' the pastors, on that double row o' cushioned benches, whaur the grassy sod is strewed wi' green rushes and sprits, there sit ye a row, by nae means contemptible, o' Scotland's nobles and gentry, few but precious, and dear to ilka lover o' his kintry. Noo, note me, gude my young lords, and I shall name ye their names. And, Annandale, I need na tell you that there are eyes as bright, and cheeks as fair, as eer ye saw in courtly ground, or in sparklin' ball. I see ye hae been duing devotion to mair than ae beautiful lady, and in sae duin' to my knowledge, ye hae spoiled the devotion o' ane, at least, ower beneath that pretty ash tree. That is the fair daughter of old Lord Kardross, who sits beside him, and his lady, her mother. Noo, follow me, I shall name them in the order in which they sit. That is Sir Patrick Hume o' Palwart.* He looks ye like a richt Stalwart

* Afterwards the Earl of Marchmont, in King William's reign.

Knight. There is Bailey o' Jerviswood, and Lady Jerviswood. Douglas o' Cavers sits next, by the side o' his beautiful and accomplished lady. The next are Drummond o' Meggins, and Lady Drummond. That stately and noble lookin' man, who stauns wi' eyes eagerly bent on father Cargil, dressed in rich apparel, and leaning on his sword, is Hay o' Balhousie.* On that other row sit the Gordons o' Gallowway: Dame Stewart, Lady Castlestuart, and her attendants. That is Stuart o' Ravenstown, and by his side is his charming lady. There, look ye, that is Sir Andrew Kennedy o' Clowburn, and the Laird o' Douchal is at his left hand. On that row o' benches are seated Sir John Kirkady o' Grange: Pitcairn o' Pitlour; Scott o' Pitlochie, and the Laird o' Reddie. There, under that beautiful oak, whilk shades them wi' his young leaves, sits a row of Scottish dames, whose house, I mean ilka ane o' them, is dear to Scottish hearts. There is Lady Torwoodlee, Lady Galashiels, and the Ladies Onthank, Halhill, Colvil, Colerny Balcanquel. And there's the gausy Knight o' Cathcart, Sir Boyse Semple, and his bright eened daughter, by the side o' bonny Helen Wardlaw, wha wad adorn, my certie! any ane o' yer coronets! That portly bald-headed man is the Laird o' Ashestiel, and by his side sits Lady Fernylie. And beyond him sits Ker o' Kersland, one of the best o' Scottish Lairds, and near him are Caldwell o' that ilk, Lady Caldwell, and their gallant son, and bonny daughter. On the left there are seated Sir William Fleming o' Ferm, and his elegant and accomplished dame. You will perceive that she is unco like Mary, Queen o' Scots, ye'll mind ye o' her likeness in Halyrood hoose. And mark ye, Lady Fleming prides hersel in nae sma' degree on this, and she has imitated the head gear o' Scotland's royal beauty, Whig or no Whig, as she is."

Lord Mauchlin pointed to an elegant man with his doublet buttoned to his chin; with ruff of no small dimensions; and a fine high forehead, and glossy curled locks. "That," whispered Burleigh, "is Lord Cranston. It has been understood that our party should adopt some measures o' mair importance than mere concealment: or even bold self-defence. Hence there's a fuller meeting this day

* Afterwards the Earl of Kinnoul.

than usual. And close in the rear o' Cranston, are Sir Adam Whitford, and Dalswinton; and Sir William Scott o' Harden. And, finally, that Giant man, in grey, with belt and sword, with the fine Roman nose, and long jet curls falling doon on his shoulders, is Sir Walter Riddle, of that ilk, near Glasgow."

Religious services being closed, with the holy benediction pronounced by Cargil, several of the knights addressed the meeting. All were of the opinion that *something ought to be done.* But there was a lamentable want of harmony as to the manner in which that *something* might be done. They all resolved that the minions of tyranny, and the evil counsellors, around the throne, should be overthrown and dispersed. But, each speaker had his opinion as to the most effective way of reaching this object. Every one bewailed the state o' Scotland, and the Kirk o' God. All was at stake. But there was a want of union among the efficient leaders; and a fatal apathy among the nobility. But, by multiplying these conventicles, and coming to them armed, they did indulge the hope of rousing even the nobles to a sense of the danger of their Kintry before her liberty, and the Reformed religion should be finally extinguished. "Yes," cried Lord Kardross, "we claim no higher titles than lovers o' oor Kintry and defenders o' that faith intrusted to us by oor brave and pious ancestors. Let these conventicles, these meetings of a people determined to be free, be multiplied ower the laun. They are terrible to tyranny, and atheism. Let them ca' them—as the minions and base loons about the council, du ca' them, the *rendezvouses of rebellion.* For me, I pledge mysel, and my estate, and sacred honour, to wage war against thae miscreants, wha poison the ears o' his Majesty." "And I," cried Lord Cranston, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword—"do, before high heaven, pledge thee to stand by thy side."

Here the bustle and noise which had begun during the elder Lord Kardross' speech, was increasing into a tumult. And one of their sentinels rushing into the midst of the people, cried out, "a party of dragoons is approaching, at full gallop; and they have every appearance of the life-guardsmen, and the furious riding of the commander, is like the riding of Graham of Claverhouse, the Jehu o' the Tories!"

JAMES GRAHAM, usually called *Claverhouse*, or *Claverse*, was a remote branch of the house of Graham, Marquis of Montrose. And his very name and relationship called up only painful associations in the mind of every Scottish patriot.

He had been abroad in the French wars. He arrived in Scotland in the year 1677. He might be about thirty or thirty-five years of age. There was nothing prepossessing in his personal appearance. He was in stature, rather small; but was possessed of great muscular strength. His form could not be pronounced handsome. His arms were too long in proportion to his lower extremites. His service and exposures abroad, had rendered his complexion extremely dark and swarthy. His face was an index of his mind:—cautious, cunning, and distrustful, he viewed those about him, as enemies, until he found them friends. Conscious of being hated by the multitude, as well on account of the name and memory of Montrose; as on account of his own early indications of unamiable traits of character,—he was suspicious of those who approached him; and restless and unhappy when alone. In his manners he was harsh, impatient, revengeful. In politics, so far as his manner of life had allowed him to look into that science, he was a thorough disciple of Machiavelism. Individual rights, and the privileges of the subject, he utterly contemned. Pleas for liberty he laughed to scorn, as the cantings of unsuccessful hypocrites. Measuring other men by his own feelings, he considered patriotism, as a word invented to impose on fools. Self-interest and love of glory, (to which he was passionately devoted,) were judged by him the only motives which guided every man's actions. Long accustomed to desperate enterprises, in foreign service, and habituated to deeds of cruelty, and cold-blooded murders in the fields of Scotland, there was a wildness and ferocity in his looks. The hand of God which writes legible characters on the faces of remarkable knaves and villains, had denied to his features every line of beauty and regularity, either male or female. Nay, it had set down the prominent marks of what was, every way, the reverse. And, his course of life had improved the wrong way, on the natural deformity of his face, to a fearful degree. The strong and uniform exercises of his vigorous mind had made his face

a tolerably exact index of it. There was no lighting up of sprightliness therein. He was an entire stranger to that delicacy and refinement of soul, which can light up the face with the charms of moral beauty. He had the iron soul of the *soldado*. His countenance was naturally gloomy and down-cast. And when his soul was kindled into fury, his countenance darted terror into the hearts of even his own military executioners. His face was rather long than oval, by reason of his cheeks being straight and lank. His eye-brows were heavy, and of a singular shape. They were thrown up at their outer extremities, and drawn downward at their junction, where they were gathered into a kind of knot. His eyes were grey, small, hollow, and restless. They had not the fire of vivacity; nor yet the lustre of genius, as some have fabulously sung. His nose was straight, raised in the middle though not roman, and not deformed. His chin was long:—and it was surmounted by a mouth of an extraordinary shape. It was large, from the circumstance of its extreme angles being drawn downward and backward, precisely as we see on certain faces of men who have long been in the habit of intense application to deeds, cruel, and revolting to human nature. His teeth were large and irregular. His upper lip was short, and gently curved: and his upper teeth projected over his under lip. As if he had made *Julian Apostate* his model, he had, in some way, wrought his mouth and features into the shape and configuration of that emperor's striking face, as seen on ancient coins.

His manners, as may well be conceived, were by no means, those of an accomplished gentleman. He had never had the opportunity of mingling with the noble and the gay; or the learned and polished. In the French service his rank was not high enough to entitle him to this privilege. His comrades and associates were, in fact, those foreign adventurers; those *soldados* from various nations, who sell themselves to the best bidder; that is to say,—of the highest wages, and the best rations: desperate men, living literally by their swords: ready for any enterprise, or desperate daring; without consciences; moving mechanically in the execution of the laudable, or damning orders of their masters and hirers: and who gravely try to kill as many of the species as they can reach,—who ne-

ver did them the least injury; and who kill the individuals brought within their range, merely because their hirers *call* them *enemies*; and *pay* them to kill them! Wine, and loose company occupy their hours, spared from killing; or from learning the art of killing men. And the anticipations of battles, and of plunder, engross the chief part of their barbarous communion and conversation with each other.

Hence, it was not true,—and it was not possible, in the nature of things, to be true—that Claverse could have these accomplishments of mind, or these polished manners, with which he has been glorified in romance. It sets all paradoxes and absurdities at defiance, when they hold up *this butcher of the unarmed peasantry*,—this ferocious foreign trained *soldado*, as an amiable and pretty lady's man, Heaven save the mark! Every lady's heart, of Scotland, revolts at this imputation: and pronounces it false and libellous on nature! And the public mind of Scotland, shrewd in forming an estimate on matters of this kind; and accurate, and faithful in transmitting it, has long been plainly told—and is still plainly told of Claverse. It cannot be mistaken by us in its sentence. And the national sentence is not wrong. All the efforts of her poets, and some of her historians, and the magic influence of her enchanting romancers notwithstanding,—Scotland has lifted her awful voice, and has pronounced his memory damned to everlasting infamy: and all the water of her blue lakes, and all the salt floods which flow around her shores, cannot wash away the guilt of Claverse and the persecutors, who shed the blood of her Christian patriots!

And it is well known that the descendants of the sufferers, not to mention many of the more enlightened class of the Tories, have exalted Claverse to the rank of companionship, and high rivalship with a personage of no ordinary class. There is a well known proverb current over Scotland, among the children of the Martyrs, and their associates, who bless their sweet memory; and deck their sepulchral monuments. This proverb records this unenvied honour, from one generation to another. When Scotland speaks of some awful and gruesome being—some terrible mischief-making agent, she exclaims—"IT MAUN BE THE DEEL, OR CLAVERSE!

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the name, and the approach of Claverse struck terror into this meeting. Through the overspreading boughs of the trees, under which they sat, they preceived, at a distance, the military party approaching. It was an affecting contrast to every thing around them, on which the eye suddenly glanced, and on which the soul spent a thought as rapidly as the lightning's wing. There were on the one side the lovely scenes of spring, the green meadow, and its yellow gowans; the green trees, the unmoved and merry songsters which carolled it on the branches, and poured their wild music through the groves; the beautiful and interesting group of human beings; the love and harmony of the assembly of Covenanters; the solemn worship of God, the deliberations on the salvation of their Country. On the other side, in the distant perspective, there was the military display, the brilliant colours, the waving plumes, the glancing armour, the furious horse, and his still more furious rider, urging on to the deeds of destruction.

The first concern of the men, and the gallant youth, was to secure the safety of the females; and next of the Pastors. Amid the tumult and shrieking which arose on all sides, when the bugle note rung through the forest, as the party perceived the Conventicle, the ladies stood calm and collected for a moment. But, when the name of Claverse passed from sentinel to sentinel, and sounded on their ears, they shuddered, and pressed their daughters to their bosoms. The revolting deeds of violence, with which Galloway and Clydesdale rung, had damned Claverse in the opinion of every virtuous female.

The business of retreat was accomplished with great promptitude, and success. The dense underwood along the braes facilitated the escape of the great body of the people. They had marvellously disappeared in a few moments. Claverse halted at the outer skirt of the wood, and sent a few of his men to reconnoitre. He also detached a small party round, in the course into which he perceived a multitude of the people retreating. In the confusion which this created, it unfortunately happened that his dragoons seized a few of the most respectable people; and carried them off, notwithstanding every effort to rescue them. Among these were Lady Torwoodlee, Lady

Galashiels; Lady Newton; also Laird Ashiestiel and his lady; Lady Fernylie, and the Honourable Mrs. Pringle, (a relation of Torwoodlee) and her beautiful daughter Miss Pringle.*

But the objects of peculiar attraction, on the part of our gallant youth, were Helen Wardlaw, Mary Stewart, Anna Burleigh Stewart; and especially James Stewart, the heir of Sir James Stewart,—and his bride, Euphemia Maxwell, the beautiful daughter of the Knight of Netherpolloch,—who had, this morning, been united in marriage, in the midst of the happy family circle of Carlsness, after a long and painful absence, on the part of Sir James, in Holland, into which the persecution had driven him. Around these, the choice of the youth crowded,—Annandale, Semple, Mauchlin, and the gallant youth Kardross collected all their dependants, and servants on the spot, and presented a firm phalanx to the rapidly approaching enemy.

They succeeded in conducting the Ladies in safety into the Castle. A band of the most resolute young men were drawn up in front of the house; and good marksmen were stationed at each of the windows below and above. Claverse made an attack on them, again and again, both in front and in rear of the Castle. But he was repulsed with loss, by the well-directed fire from the windows, and from the guard in front.

While Claverse was thus employed in attempting to carry the Baronet's house, Sir James Stewart, the younger, made an attempt to escape with his bride.

He had succeeded in reaching a clump of young trees in the rear of the Castle,—and there, with a few trusty servants, he had got his bride mounted on a gallant grey charger,—and himself mounted by her side, they set out at full speed down the lawn, towards the woods which skirted the meadows. Unfortunately Claverse perceived them, and gave instant chase with a select party of his life guards. The loud bugle note rang back from the greenwood, while each party with whip and rowel urged their gallant steeds into furious chase. Never was the red deer so hotly chased along the Highland mountain, or the

* This is no fiction: it belongs to the history of this period.

Lowland vale,—as was the party of bonny Phemy Maxwell on her wedding day!

But Sir James Stewart had formed his plans in the best style. It is no easy task to out-general an Embro lawyer,—especially when he has so much at stake as our hero had. Just as Claverse gave the signal to pursue the wedding party, Sir Robert Hamilton, and Master James with a few young Countrymen, well mounted—on the one side: and the young noblemen on the other, set out from the right and left of the Castle, and directed their force on the right and left of Claverse.

The party of life guards led by Claverse, was fast approaching Sir James and his bride. Their escape seemed hopeless. A bullet from the brass pistol of Claverse, struck the grey steed which carried the bride. The gallant beast pranced, and wheeled round, the bride kept her saddle with the greatest presence of mind, and good horsemanship. But the horse reeled, and fell with her. Sir James threw himself from his horse, and sprang to her relief. Heedless of his own danger, he had raised his bride from the horse's feet, and was pressing her to his heart,—while he cast a look of despair on her,—not knowing whether the bullet of Claverse, had struck her. In a moment his sweetest hopes began to vanish. And that courage, which in his own individual case, would have risen up in despair,—and have hurried him like a lion into the midst of the combat, was dissipated in a moment,—as he turned his eye of despair on his fallen bride;—and the enemy already upon him. A look, and a smile from his bride, in that awful moment soon told him that she was not wounded. He threw himself in a bending position over her, to receive the death stroke; and shield his beloved;—being content if he could only purchase her life, at the expense of his own!

At this critical moment,—like their guardian angels—Sir Robert with the laird of Torfoot, and Master James, on the one side, and the young noblemen, with their friends on the other, reached the party of Claverse; and made a furious dash at them, from opposite sides. Several troops of Claverse were prostrated in his rear; and tumbled headlong from their saddles. Sir Robert rushed forward upon Claverse himself. A well-aimed blow at the proud neck of his gallant horse disabled him: He fell; and Claverse was

thrown to the ground. And had he been the object of Sir Robert's attention, at this moment, the world might never have been pained and disgusted with the bloody raids, inflicted afterwards on Clydesdale and Galloway. But the soul of our hero was absorbed with the danger and the deliverance of Sir James and his blooming bride. Indeed, so completely was his mind engrossed with the rescue of the wedded pair, that he was scarcely conscious of the condition, or even the presence of Claverse.

The associates of Sir Robert rushed, *pell mell*, on the military chieftain. Some of them, unhorsed like himself, met him face to face, and sword in hand. But his gallant troopers fell on them with an irresistible force, and succeeded in extricating their colonel from the hands of Semple and Annandale. The gallant youth fought, for a brief space, with great courage. But superior numbers, as well as military skill, drove them back.

It was during the interval of this close conflict, that Sir Robert had, in a lucky moment, drawn off Sir James Stewart and his beautiful bride, into the adjacent thicket, and had mounted them on his own black steed. And he saw, with delight, the noble animal, with the fleetness of an arrow, bear his double charge, across the meadow, and over the plain, along the banks of the Clyde, into the high-way. Then, as if conscious of his own strength, as he felt his hoofs on the well-beaten pathway, the gallant St. Andrew, redoubled his speed, and bore the happy pair in triumph far beyond the reach of danger.

Sir Robert now hurried back from the thicket whence he had despatched his interesting charge, and rallied his retreating friends with a loud cheering shout. And throwing himself on the stray horse of Sir James Stewart, which one of his attendants had secured for him, he rushed forward upon Claverse's party. Several of the dragoons fell beneath the sword of his associates, but Claverse, mounted on a fresh horse, retreated; and summoned his party to fall back on the main body of his troops. They lost no time in pursuing him. But they reached the house only in time to see the whole party march off, with their prisoners. They found none of their associates in sufficient strength to attempt a rescue. It was to no purpose they summoned aid from the castle; the bugle note, in vain,

sounded loudly to arms, through the adjacent woods. Their friends had all been dispersed. And those within the castle were well satisfied, with having succeeded in saving the castle, and the inmates thereof.

Claverse, mistaking those notes for the signal to a fresh rencountre, moved off in quick march, and in good order, being content with the trophies, which he had secured, of a dear-bought victory.

The family of Carlsness and their friends having been put into a state of security, Burleigh and Torfoot escorted Bailey Wardlaw and the fair Helen Wardlaw safely to Glasgow. And Sir Robert Hamilton with the Lords Mauchlin, Semple, and Annandale, set out on the footsteps of Sir James Stewart, anxious to learn the fate of the gallant young knight and his bonny bride. They traced them through Hamilton and the neighbouring villages, to Netherpollock. There they found them in the bosom of their friends, and were in good season to share the nuptial entertainment, enhanced by the presence and hospitable welcome of the good old knight and his lady.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure;
For goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy wrongs.
Thy title is affeered!—Fare thee well, lord,
I would not be the villian that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot!"—SHAKESPEARE'S MACBETH.

We return now to Claverse and his prisoners. That military chieftain, looking frequently behind him, like one apprehensive of a pursuit, and a rescue, urged forward his prisoners with unremitting activity.

"Look, soldiers, to your carabines," cried he, "see that ye have them in prime order. And, hear me, fellows, for by the soul of Montrose, I swear it shall be done, if the whiggamores come to a rescue, your first business shall be, hark ye, to hew doon ilka soul, and mither's son o' the pri-

soners, man and woman, by Hades. And ye'll reserve yer fire for the fanatics who may assail us."

The females shrieked and looked around them. And an involuntary exclamation of horror burst from a young man, who rode near Claverse, muffled up in a large cloak, with a slouched hat and plume.

"What gear hae we got here," cried Col. Graham as he bent on the youth his keen eyes, "Parbleu! Ha! Morbleu! Il-y-est, par St. Louis! No. It cannot be, though—I must be deceived. The deevil cannot be turned precisian." He added, in a low mutter, to himself.

"I believe you know me, Colonel Graham," said the youth with perfect *sang-froid*, as he turned his face on the officer of the guards. "On a visit to Sir James—he has a fine daughter—caught in your sweeping net. Ouis, ouis, Colonel, that's all." And he began to hum the butt end of an old Scotch song.

"So, so, hum, parbleu! by the beard of St. Nicholas! In the name o' the deel is this you, young Perth?

"Even so, Colonel, the son of my father, who greets you richt weel, Colonel Graham."

"And so, sir, que le diable! parbleu! sir, is it befitting, sir, the son o' yer noble faither, to be found, sir, at a daumed conventicle!"

"Sir, I am a free-born Scotchman, and so, sir, let me e'en whisper in yer lug a halsam secret. The blood o' the auncient nobles o' Scotland is in my young veins. And I winna be catechised by men o' steel and buff. . I was where I was, wi' the gude leave o' Perth, I and my youthful tutor here. I am bound for Embro, Colonel. Pleasureth it yer high mightiness to travel in my company? Your prisoner! Do not tak on at that rate, Colonel, or I shall hae ye reported afore the Cooncil, as one wha has run red wud mad. Yer actions, colonel, wull uphauld the belief. There is mae than I, or they o' my retinue," added the youth as he looked over the party of prisoners," wha fairly believe ye mair fit for bedlam than for runnin' loose ower Scotland, haggin' and hashin' doon honest folks, mair decent and unspeakably better behaved than yersel. Ae word mair and then, I sall let ye till't, for I see ye're lik to burst. No ae lady shall be insulted afore my een. The blood o' a Drummond beats in my arteries. And, by heaven! ye ken what that says, colonel.

Col. Graham's face at first burnt with indignation. The blood which mounted up sent a red hue over his dark features, and it seemed for a few moments like the copper colour of an Indian. His eyes shot fire and wrath. He bit his lip, and his right hand was already on the hilt of his sword. But he restrained his feelings and was silent. He was evidently measuring his reply. For he feared, as indeed, he had reason to fear, old Perth, the father.

Drummond observed his confusion, and went on—"And so, worthy Colonel, we here, that is to say, Lady Torwoodlee here, and Lady Galashiels, and Lady Newton, and Lady Ashiestiel, and her caro sposa, and Lady Fernylie, and the honourable Mrs. Pringle and her beautiful daughter, and I, the son of my father, and Master James there, are a' to be slaughtered, by the gallant Colonel Graham, and his douce lambs there, if the whiggamores should happen to tauk it intil their noddles to show themsels in strength, on the moors, a thing by nae means unfeasible.

"I beg pardon, Lady Torwoodlee, Lady Galashiels, I present the gallant Colonel Graham to you."

The ladies nodded to him from their palfreys. And Claverse raising himself upon his huge military saddle, made a haughty nod of recognition, as he touched his hat with his buff gauntlet, spotted with recent blood,

"I hae had the honour o' meetin' the gentleman, mair than aince, I believe," said Lady Torwoodlee. And she threw on him her dark eyes, flashing irrepressible indignation. Lady Galashiels smiled, Claverse bit his lip, and coloured.

After a pause of a few moments, Claverse replied, and not so much to her words, as to her looks of reproach.

"It's the wull o' his maist sacred majesty that this wark be dune. And unworthy as I am, while I hae the honour o' bearin, a commission, I must e'en sacrifice my *feelings* to the duty whilk I owe my maist gracious sovereign. Nay, smile not. Par le diable! I'm as serious, as I am orthodox. What hae thae deels o' bodies, the *subjects*, whilk is to say the slaves of his maist sacred majesty, to do but to receive on their knees, his maist gracious majesty's dictatings on a' points, temporal and spiritual? They owe him eternal gratitude that he should spare sae meikle time, frae his horses and hounds, as to prescribe a form o' religion to

them, or the like o' them! Que le diable! What richt hae they to think for themsels?

"Why, madam!" continued he in reply to the lady's look of unutterable contempt, "Parbleu! are their souls mair precious than the soul o' his maist sacred majesty, or mine? Pu! hu! if we hae any souls at a', their's are as meikle inferior to oor's, as the vile moss hagg puddle o' blude that creeps through their veins, is inferior to the blude o' majesty and nobility! Has na his maist sacred majesty, wat ye, by virtue o' his *divine richt*, a' power to dictate to the souls o' sic dogs, e'en as I hae a richt to dictate to my blackguards there, or to the dogs o' my kennel?"

"Praise be blessed!" cried Lady Torwoodlee, "for the wonderful improvement in the mode o' governing that has come in wi' the Stuart family, heaven bless them! The cares o' State are a mere trifle to his maist sacred Majesty, and sae are military cares to our adored and gallant soldiers. They can spare us time to tak the cure o' oor souls. The King and Col. Graham are, mairover, become sic sagacious casuists, and sae condescending in their apostolical piety, that they spare nae pains and nae means, military and prelatic, to bring us back frae a' oor wanderings, and to wyse us, in by thae meek and gentle guides, to wit—Colonel Graham and his military ruling elders: they reclaim us frae oor wilfu' errors, and wyse us, puir wandering sheep, by the haly slap* o' prelatism, into the true fauld! And praise be blessed; sae effectually earnest is the royal and military care ower sic wilfu' craters, that they graciously compel us by cauld steel! Blessings on their bowels o' mercy and compassion! Should we yet still be wilfu' and wander by the puddled waters o' presbytery, they break oor necks and hang us up. For surely it is better to kill us, than to leave us to wander frae the green faulds o' divine prelatism! Lang life, and a wally share o' grace to them whae are sae zealous for oor saul's safety. And, hech, sirs, if the spiritually-minded Charles II., and his apostolic worthy of his host, to wit,—Col. Graham, should gang aff untimeously, by some wicked whig's bullet,—in grace's name wha wad bestow on us sic spiritual and military labours to guide us to the gate o' prelatism, the only safe way to heaven?

*Anglice, *the gate*, or wide entrance into the sheep-fold.

Claverse looked earnestly on Lady Torwoodlee, but she was too grave to betray herself under this burst of satire.

"Parbleu, ma chere Madame! Mon Dieu! Lady," cried he, "ye tak on ower seriously! Ye utterly mistake me," he added, as he could perceive no trace of a smile of ridicule on her countenance, "the King, my maist gracious sovereign, while he exercises his absolute authority and supremacy by *divine richt*, derived frae *King Henry* VIII, o' blessed memory, ower the bodies, souls, and consciences o' his subjects, disna place the value o' a hilt tassel on yer souls and their salvation. He disna compel ye intil heaven! Ha, ha, ha! Why, cod's fish! the anointed o' the Lord disna compel himsel or me; nor does he wyse ye that airt, Lard pity ye'r weakness! Why he simply wants the power and supremacy, in a' things. Noo, Lady, if yer Whiggery will let you open yer ears to coort orthodoxy, here it is,—only confess my maist gracious sovereign king and head o' the church, and sole lord o' yer conscience; and he'll let you stand neutral as it regards a' invisible powers, and the contendin' parties o' heaven and hell; neutral ye may remain, as it were, atween Christ and the deevil! Only if there be ony wee difference o' inclination, its the safer doctrine, by oor courtly standard, just to incline a wee bit to the latter! For by the soul o' Montrose, we hae ay found the men who inclined to Christ and his cause, to be Whigs, just as sure as a gun! And it is just aboot as impossible to mak yer Whig christian leal to oor maist gracious sovereign, as it wad be to mak the lord paramount o' the bottomless pit a douce and quiet citizen! But them we find gude and leal subjects, wha swear and bouse, and ban the covenants,—even though they also send the priest, curates, church and a', to Sathan, ten times a day! Noo, hear me a bit mair,—for laird, it's maist practical doctrine, because if ye be converted to oor way o' thinking it may save you,—from being hanged.

"If ye tak up ony religion at a'—its true ye can be just as weel without it, as my maist gracious sovereign tells us in a roar o' merriment, ower his cups, ilka day,—but if ye tak up ony ane, ye maun ken that he wull let you be saved, only through the yett o' prelacy. That's the only gentlemanly way o' being religious. Not that I wad

insinuate that this is the better, or the best. But simply, my lady, because the King, my maist sacred and gracious master, has, by his *divine richt and supremacy*, deigned to proclaim it to be the only way o' salvation, to ilka soul and mither's son o' ye, and a' his subjects!"

"Blessings on ye, oor spiritual and military reformer!" cried Lady Torwoodlee, "Ye hae been drinkin' deeply in at the sacred fountain o' ghostly lair: ye maun hae been fructifying maist edifyingly under the dew and droppings o' gude and godly James Sharp, the holy primate o' a' Scotland. Yer spiritual conceivings and godly talk are as like ane anither's, as twa peas!

"And, pray," continued the lady, "should oor maist sacred majesty by virtue o' his supremacy, pronounce papistrie to be the orthodox religion, wad it no be yer duty to draw oot yer apostolical and military powers and yer black guards there, yer ruling elders, to compel us into heaven by the only divine yett o' papistrie?"

"Unquestionably, Madam, parbleu! if my maist gracious sovereign says it, it's eneugh for me!" cried Claverse.

"Most devoted footman! admirable slave!" whispered Lady Galashiels to young Drummond.

"Yes," replied he, "this is the fanatic Graham of Claverhouse. The Whigs cant and are enthusiasts *their* way. Claverse, who by the way is a mere echo o' the priest ridden Cooncil o' State, does cant *his* way, is a fanatic,—enthusiastic worshipper o' tyranny! The whigs avowedly and fearlessly place the crown o' supremacy in religious matters, on the head o' Ane wha can wear it,—even the Lord Jesus Christ.—Claverse, with equal and martial zeal, places it on the head o' ane in whom they wha are nearest him, canna, wi' e'en the help o' magnifying glasses, discern ae genuine virtue, or the semblance o' decent morals! Unco little ken I on thae affairs, but a child may here discern the disgusting cant, and the bathos, set down side by side, with the beautiful and the sublime! These are the men and their sentiments which James Arch-bishop Sharp calls *fanatics!*"

"Yes," cried the lady, "and the sentiments which that parasite o' tyranny, has just noo re-echoed, cuckoo-like, frae the priest-ridden court o' Charles II., canna exist in the society o' Whigs. The spirit o' Sharpe, and of Cla-

verse couldna breathe, nor exist in a Conventicle o' Whigs! It's not to be wondered at that they hate and curse the "*Conventicle*," as Sathan hates and curses a meeting o' the angels o' free and haly heaven!"

"Yes, yes," cried young Drummond, "I hae heard yer conventicle, and I daily hear the communings and discoursings o' Sharpe, Rothes, and Lauderdale, at my father's table. And believe ane who can speak impartially, —o' a' the cantings that hae e'er been canted on a hill side, or in a moss-hagg Conventicle, by the maist illiterate peasants o' the land, this canting o' the lordly priests, and oor nobles is the maist degrading and disgusting! They cant o' the *divine richt* o' kings! and the divine richt o' diocesan bishops! and absolute submission! and passive obedience! Heaven save the mark!—But, in the very nature of things, the very sublimity and beauty o' the Whig ideas,—pure, beautiful, sublime religion,—the exaltation o' their Maker, —the exaltation o' Jesus Christ over all tyrants, and over all creatures,—then there are man's unalienable rights of liberty, and freedom of conscience,—in the very nature of things their sentiments are as high above those of the Tories, as are the heavens over the dirty earth! But let us hear Lady Torwoodlee, who has taken up Claverse on another point.

"But in yer spiritual vocation, Col. Graham, o' compelling the lambs, and sheep o' Scotland's mountains, into the haly faulds o' prelatism, micht ye not use some sma' grains o' mercy? There's naething like illustrations frae living and recorded actions, Colonel. And yer ain gallant deeds wull afford the materials."

Colonel Graham grinned: and Lady Torwoodlee went on:—

"Puir Jeany Dean, ye ken wha I mean,—has lost her twa fingers, by means o' the fiery matches, whilk the converting zeal o' Col. Graham, oor lady's accomplished man, as the tories humorously ca' ye,—did actually cause to be applied to her hauns, and blawn into fury by the breath o' yer soldiers. The fingers hae drapt aff!"

"Parbleu! sacre diable! Madame, she got her deservings. She actually refused to test her loyalty by informing against her rebel sons: or even by discovering the lurking place o' her husband! Was na that guilt eneugh?"

Lady Torwoodlee went on without noticing this appropriate barbarism of the cruel soldado. "Puir Jamie Elshender, round whase skull Col. Graham twisted the cord, with his pistolet, until the bone cracked, has, since that run stark mad! And the puir demented thing ran about Torwoodlee for mony a day, howling pitifully. And ilka day as he heard the tramp o' ony horse foot approaching, he wad cry oot, '*Oh Lard, it's Claverse!*' But, noo, he rests in peace, for God took him to himself.

"And only twa days by gane, Sir, as the inoffensive natural puir *Daft Rab*, wha was sae cruelly robbed o' his widow mother, by—Colonel, ye ken wha, at Balernoch,—was coming doon the Lang Loan, on ane errand o' charity frae his protectress, Helen Wardlaw: and as he was makin' bank and brae ring wi' his wild note, and his favourite cracked violin, in which he coupled his puir mither's name, wi' ane execration on bludy McKenzie, and her murderers; Captain Arrol, there, yer meek ruling Elder, passed him on horseback..... and dashed his brains oot wi' his ferara. And he didna e'en turn him aboot to bestow a leuk on his mangled victim! Puir Rab! thoo fellest bewailed by mony a gude man, and by nane mair than bonny Helen Wardlaw! But there's a day coming!".....

Claverse bit his lip, and cast a look on Captain Arrol,—who had heard every word,—but was busying himself in adjusting his plume, and pressing his steel cap down on his brow.

"And this is na a'," continued the undaunted lady, and she cast on Claverse a look of unutterable scorn and disgust. "The wife o' oor gude and trusty tenant, James Hislop, ——— the 'polite and well-bred lady's man,' Col. Graham, knows the deed of *villainy*, I allude to,—she, puir young thing, has died o' a broken heart,—being torn away frae her wee greetin' bairns and husband. She lies noo, withering in the grave! And the demented husband cruelly widowed, by you, o' his bonny and faithfu' Jeanie, sits wi' his puir mitherless bairns, on his knees and weeps, and refuses to be comforted! And, Sir, as there's justice in heaven, thae tears wull be recorded in the book o' the Almighty. My sons hae decked her grave: and thae hands o' mine, Sir, planted the willow tree that throws its weeping branches ower her grave. The men o' Lothian

winna forget the deed sune. Your name is in their cups, Sir; and its nae ordinary a toast."

During this unmerciful scourging,—the more severe, inasmuch as every word told truth,—Claverse displayed the utmost impatience and fury. At one time he would cast his eyes around him, as if to convince himself that he was not in the midst of an ambuscade of Whigs,—seeing that the lady went on so recklessly; at another, he would pull his steel half way out of its scabbard: then he would plunge his rowels into the sides of the noble animal which carried him; while it replied to his cruelty by prancing and kicking furiously.

But as the last part of the lady's speech fell on his hearing,—presenting, first a scene of blackguardism, with which, for the honour of human nature, scarcely even a ruffian can bear to hear his name coupled:—and, then, throwing out something more than a hint of what his own mind had often threatened, as the result of his bandit life,—he grasped the reins of the lady's horse, and exclaimed—"By the saucred heavens,—Madam,—and the red hot beard of king Sathan"—

"Poh! poh! Colonel," cried the Lady Torwoodlee, laying her hand on his arm in the most provoking composure, and a confiding air,—"A gallant man never interrupts a lady. Come, let me be the corypheus of your praise and glory."—She went on.

"And that widow's son,—a bonny young lad, whom you caused to be shot,—as he ran bickering, and stumbling frae his mither's cottage,—was nae rebel, Sir; but as braw a dutiful son, and a loyal, as e'er tended sheep on Yarrow or Teviot. He was simply terrified at your approach. E'en his face could na reproach him wi' a crime. And if ilka bonny lass, and braw lad wha shudders at the approach o' the *gallant* Col. Graham—be guilty o' heigh treason—then, my certie! the king has a' oor virtuous youth against him! and red wud guilty o' heigh treason too are they a'."

And let me refresh your memory a wee bit further—I pray thee, Colonel, why a' this impatience," continued Lady T. with an air of condescending dignity.

"Thae three unarmed men," continued she, laying her hand on his buff gauntlet, as she rode by his side, "on

whom Colonel Graham, and his passing troops made a gallant charge, as they lay among the gowans on a green brae side, ae sunny Sabbath morning,—*and fairly routed—and slew*,—waur na guilty o' ony overt act. They were na e'en on yer list o' rebels. But they were drinking in rebellion, howsomever—frae a richt dangerous beuk,—a beuk that breathes death to tyranny, and the minions o' tyranny. Ay! Colonel; They were reading their HALY BIBLE!!—And that puir ninth part o' a man—that *tailor lad*, when gangin' peaceably to his honest wark, ae monday morning—you gallantly charged wi' yer cavalry, and shot down in the field. And what, in the name o' a' that's chivalrous could a silly tailor lad do against a host o' armed men! You shot him, Colonel; then you tried him; and after he was dead you condemned him, because he was guilty o' rinnin' frae ye—and because he was, upon earnest search, found guilty o' the treasonable deed o' *having ane auld broken flint—and a bit o' lead in his pocket!!* Yes, Colonel; they wha witnessed the exploit, said it was a gallant charge, in true military style,—when Col. Graham, the redoubted knight, and his troop bore down with sword and pistolet on the *solitary tailor!* who was armed with a bit o' lead and a broken flint!! They say the rumour of the day noo is, in the courtly circle, that some twa three sic exploits, achieved against the unarmed peasantry, prove you a gallant and enterprising officer;—and wull infallibly raise ye to the peerage! Ye'll be made a viscount, or a lord! Lard help us! for freeing the nation frae deadly skaith, frae shepherd lads, tailor bodies, and silly naturels!"

This touched Claverse in a sore part: his ambition ever looked to promotion and nobility: and he was prepared to walk over his prostrate country, if he could only attain his ambitious views. His face coloured, and a glow of gathering wrath passed over his iron countenance; while his eyes from their hollowed sockets glared a terrific threat. His fresh meditation of vengeance was interrupted by Lady Newton, who, at this moment, interfered; and driving up her gallant grey between Claverhouse, and Lady Torwoodlee; and bowing from her saddle, with one of the prettiest smiles imaginable, entered into parlance with the Colonel.

"May it pleasure the gallant Colonel to hear me. Be oor failings what they may, the heart o' oor sex has ne'er been accused o' ingratitude. We canna, then, be backward in pleasuring the heart o' the gallant man wha has sae generously, and in true cavalier style, condescended to escort us, wi' sic a brilliant retinue, to the metropolis."

"There were, ye maun ken, Sir Cavalier, not far away, twa bonny peasant maidens. They were the rose and the lily o' the Lang Dale. And they had their flocks; for they were, shepherdesses. They had their bower on yander brae: and it was theeket ower wi' rashes: the neighbour shepherds did it: for they were rivals far and near, wha should gain the smiles o' the bonny Avendale maidens. Weel, thae twa bonny bairns were captured at a Conventicle. A certain Colonel, unco far famed ower a' Scotland, dragged wi' unrelenting fury, the pretty maidens afore the Council. He was aided in this cavalier and soldierlike deed, by that military worthy, Dalziel o' Binns, the knight o' the lang pale face, fiery een, and the grey fleece. La! what a huge lion's mane the Muscovegian savage hangs out over his vile chouks, and adown to his girdle!

"Weel, they were brocht afore the haly seat o' justice whaur Rothes displays the bowels o' compassion; and whaur Geordie McKenzie, (wha used to be a lang-faced douce flatterer below the salt, at my father's table,) neer pleads awa' the lives o' the martyrs! Not he, but has a particular faculty in his ain way, o' saving the Justiciary, that is to say, the *Criminal Lords*, meikle trouble, by just fixing *first*, on the mainer o' the pannel's execution; and *then* by putting the sentence into the doomster's lips, and *then*, trying him. Here, in this *pure Court*, thae young maidens were condemned *purely for their religious opinions!* Nae conspiracy, nae overt act was even alleged in the ditty. Thy were condemned, because they wad na' talk wicked nonsense: and pronounce on civil, and ecclesiastical questions; and whine and cant the Tory's cant about *absolute supremacy;* and *the divine richt* of prelates, and of truculent tyrants! whase tender mercy is cruelty! And, oh! haly heaven! thae twa maidens were executed—cruelly executed, at the cross o' Embro; ane o' them in the bloom o' eighteen: the other twenty-two! Oh! Scotland! Oh! chivalry, where lurked the coward spirits o' thy craven

shepherd youth then! Or in that horrid hour when my bonny blooming *Peggy* was drowned, at a stake, in roaring Solway's tide, by bloody Grierson o' Lagg! and oor gallant *Cavalier Graham here!*"

The fury of Claverse may be more easily conceived, than expressed, at this startling apostrophe. He was about to take some summary mode of vengeance on the lady, when his attention was suddenly drawn away by the call of his van guard, who announced a village in view. He hurried to the front, and ordered the soldiers to close around the prisoners, and to look well to their carabines; and guard against any attempt to rescue the prisoners.

Having passed the village, and the soldiers having again spread themselves out, in an easy march, Lady Torwoodlee once more placed herself close by Claverse, and began to divert him with some *badinage*, about the scenes of mirth and festivity at Torwoodlee, when her husband had entertained Graham, and a party of his military associates.

"But come, Colonel, I will tell ye a parable, for this long road, and yer scanty allowance of time for refreshments, require something intellectual to beguile *ennui*.

"Auld Elspeth, in the Cottage at our meadow foot, saw a wonderfu' sicht t' other day. The very bairns hung on the lap o' the auld heelan body; and the neebours sat them doon, and laying their hauns on their mouths, they listened wi' reverence to her revealings.

"There lay, far stretched oot afore her auld een, a dark heathery mountain's side. At the foot o't, there stood a hamlet, a stane biggin, wi' its steep roof o' green divets. In the distant perspective there was a deep gap in the adjoining hill. The roaring mountain stream poured its muddy flude ower the rock. Auld Elspeth screamed as she saw a troop o' furious dragoons gallop doon through the red gap. The heavy volume o' mist rolled ower the cottage and the dark heathery mountain. The troopers galloped along, and were speedily lost in the mist. A piteous wail issued frae the mist. A comely peasant woman stood in front o' the cottage wi' a bonny smilin bairn in her arms, and twa, three clung to her knees. She looked with eager and terrific een to the mountain side, and raised her hand to heaven. Loud wailings mingled wi' peals o' wild laughter, issued from the cloud of mist. It passed quickly off. The red-

coated troop drive afore them a venerable auld man. He is bald headed. His beard hangs on his doublet. His bonnet is in his hand. He stands firm and unmoved, while the military chief thrusts awa, wi' lood oath and profane, the weeping wee bairns clinging to their faither's knees. The wife wi' frantic gesture implores the life o' her husband, the faither o' her helpless bairns. She hands oot to the soldier the wee, sweet, blue eened smilin' babe. She fleeches, and prays, she is on her knees. And she ay points to her bairns and then to heaven. "O dinna mak me a widow, and thae innocent weans orphans! What has my Johnny eer dune? He neer wranged any, grit or sma'!" The fierce soldier pushed her from him. He gives five brief minutes to the father to prepare for eternity. Precious boon! Yet the chieftain breaks in on the sanctity o' thae five minutes. He utters profanity ower the puir dying Christian's prayer. He calls it preachin'. The dying martyr turns him round, his white hairs float in the wind, the tears are on his cheeks. He bends on the soldier his eyes streaming wi' the last tears o' his agony, and in a subdued tone, like the tones o' the peaceful dying martyr, he breathes the reproof o' that ignorance *whilk disna ken prayin' frae preachin'*. The military chief gravely bans the dying martyr, and bids him *gang on then*. The young bairns kneel doon by the side o' their prostrate parents. They clasp their wee quiverin' hauns, and leuk wistfully intil their mither's weepin een, and sob, and whisper oot, *What is the bad man gangin' to du to oor faither!* Wi' strugglin' effort, the martyr prays for the peace o' his ain soul, whilk he was noo ready to offer up, and for all purchased blessings to his distracted wife, nae mair his wife, but, noo, his widow; and his bairns, nae mair his bairns, but helpless orphans.

"Oh! faither o' the faitherless—Oh! husband o' the widow," cried he, "I leave my orphans wi' THEE and my widow—to hope in THEE. Thou hast the bowels o' pity and mercy. O take them under the wings o' thy everlasting love. Men hae nae pity nor mercy!" Wi' the cauld calculation of an asasssin, wha counts the throbbings o' his victim, and refines on his cruelty, the military chieftain waves his sword, and bids the martyr rise, and kiss his wife, and then his wee bairns! The little victims in their young

grief, wept, and sobbed, they knew not why, they cast their weepin' een frae soldier to soldier, and ay they weept mair, and wondered what was to befa' them and their father!

The martyr kissed his sweet wife, and his weans, and wet their faces wi' his gushing tears. The military chieftain covered his face with a napkin, ordered him to kneel doon in the presence o' his wife and bairns. The word was given; the soldiers fired; the martyr lay a mangled corpse. Wi' lood wailin' the wee bairns ran and fell on the body o' their bleeding faither. They raised their hauns to heaven, the puir things did na ken what they were duin'. But it was a touching appeal to the faither o' orphans, and the avenger o' murder. 'Oh! Jeemie,' shrieked oot ane o' them, 'thae men hae killed oor faither!' And they hid their faces in the bosom o' their martyred parent, and wailed most piteously.

The broken-hearted widow now wept for the first time. She set doon her wee infant wean on the grass, and began the distressing office of collecting and binding up the mangled remains o' her John. Then covering his body with her plaid, she sat doon over against them, and moaned, and wept!

The politeness o' the *gallant* officer did na prevent him frae intruding on this awfu' moment o' grief. "Woman," cried he, "what think ye o' yer husband noo?"

"I ay thocht meikle o' him, and I think as meikle o' him as e'er I did," said the new-made widow meekly, as she leuked up to heaven, whither the pure spirit o' the martyr had fled."

"Ye deserve to be laid aside him, ye bitch!" was the reply o' the *humane and enterprising* officer.

"I ken ye wad du it, and ye wad een murder thae puir bairnies likewise, but God reigns abune, and restrains the raging lion! And hoo wull ye account for this morning's wark, ken ye?"

"Account for't woman," cried the bandit, "to my maist *gracious* sovereign I can account for't, and for the Almichty I wull tak him in my ain hand!" And as he uttered these terrible words o' blasphemy, he whirled his gleaming steel around his head, while some heavy blood drops fell frae his blude-steeped buff gauntlets, upon the faces o' the widow, and her bairns. And the *bandit* wha did a' this, was—*the gallant Colonel Graham here!*"

At these words an involuntary exclamation burst from the whole party, and the ladies screamed, while Claverse, roused more by the feelings of his prisoners, than the horrid detail, clapt his hand on the hilt of his sword, and breathed a tremendous execration through his chattering teeth. But, when he perceived Perth, and all the ladies turning their eyes on him with an involuntary shudder: and even some of his own soldiers casting a look of anxious inquiry and wonder at their colonel,—his fury knew no bonds. His dark sunken eyes glared with wrath, and his harsh features became livid. He plunged his rowels into the flanks of his steed, and wheeling him round in front of the whole party, he roared out, "Gag that infernal jade, forthwith, Kennoway! Gag her, I say, by the deevil! Captain Arrol!"

"Gag Lady Torwoodlee!" exclaimed the astonished and awe-stricken soldier, who were willing to oblige their superior in any deed but this one in question, for the fact was, they had some particular respect for Lady Torwoodlee, in whose knightly hall, they had drained many a bumper, in the days of the old knight.

"Gag a lady!" exclaimed Perth, and the rest of the party.

"Yes, ye may gag me," exclaimed the persevering dame. "In that case the stanes under yer feet wad cry oot to heaven on slumbering justice. And, what wad be mair marvellous than a' this—the conscience o' Claverhouse wad cry oot—as ae day it wull cry oot—*blude!* BLUDE! BLUDE!"

The fury of Claverse here became so ungovernable, that he was actually raising the sword against the helpless lady, when Perth interfered, by rushing up between them, while he implored the dame to desist.

"My faither's dochter," cried Lady Torwoodlee, "has in her the blude, whilk boils up under a sense o' the cruelty, injustice, and tyranny exercised on free born Scotchmen! Poltroons only, and cowards can crouch beneath sic tyranny! My gallant sons are taught to wage eternal war wi' tyrants! And when they shall meet thee in the thickening combat, their steels shall not return frae the battle o' their Kintry's deliverance, till they hae drunk the blude o' tyrants—ay! and o' murderers! A day o' fearful reckoning is coming on thee, and the like o' thee, tyrant, slave!

When our gallant nobles and our commons shall since mair arise in their might like Scottish unicorns!"

"This used to be the language o' oor Wallaces, and Bruces, oor Douglases and Hamiltons, ay, and oor Campbells and Drummonds," cried Perth.

"And what for no, should it not yet be the language o' oor nobles and commons?" exclaimed Master James. "My soul is on fire while I witness the deeds o' this bludy villain—this murderer o' the peacable and unarmed peasantry. And he passes with impunity! Nay he, wha in the reign o' justice end equity, wad hae been hanged on a gallow's tree, thirty feet heigh, like Graham o' Montrose, noo reaps wealth and titles o' honour frae the hauns o' royalty for oppressing his country!"

"Alas! a besotted tyranny rides ower the land," cried Lady Gallashiels. "And we want men o' might to rise up, and tak the lead. There is yet nae man wha volunteers *to bell the cat!* The degenerate sons o' oor auncient nobility tremble. Ilka ane fears mair for his ain worthless self, than for his Kintry's wrangs. But if the present race o' *beardless* men quail, and crouch to lick the tyrant's feet, so may God do to us, and mair also, gin we wha are mothers, dinna inspire intil the young generation o' Scotland the genuine spirit o' auncient unsubduable Scottish valour."

Claverse heard none of this discourse. He had left his disagreeable company, whom he ordered his dragoons strictly to guard, under penalty of life and limb; and was now in front of the van. As he often threw his angry eye back on the enemy, like the worsted lion retreating sideways, he perceived them in close confabulation. Tyrants hate the freedom of the tongue as much as the freedom of the press. Had he been escorting a crowd of peasants he would not have hesitated at cutting them down on the spot, for the freedom of their remarks. But, as it was, the only revenge he took on our party, at this time, was to order the martial music to strike up its ear-piercing notes, and the kettle-drum its tumultuous doublings, close along the flanks of the prisoners, till rock and thicket rang. Conversation was, of course, at an end: and each one was left to follow his own meditations.

They reached Edinburgh after a painful journey, for Claverse was haunted with the fears of a rescue, and he

urged his company forward to the metropolis, without delay.

They were all placed under guard, during night: and next morning they were presented before the Council. Praise and thanks were in the first place, decreed to Colonel Graham, "for the active zeal and enterprise which he has displayed in the service of his king and country." Drummond and his Tutor were dismissed privately, with a terrible threatening whispered in their ear by Dalziel. The ladies paid their heavy fines imposed on them for the sin and scandal of visiting a Conventicle; and Claverse departed, exulting in the liberal share of the plunder, which had fallen to his lot, and humming the butt end of a French glee, as he pushed himself through the scowling crowd, who loaded him with their execrations.

In the scenes of dissipation which followed, he forgot, for a season, the scourge of Lady Torwoodlee's reproaches. And he was sober enough, in the course of a few days, to creep from his den, and rush forward on another raid, on the inhabitants of some other district of bleeding Scotland.

CHAPTER XIX.

——"My LordCardinal,
You are meek and very humble mouthed:
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride!"

SHAKESPEARE.

The situation of Master James was now become extremely painful. Every occurrence in the house of bondage, strongly reminded him of the gallant spirit of liberty breathed, amid poverty and afflictions, among the Whigs. Every sentiment and feeling of slavishness, displayed in the conversation of his superiors; and the rulers of the nation, whom he had occasion to see daily in the house of Perth, constrained him to contrast, with what he had heard and seen the noble elevation of soul, the irrepressible love of

liberty, and of country, which were inspired into their followers, by the leading Whigs.

The dazzle of honour, the fascinations of wealth, the gaiety and politeness of the licentious great, will give currency, for a season, to any class of opinions in politics and even religion. But reflection, and dear-bought experience, will gradually detect the dazzle of the tinsel: and speedily scatter the delusions of splendid ignorance and folly. There is an inconsistency, and meanness in wilful ignorance, and bigotry, which neither the pomp of nobility, nor the trappings of princely honours, can long conceal. And when they do begin to develope themselves before the minds of those who are bent on the search of truth, the reaction of public feeling is most powerfully directed against them: and they are swept away like a mound of sand, before a full spring tide!

A few days after the return of Claverse, with his prisoners, Master James and young Perth, were busily engaged on the pages of some Greek author, in the library.

Bailey Wardlaw had been introduced by young Perth, within the circle of his visitors, under a fictitious name: and Burleigh Stewart, after the dispersion at Carlsness, had ventured also, *incog.*, to visit his noble friend. For, as the Bailey had observed jocosely, yet with no small degree of practical truth, "the safest way to escape the fangs o' the wolf, Claverhouse' is just to jouk in near the lairs o' the men o' the National Cooncil. Wha wad suspect treason amang Charles' only friends? As the auld codger Crawfurd o' Powmill, cried to ane o' oor suffering friends, wha was in the act o' rinnin' frae the foemen, and implored him for God's sake, to gie him a shelter, 'Hide thee in my bed, laddie!' cried he, 'they'll ne'er seek a saunt in hell!' And in the affair of Carlsness, these two had not come into personal contact with Claverse. Of course he did not know their features.

They were lounging in the library during this conversation. It happened to be the day on which Perth had prepared an entertainment for the members of Council, and the most distinguished civil and military men of the day. About noon the guests began to arrive. The first who appeared was Archbishop Sharp, accompanied by Bishop Honeyman.

There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of Honeyman. His zeal for prelacy was rather ill-proportioned to his talents and education. He had one of those common-place figures, and every day faces in which we search in vain for any index of greatness. And, indeed, it does not deceive; for there is nothing from within to be indicated. His fat bluff cheeks and the red mass which covered his brow were the true indications of the man who has the talent of sleeping, and eating, and drinking, and making merry: and who offers up the most earnest petition which he can discover in all the litany..... for a *good living!* He literally became all things to all men. He had been a zealous Presbyterian, and Whig of the Covenant. He had changed sides—for the best reason in the world according to *politicians*,—King Charles *had changed sides!* He had written a philippic against Presbyterianism. But, it was a sad failure. Its ambiguity and obscurity, however, might be turned to an advantageous account, should Presbytery happily ever gain an ascendency in his life time!

The Primate Sharp was a striking contrast to Bishop Honeyman. He was thin and meagre; his features were harsh and revolting; his eyes were rather small and dark. There was a slight cast in his left eye,—which approached in some degree, to skellying. The upper part of his brow seemed to overhang the lower part, which was sunken considerably at the juncture of his eye brows. His nose was straight and formed an angle with the line of his brow—thereby removing it far from the form of Grecian model. There was first a blue, then a pale semi-circle beneath his eyes, indicating painful watching, or a restlessness and anxiety which banish sweet and balmy sleep. His chin was unusually long in proportion to his nose. And this proceeded from a habit, which he had contracted, of drawing up his thin lips into a constant smile:—such as we see in a man's face, who has found himself, beyond his utmost expectations, thrown into company far above his rank and station, and from whose habit of smiling and laughing in the pure parasitical style there is a characteristic impression stamped on mouth and cheeks. Moreover, in his lips and in eyes there lurked the leer of a malignant and most sarcastic smile.

He wore a velvet cowl; and his grey locks fell from be-

neath it, in profusion over his ears and upon his shoulders. And in front they were smoothed down over his brow, half way to his eyes, with the nicest precision. Contrary to the custom of his *quondam* Presbyterian associates, he wore no beard, either on the chin or the upper lip. He was dressed in a neat suit of black velvet, made in the very height of the fashion of the day—the coat being made large; the arms wide like bags, the cuffs garnished with buttons, the skirts hanging in loose profusion around him; this doublet, buttoned from top to bottom, had flaps, parting in front, and reaching to his knees, and they were surmounted with huge pockets, with their peaked lids, buttons and loops. His stockings were drawn up over his knees; and met his small-clothes somewhat below the middle of the thigh, the outer side of which, on each thigh was garnished with a gausy row of black horn buttons. His shoes came up to his ankles: and in front they were decked off with a babbing rose of black ribbons.

Such was the exterior of this famous man, who exhibited in all the years, and in all the ranks of his active life, an unbounded ghostly ambition. Having by treachery to his associates, and an insinuating address, at which he was a master, at last reached the summit of Primate of Scotland, he actually aspired to enter the lists with the highest nobles of the land, and contest with them, the honour of Lord Chancellor of the kingdom. "Some hae named myself, an' it please yer Majesty," said he with an affectation of sanctity, and devout humbleness before his sovereign, "as the fittest, but, surely, I canna be supposed to hae the ambition. *The Church, howsomever, is in danger.** And the man on whom yer Majesty's choice falls should be a churchman in heart—*if he has na the gown.*" And lest his Majesty might not take up his hints, he engaged the English Archbishop Sheldon, to move the king in his behalf. And he actually had the seals entrusted into his hands for a season!

His talent at flattery, and his perseverance in accomplishing an object, were equalled only by his dastardly

* The watchword of ambitious prelates, in all generations, even as the claims of patriotism, have been that of office hunters in the political world!

meanness; and a proneness to falsify. At the same interview with Charles II., all these were strikingly exemplified. He had made the most impudent pretensions; and urged the most beggarly requests, under the usual cant and whining hypocrisy *about the Church being in danger*. And in his zeal, he so far forgot himself as to throw out malignant insinuations against some of the courtiers for their want of zeal. Being followed home to his chamber, by the Duke of Lauderdale—through the connivance of the King, who hoped to derive some merriment at the expense of the Primate of Scotland,—he fell a trembling and crying before the awful solemnity of Lauderdale's looks, and his terrific threats. And he actually did eat back all his words and sayings, and gave himself the *lie* before his sovereign.

In the whole of his crafty policy, he betrayed a singular ignorance of human nature, and most especially of the genius of his own countrymen, in applying open force and violence to bring men over to his religious opinions. His whole deportment indicated a total want of respect for personal piety, and his whole policy, an utter contempt for the rights of conscience, and personal responsibility to the Deity. The affair of the trial of Mitchell demonstrated the painful fact, that he could stoop to the crime of perjury, and subornation of perjury, to accomplish his object, and take the life of one whom he hated.* And the imprisonments, tortures, and executions, and the military murders during *nineteen* years, to all of which he was accessary, as the prime instigator, gave a painful demonstration to the world, that to acquire riches and ghostly power he would shrink from no deed, however atrocious; and would hazard every peril, even to the overthrowing of the liberty and the religion of his country. On the whole there was in this prelate a combination of craft, treachery, hypocrisy, cruelty, and cowardice, which have been rarely found in any one individual. It has puzzled his flatterers and friends, to discover any one notable and redeeming virtue in his character. He was hated by the people. He was an object of ridicule, and even derision to Lauderdale, and Charles II.; and of disgust to the high-minded Scottish nobles.

* See the history of that period.

His ambition was marked with a singular success; and he met with a cruel and unjustifiable fall! Had he died a natural death, all ranks would have soon forgotten him. As it is, the horrible circumstances attending his death, have caused his memory to descend to posterity, as a martyr to prelacy!*

When the attendant ushered in the prelates into the library, the primate approached young Perth and his tutor, and introduced Honeyman to them.

"Ye'll excuse my Lord Orkney for takin' ye by his left hand," said Sharp, with a leering smile. "The fanatic wha fired his pistolet at me, disabled my lord's richt haun. But the deevil had a spite at ye, my Lord; it was the self saum haun whilk wrote the effective wark against the fanatics. But I owe thee, man, meikle gratitude, for had ye no been my screen, gude my lord, I wad hae, this blessed day, been singing hallelujahs in heaven, whilk, thank God, I'm no duing.

But come, my young Lord, or what's yer title, my braw youth? Ye hae some learned freens here. May I be honoured wi' their acquaintance?"

Young Perth, in his quizzical way, either out of contempt for Bishop Sharp, or to tease the Bailey, proceeded gravely to introduce each of them by their true names.

This, and may it pleasure yer grace, and you, my Lord Bishop, is a distinguished Glasgow Magistrate, Bailey Wardlaw, who has honoured me with a visit. This is Burleigh Stewart, a true and loyal descendant o' the hoose o' Scotland, God bless it. And—such is his happy lot, also a branch he is o' the family o' the immortal Burleigh o' the council o' Queen Elizabeth, o' maist glorious memory."

"Bailey Wardlaw, Wardlaw!" ejaculated the primate. "Wardlaw, humph! Was na that the name of the leader of the Glasgow students, wha lately"——

"He is, sir, my maist especial friend, *leal and true in the gude cause.*"

The primate shook the Bailey's hand, but with a keen inquisitorial glance, which the Bailey returned with such dignity and firmness, that he speedily withdrew his eyes from him.

* See Note F.

"And Burleigh Stewart? No relation I hope, o' Sir James Stewart o' the barony o' ———"

"Burleigh, I say," cried Perth, "he is o' royal and noble blude! He is a Stewart as weel, as oor adored sovereign."

"Immortal names! I honour thee, youth, for thy name's sake. I kiss the hand o' the maist distant sprig and scion o' the family tree o' oor maist gracious, maist sacred, and maist adored sovereign!"

This he uttered with unusual animation, for his zeal in behalf of supremacy and *divine right*, being *young*, glowed, as in every similar case, with an excessive ardour. And, having placed himself at the table, where young Drummond and his tutor had been pursuing their studies, he began to examine the books which lay before him, and his hand fell on a pocket Bible, belonging to Master James.

"A weel thumbed beuk, my certie!" said he, as he glanced at the blank leaf to see the owner's name, doubting the possibility of Perth, or any of his family giving such proofs of biblical searchings. Having read Master James' name, he ejaculated, "Humph! I thocht sae. This is frae ane o' oor kintry toons, James, hum! *This haly beuk*," continued he reading, "*God gie him grace thereon to leuk, for learning is better than houses or land. For houses decay.*" Bah! that's the slang o' oor Scottish cottages. It's on ilka Bible in a' the laun. There, my lord o' Orkney, ye may see the birses o' the swinish herd o' the Lawlans. In merry England ye may search frae the Tweed to the Lizard's Point, afore ye can discover sic a weel thumbed Bible as that!"

"Or aiblins a Bible at a', said the prelate with a leer. "And hence the awfu' trouble o' managin' the Scottish *commoners*. They're a hard-living, plodding, opinionative, mischief-brewing race of men. We're a wee ower late, I fear, wi' them. Had they been ta'en in hauns when there was less knowledge amang them, they wad hae been mair douce under the crozier and mitre. But this knowledge, of this reading race of men, makes them terribly ticklish. Their iron features," and here the bishop stroked down his gausy purple cheeks, with his large palsy-looking hand; "their iron features tell ye as weel as ane index can tell, that, will ye, nill ye, they'll think for themselves, in spite o' the deel and the pape, as themsels e'en say. And what's

to me past a' comprehension," continued the bishop as he stroked down his huge paunch, and then thrust a hand into each deep pock of his doublet, "Nae delectables can bribe thae commoners o' the rabble. Ye could not offer them a sairer insult than to gie them hett-pies, and plum-pudding on a Christmas, or a luxurious dinner on a "*Lord's Day*," as they ca't. And that's no a', nor e'en the warst. Ower their barley scons, and mashlum bannacks, and patfu' o' sowens, they'll crack ye off their disquisitions against "*Erastianism*," and "*prelatism*," and "*the waefu' indulgence*," till yer puir loyalist leuks black and blue! And, then, their Scotch pride, whilk they ca' their *love o' liberty and independence*, is a perfect abomination to *us* o' the higher ranks," cried the lordly priest, the son o' a cooper in Fife!

"Noo yer English commoners are a sleek-headed, rosy-faced, fat-contented race o' craters, wha think little, and read less. And, faith! for the best reason i' the warld, they canna read. And what little they think aboot, my certie! is no aboot creeds, bibles, and laer! And hence they are douce as lambs, and easily trained. They wisely leave the thinking aboot *spiritual* concerns to their spiritual guides. Commend me to this portion o' his majesty's lieges to mak noble *passive-obedience* men, and fast believers in *divine richts!* '*Laer is better than hooses or laun!*' Ha! ha! ha! That's ultra Scotch!"

And the bishop shook his vasty mountain of paunch, most lustily, as he roared and laughed. "But, by St. January and the gemini! thae Presbyterian iron ages are fast rollin' awa, praise be blessed!"

"But after a', my lord," cried Bailey Wardlaw, who could scarcely restrain his indignation while Bishop Honeyman ran on thus: "What's a' oor fine vivers and kickshaws, when the deevil and his imps hae thrown pushion intil the cookery! What's a' yer reemin' yill, and divine claret, when Sathan's head cook has been mixin' up his cursed drugs and stuff intil the browst! Gude yer grace, I wad be unco wae to understan' that there was e'en ae Scottish man, in a' the land, wha could boast that he had mair guts than brains!" And the eyes of the Bailey fell involuntarily on Honeyman, as he uttered this.

The Primate bent his eyes on the Bailey with a terrible frown, who paused, and turned him round to young Drummond.

"For me," cried Master James, who broke in, mainly with a view to bring relief to his ward, whom he saw almost convulsed with laughter at this sally of the Bailey, and thrusting his kerchief into his mouth to prevent its egress, "Were I an Anglo-Scotchman, whilk, thank God, I am not, I wad tak this saum forbearance in the matter o' Christmas pies, and gude vivers, in a very alarming light. Yer cavaliers, and Southron commoners, wha carry their herns beneath their girdles, affect to laugh to scorn the men o' oor North Kintry. But were thae military reformers possessed o' the wee bit gumption, I really thocht they had, aince; they micht perceive, e'en in the trifles o' this kind, a deep, settled, and immoveable resolution on the part o' yer foemen, to be a free and independent Kirk, and Kintry! Wad the soul o' the patriot and christian, gude yer grace, indulge itself in ease and mirth, when his weeping eyes see the Kirk o' God, and his Kintry smoulderin' in ruins? Du ye no see, in this spurning frae him the Southron innovations, and a' communion wi' his oppressors, even to the length o' puttin' awa frae afore his e'en the pleasantest things, and sweetest veevers, the true spirit o' the SCOTTISH UNICORN roused up to fury? He disdains yer courtesy, and a' communion wi' ye, even in the common affairs o' eating and drinking, until he again be free! He'll stoop to nae bribery, and nae compromise. ***Liberty to Scotland and the Kirk o' Scotland, or death!*** Never did Roman patriot pronounce, wi' mair enthusiasm than does the Scot, '*mori pro patria dulce et decorum est!*' Sae cries yer foemen, the Whigs. And sae cry I, may it please you, my lord Drummond," he added in a low tone, "Gie me the bleak hills o' Scotland and liberty, and I will tak my cup o' caller water, and my peas scons! And the Tories may tak their splendid robes, and gustive vivers, and their chains o' slavery, a' ower the border!"

"And were I ane Anglo-Scotchman," cried Bailey Wardlaw, "I wad feel mysel shakin' in my shoon, while I was compelled to hear this saum testimony, whilk, my lord bishop, ye hae borne, anent this Scottish forbearance in the matters o' vivers.—Yer 'sleek faced, and rosy cheeked Southren's will be riotous for the ***glorious toleration and the divine indulgence***, as lang as it means, in their vocabulary, a toleration and indulgence in lumps o' puddin' on

yule or Christians; and wauly waughts o' brandy and claret! But it's na to be concealed that thae hard-featured Scotchman, pitted against ye, being glad simply and allenarly to be kept frae starvin' by their scrimpit bickerfu' o' sowens, or kail-brose, and a half o' a farle o' mashlum bannocks, think it nae hardship to be called to war against the flesh, and deny themselves the yerthly bless o' plum-puddin' and christmas pies whilk *they canna get*. And when they're makin' nae sacrifice, ye see, wull ought in the yerth, or hell either, mak them yield their souls, and bodies to Southren politics, and religion? No! while Benlomond rears his grey head i' the cluds! No, never!"

As Master James, and the Bailey ran on thus, as if reckless of consequences,—Sharp fixed his frowning eyes first on the one, and then on the other, with restless anxiety, while he shot a side glance on young Drummond, from his half averted face, as if to dive into his feelings; then he nodded to Honeyman, and whispered occasionally, while his eyes glared with livid fire!

Young Drummond now interposed: he placed his chair forward, within the circle; and drew the conversation to another topic. He entered into discourse with Burleigh touching Glasgow, and its flourishing University: then called the attention of the Primate, and the bishop, to the comparative merits of the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. In the common-place observations which occurred on that topic, the Archbishop seized on a trivial incident; and resolved to extract out of it, the evidence of what he called the Glasgow conspiracy.

Bailey Wardlaw in his eulogium on the Glasgow university, had boasted, in his merriment, of the students there "screeding ye aff Latin Verses as glegly as yer Embro' lads their dull English poetry;" and he pointed to Burleigh as a master at that exercise in the classics.

The prelate conceived that if he could procure from him some specimens of poetry, they would no doubt be found to contain the quintessence of Whiggish treason; and the blow which he levelled at that University, would be countenanced by the heads of the nation.

"And, nae doot," said he, drily, and as if no design lurked under the question, "the braw young knight

Burleigh Stewart has aboot him some specimens of his poetry?"

Burleigh was replying to this badinage, when they were summoned into the saloon. The members of the Council, the judiciary, and chief officers of State were assembled; and our party hastened to pay their respects to Perth, and to them.

The company sat down to dinner at one o'clock. The most distinguished guests were Rothes and Lauderdale; Primate Sharpe, and bishops Honeyman, Galloway, and Glasgow; the lord Advocate Sir George McKenzie, who was placed opposite to Rothes and Lauderdale; and lord Chief Justice Corrington, together with my lords Collington, Struthurd, Castlehill, Forret and Newton; then there followed a host of titled and untitled *characters*. There was his grace the duke of Hirplehully; lord Justice Clerk Pawkyeen; and the Advocates Raxsoul; Suppletongue; Ben Reckless; Sir Judas McCalibre; and Harry Creeshmaloof; then there followed a squad of Writers to the Signet, headed by Sweering Jeemie, and Tom Beefmountain; and Mr. Sheriff Suppleheels, drove up the rear. And, lastly, there followed a long train of another untitled nameless race of beings, *novi homines*, poets, beefeaters, parasites, and a few small proprietors. These took their places far beneath the salt; and looked up with awful reverence to the gods and goddesses; and lent the ready chorus of a merry laugh, to every feckless mint at wit, coming from them who were in high places!

The dinner did not partake of the profusion, and rich variety of an English dinner. But there was the gausy sirloin, the choisest venison; the royal haggis, served up in glorious style; and the rich white meat of the bubbly-duck; and the rarest fish drawn from the Forth; and pasties which would not have disgraced the table of royalty itself. And the wines, of an ancient vintage, were the choicest from the vault of Gaffer Hernless.

After the last dish of the feast, and the dessert had been dispatched, and when the guests took their wine and fruits; while they were engaged in an easy, pick-tooth, small talk conversation, the Primate introduced the subject of the Bailey's eulogium; and begged the attention of Lauderdale and the lord Advocate, to it.

"It wad be ill befittin' the present company, gude yer grace," whispered the Bailey to him; and he urged him to dismiss the matter, "as a bagatelle introduced, before, in mere daffin." He pressed this the more, inasmuch as he was fully aware that Sharp had only one aim in all his actions. He cared nothing about the comparative merits of the Universities: the themes of students occupied no thought or time of his. He was in search of Whiggery, which, with him, was synomymous with *treason, against his divine rights.* The fact is, he had long had his eye on both Universities, and suspected them: and was only seeking for a habile plea, for shutting them up. And he had suddenly conceived the idea, that, if he could succeed in getting the leading men of the Council to hear, from the lips of one of the most conspicuous students! some of their treasonable terms brought forward, as if *per accidens*, he could speedily bring them all over to the resolution of dispersing these dangerous young spirits.

"*Timeo Donaos, et dona ferentes,*" said the Bailey to Burleigh in a whisper. "What say you to the Primate's proposal? wull ye play off yer Latin poetry at the risk o' yer neck? The inquisitor suspects us: but little kens he wha we are. If you yield to his request, I shall applaud yer courage mair than yer prudence.

"There's nae hoor better than the present, for ane amusement o' this kind, cried Perth, who had been listening some time to the whispers of Sharpe, and had come over to his secret plans.

"Maist true, my Lord," responded Lauderdale, in his easy jaunty way, as he filled up his flagon, from the lordly stoup, "We're here a' at leisure, for any kind o' trifle. By the lard! we canna aye be saddled wi' the drudgery o' purifyin' the land, and sendin' Whigs to glory! And harkee, young man," added he, as he gave a side glance and a nod over his left shoulder to Burleigh, "tak ane advice frae ane auld courtier. Hae nae wull o' yer ain, *when afore the Powers.* Ne'er read petitions, nor verses, lard help ye, to ane hungry man; or when his cup's toom. Ye wull gratify us by proceeding, young man."

"Ready, ay ready!" whispered Burleigh who could with no kind of grace disobey; and who, young as he was, felt as if he could beard the lion in his den. "Ready

for a' extremities," he added modestly, but with some what of an ambiguity, "I yield me in obedience, at the expense o' my feelings."

"Faith! that's soond doctrine," cried Rothes. "I hope my lord Primate, ye jaloose the auld College, withoot reason."

"I obey yer grace," said Burleigh to Lauderdale, "right willingly: for I hae ay fund that gude claret washed doon the warst o' poetry."

"Perfectly orthodox!" cried Lauderdale to Rothes, as he swallowed down his bumper of claret, and set down his massy silver flagon with a flourish. "Eh! cods fish; claret is the great reformer! It wull enlighten, and render orthodox, and loyalize yer verriest Whig, that e'er canted on a hill side. Wull Shakspeare was richt in ae particular, and wrang in ane ither. '*The man wha has nae sweet music in him*,' let's see, what'st he saith, weel! its nae odds: he's right as to the sentiment. But then there's a wee misnomer: He should hae said, *divine claret;* the man wha has nae divine claret in him, nor taste for the same, is fit for any mischief; a plotting Whig; a sprig o' the treason o' Beelzebub! Eh, Rothes? But I am interrupting you, young man,—proceed."

And he threw himself back in his chair, and fixed his blood-shot eyes, glancing like two candles, on our young hero.

Sir George McKenzie placed his head on the palm of his two hands, and listened with a most quizzical look. The Primate looked on with a proud surly air, while he rested his brow on the palm of his right hand. The lords sipped their claret, and threw an occasional glance at our youth, without once turning their faces on him. Lauderdale waved his hand: Burleigh went on, pronouncing with a low, and distinct voice the following verses, as he glanced occasionally at the paper in his hand.

"AFRI LAMENTATIO IN SERVITUTEM ABREPTI."

"*Afri*," whispered the Primate, "that means "*Whig*," "or I ken nocht o' polictics:" and he nodded to Lauderdale who only raised up his huge shaggy eye brows; and filled up his flagon to the brim.—Burleigh proceeded.

CHAPTER XX.

Æquoreis tulerat campis sua lumina Phoebe,
Et facili cursû navis arabat iter.
Venti jam ponunt, sternunter jam æquoris undæ,
Inque sinu noctis lenior aura perit.
Attamen Afri tempestas per pectora sævit,
Quem subitò rapuit vis inopina mali.
Insopitum, et fortè levatum vincula membris,
Exagitant stimulis, angor et ira suis:
Atque animum nunc hûc celerem nunc dividit illuc,
In partes varias omnia perque rapit.
Dentibus infrendens, oculos per inane volutans
Sanguine suffusos, murmura moesta dedit.
"Demum, Europœi, diris commissa luetis"———

The Lord Advocate, M'Kenzie, here fixed his eyes on Burleigh, and they flashed fire; he muttered "Infernal Whiggism!" as he cast them next on the Primate. Burleigh went on—

"Si scelerum vindex—si DEUS ultor erit,——
Quis———"*

Here the tumult became greatly increased. The Primate groaned, and uttered a bitter execration. Rothes knit his brows, and ordered him to sit down. Burleigh bowed very respectfully, and his eyes fell on Lauderdale as he moved them, in modesty around the circle, and added, "It was nane o' my seeking, my Lord Duke! I had nae wull o' my ain afore the Powers."

Lauderdale looked with a quizzical eye on the young man,—and putting his flagon to his lips, he whispered, as he nodded to him. "'*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' In troth, laddie? ye're richt. But M'Kenzie mistook ye,—his conscience is lowing wi' the fire o' Sathan's kingdom, and he is ay on the look oot for libels and accusations. And talk ye Arabic or Chinese to the auld hypocrite,—I mean Judas,—there—he'll swear ye're denouncing them, wha betray trust and sell their Kirk for gold! It's bonny classic poetry, laddie,—be yer meaning what it may."—†

* See Note D:—Appendix.

† Lauderdale was a distinguished classic scholar.

The Primate, the while, was bending himself forward, and striving to catch the echo of Lauderdale's words. The increasing noise of human voices, with the clanking of silver stoups and flagons utterly defeated his wishes. But suspecting from Lauderdale's forbearance, that all was not right, he whispered across the Advocate's shoulders to Lauderdale and Rothe, "There's treason in that saum piece frae end to end."

"Say ye so, friend Judas," cried Lauderdale, "and ye heard only a dozen and two lines. When may it pleasure yer primacy, gat ye the gift o' the second sicht?" And he shook his huge sides, and laughed, "Here's luck Judas, to yer heresy seekin'." And he drained his bumper to the bottom,—set it down with a flourish and roared out, "ha, ha, ha!"

Sharp turned himself to Burleigh, and observed with an apparent air of indifference, though his whole frame shook with wrath. "Yer auld University is rotten to the heart's core. Ye're over-run wi' the filthy and obscene weeds o' Whiggism. . . . By the Eternal! I'll send ye a deliverance. '*Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?*" What maun be the whiggery o' yer faculty," added the prelate, and filling up his flagon with the dark liquor, he merely kissed the brim and set it down with his trembling arm. "What maun the master deels be plotting when the *wee deels* daur gie utterance to sic treason! By the Haly Ane," added the infuriate priest, as he shook his clenched fist, "I'll harl my *drag-net* ower ye a', and fish ye; and gut ye; and brander ye, on the gridiron o' auld Clootie! And ye'll skirl oot *Bangor*, or rout oot yer *Auld Martyrs* mournfully, the niest time I send my douce reformin' elders, the dragoons, amang ye! I troth there's nae body like Claverhouse, and oor Dalziel, to gie ane upricht, orthodox faculty to the rotten-hearted Biggin o' Glasgow. A bellyfu' o' cauld steel is a royal medicine to purge overgrown jackasses frae the leprosy o' Whiggism!"

This he uttered with great vehemence, and his eyes flashed with the dark fire of his fury.

The rest were not sufficiently interested in the old prelate or his personal feelings, to give him audience. They

were listening to a loud splore of M'Kenzie, who, with many solemn nods and shakes of his load of supernumerary curls, and a solemn lengthened gravity of his lank yellow jaws, was giving an account of the last scene, and dying discoursings of one of the Martyrs, who had predicted "*a* BLUDY FA' AND A SPEEDY ANE, *tae him wha pled awa' the lives o' the saunts for gowd!*".

And the wretched lawyer mimicked the tears o' the martyr's agony,—when, in the last extremity, he called on his Country, and his God, for justice!

By the setting of the sun, the more sober had retired to the withdrawing room. But these were a mere unit; they were not missed. And even their absence was rather constrained than voluntary. The palsy and frigidity of old age had forced the unwelcome virtue on them, when the charms of strict temperance had spent its eloquence in vain. Some of their graces, the bishops, had also retired. But the Primate held out, but not for the pleasures of revelry—he was temperate in this respect. An unbounded ghostly ambition was his reigning passion. He had an object to accomplish this day, which lay near his heart. It was the securing of the passage of the ACT, which, after his melancholy decease, was called by the nation THE BISHOP'S LEGACY. I allude to the ACT which vested in the military officers the power of trying and executing, on the spot, all suspected person, or such as they deemed suspicious. An ACT which placed the subjects, their lives, and property at the disposal of military assassins, who were paid out of the confiscated property of those whom they murdered according to Law! This gained, he also made a speedy retreat. For Rothes and Lauderdale, feeling the inspiring influence of their wine, began to throw off the mask, and were speaking out in the sincerity of their souls. They sent, with their most hearty wishes, all Priests, Prelates, and Kirks to the deil. In such moments of blackguardism and bacchannalian sincerity, the State Officers manifested the same zeal towards Bishops, as they did to the Whigs.

Rothes had been bantering Lauderdale for a specimen of a "godly Conventicle sermon." Lauderdale raised his huge corporation, by the help of two chairs, aud composing

his fiery face, which was a glowing circular surface of nearly twelve inches, and opening the extremities of his lips, and drawing down his under lip, so as to throw his huge mouth into a form of a triangle with the base uppermost, he sung out in a tremendous nasal twang, "And, noo, dearly beloved! we come to the nineteenth head of oor method!" and he drew up the waist-band of his unmentionables; but a fit of coughing, and hiccupping prevented the egress of the remanent notes of the sermon. Rothes, half blind, and stupid with claret, gave Lauderdale credit for the whole discourse—not being apprized that an embargo had been laid on his tongue at the very port. He then went on, in his turn, as he winked and nodded to Sharpe.

"And Habukkuk Meikleswiggum took up his parable and said."—"Balaam, ye mean, my Lord Rothes," cried a quavering, piping voice. "Truth, an' ye're the mair orthodox o' the twa, yer grace o' Hirplehully," said Rothes, "And Balaam Meikleswiggum took up his parable, and said. And it caum tae pass that the piper o' Sneldoodrie begat a son. And he ca'd his name *James*. And mony and meikle waur the visions, whilk the godly had o' this godly bairn. And ay the gossips and priests sighed, and said, praise be blessed,—but he'll be the salvation o' the Church, and the doon-comin' o' the Kirk. Weel, and it caum to pass, in process o' time, as the spirit o' mischief began to meuve the youth, before he was in the camp o' the circumceesed, that he felled doon—no wi' the jaw bane o' an ass,—but wi' the neeve o' the piper's son,—his fellow regent at the College table. And it is written also in the Chronicles o' Fife,—that the piper's son had a wee ane. And that wee ane was the *filius nullius patris*—ay! Sir, *filius nullius*,—though the piper's son is somebody after a',—Eh, Geordie M'Kenzie! And that wee son disappeared. And a' the gossiping warld ay wondered whaur the wee babie had gane till! And sae nae budy could tell whaur the wee bit babie gied till. But it caum to pass, in process o' time, that under Janet Lindsay's hearth stane, the banes o' a wean were foond. But nae budy cood tell whase wee babie these banes had been!

In process o' time, mairover, beloved,—the piper's son

James, by his sighin', and greetin', and granin' arrived at the sauntship. And twice he sware the solemn League and Covenant,—and he was half blin' wi' greetin', and hersh wi' granin'. And so it caum till pass, that the piper's son,—being noo the holiest man in a' the laun, was sent up to Lunnin to get the interests o' Presbytery, and the Kirk richtet. And they fed him weel, and clad him weel, and paid him weel, a' the time he was in Lunnin. And mony an oath he teuk, and mony ane imprecation he socht frae heaven's anger, if he was na a sincere and honest man. Twal months he humbled himsel under the knave's cloak. And at the end o' twal months he sold his friens, and the Kirk o' Scotland for gowd! And so, James, the piper's son, wha wended his way to Lunnin, in his thread bare Geneva, caum doon in his Canonicals o' rustlin silks, hech! Sirs, the Archbishop and Primate o' Scotland, wi' a lordly pension o' fifty thoosan marks a year!"

And with these words Rothes gave a thump on the massy oaken table and burst into a loud roar of laughter. Then looking around him, as if inviting an *encore* of applause; and missing the Primate, he inquired with some indignation, "Eh? Has Judas Iscariot left the company? A' weel, Lauderdale, it's a' in fit style. Sae e'en did his worthy forbear o' that ilk. And aiblins he's gaun,—'*Exemplaria meliora sequens*'—tae bring ilka ane o' us intil the market neist,—he'll be gaen to leuk oot the Scribes and Pharisees neist, in the Coort o' Louis Le Grand' or o' Pape Innocent XI., the present Pape o' Rume,* ha, ha, ha! Whan a man maks a gude bargain,—be it in temporals, or *e'en in spirituals*, naething wull haud nor bind him, but he'll be tryin' tae mak a second and a better ane! And the man that begins wi' sellin' his friens, and the Kirk o' his faithers, wull end wi' sellin' his wife and bairns, if he can get a gude market for them. Eh? Sir Geordie—I dinna mean you. Ha, ha, ha! Though, faith, man! they say the thief's resetter is aboot as bad as the thief himsel. Eh? Lauderdale! Or are ye in too! Ha, ha, ha! Proh tempora! Proh mores!"

By this time the hard drinkers had been removed by

* Anno Domini 1678.

the help of their *hainchmen*,—a class of attendants who "in addition to the promise, at the time of giving and receiving the eerl's penny fee, to perform all regular calls to duty, made also the promise to act *without regular orders*, when by the usual process of the beastly debaucheries of these days, the master had lost his reason by strong drink. They were *masters in rotation:* that is, when the principals were *drunk*, they ruled, and with a measure of arbitrary power, and firmness did they rule. They would drag off these cavaliers, who had sunk down in a fit of 'deadlie drunkenness,' as the lusty Spanish vinter would stow away, in his brawny arms, his bags full of new wine.

Meantime, a considerable number of the hopeful rulers of the nation, were holding on in deep potation, and amid vollies of oaths, and blasphemies, and broken fragments of sense, and nonsense, with peals of laughter and yelling, with grinnings, and solemn noddings, they were contriving to hiccup out their half-fledged ideas. Their political zeal was in a glorious state of combustion. Each fresh bumper consigned the Whigs to old Nicholas, and was pledged as deep in the deification of their most gracious and most sacred master Charles II.

Rothes and Claverhouse were now most conspicuous for noise and blasphemy, amid these beastly revellings. Claverhouse, particularly, had been unusually obstreperous, to the no small annoyance of Dalziel, who was, usually, remarkable for his silence, and his steadfast industry in stealing a march on time, on all such favourable occasions, so that, as was befitting a good soldier, and a prudent one, he might never be caught, by the enemy, without a sufficient store of veevers in his capacious garrison! He was, at least, one bottle ahead of Claverse, but he had talked a volume less of nonsense and vain glorying. And he was now sitting, his large face beaming like a moon, soaking in his claret, and stroking down his enormous grizzly beard, like a mane, adown which the rich dark nectar was streaming, and falling in heavy drops on his buff belt.

At length, in the height of his impatience, he called aloud for the attention of the company. And fixing his eyes, glancing like the eyes of a wild cat, on Colonel Graham, and knitting his terrible brows, like two waving Spanish

mustachios, shooting far out over his eyes, while his lips were curled up, beneath a bunch of hair, into a most sarcastic leer, he croaked out,—

"Colonel Graham, sir, if it binna ower late, sir, I wad compliment you, sir, on yer braw soldier-lik *coup de main*, in that braw Conventicle, sir, t'ither day, when oot o' a flock o' about some twenty score, ye cleeked, I am creditably informed, nae less than twa three gimmers, and some sax auld ewes, and a bonny lamb, or twa! And, by the heevens! sir, they say ye was fairly rooted, and uprooted, stump and rump, Eh? And had Hamilton followed up his advantage, ye wad, tae my certain knowledge, hae been singing psalms, this precious nicht in heaven! But ye're spared by the tender mercies o' that saum godly youth. Here's, praise be blessed—for the rich sparin' mercy, dearly beloved." And amid a roar of laughter, he raised his silver flagon to his lips, with a mock solemnity, and quaffed it off. "And mairover, Colonel,—hech! that's glorious claret! they say, sir, ye granted a *toleration*, sir, to a *Conventicle*, whilk was held incontinent, and it continued a' the way to Embro, on the king's highway, under the very nose and een o' oor gallant colonel! And a she-whig, mairover, they say, preached a maist moovin' and edifyin' discoorse! And her gab ne'er stopt till ye reached auld Reeky. And noo, sir, wi' a' yer laurels bloomin', and fresh on yer brow, ye mak yer splore, as if we waur a' bairns, and no fit to haud the candle till ye. Here's luck, Colonel Graham, tae yer fresh blossomin' honours!" And he quaffed his second flagon, and setting it doon wi' a flourish, he shook his white mane, and groaned, and laughed!

This was more than Graham o' Claverse could have borne with, had he been out of his cups. To such a soldier, wha had twa bottles, and the maist feck o' his third, under his belt, it was insufferable. He threw himsel across the wide oaken table, at ae leap, overturning flagons, glasses, decanters, and black jacks; and, drenched in streaming claret, he sprung upon Dalziel, who tumbled back over his chair, and roared out most lustily. "I'll teach ye," cried Graham, "how to use soldiers, and gentlemen, wha hae seen foreign and domestic service, ye grizzly bearded goat! By saunt Nicholas o' the brumstane throne! I'll

shear off some o' that wool frae yer vile swinish chowks, ye 'scape gallows, and rascallion!" And suiting the action to his words, he seized him by the beard; and having dragged him frae his chair, to whilk he clung wi' baith haunds, and teeth, Claverse was actually proceeding to saw off his shaggy beard, with the edge of his sword.

To Lauderdale, Rothes, and the remanent members o' the bacchannalian carousal, who were half blind with drink, it appeared as if the infuriate Colonel was really applying his gleaming steel to the auld General's thrapple, and was sawing it, in good earnest, asunder, as unceremoniously as he used to do those of the Whigs.

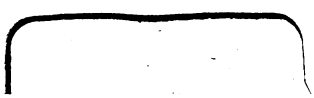
"A shame on ye baith," croaked oot Landerdale, as he rose, and was waddling towards them; "Foul shame fa' ye, ye menseless deels! that ye canna tak yer sup o' claret, (hiccup!) quietly lik decent Christian-like men, (hiccup,) but ye maun quarrel and cut each ither's thrapples! What wad his maist sacred majesty say, did he but see his twa foremost military chiefs, wha are entrusted wi' affairs o' especial grace, and the settlin' o' the peace, and weel duin' o' the Kirk o' God, (*hiccup,*) in sic a villainous tulzie as this! He, God bless him, can rise up, weel balanced, (*hiccup,*) and can carry off his sax bottles o' the divine liquor, under his royal girdle. And you, forsooth, foul fa' ye baith! wi' this sma' allowance maun shed blude o' loyal men! Haud ye! by St George, I command ye baith. Haud ye, Graham, is the auld deel no oot o' ye yet, haud! or I'll cleave ye to the brisket, *instanter*, if ye dinna pit up that shabble, and keep the peace, this blessed moment!"

Rothes sprang forward to enforce the eloquence of Lauderdale. But he was utterly unable to back the exhortation to keep the peace. They both staggered toward the prostrate combatants, and tumbled headlong over them. The weight of two such men fairly crushed the soldi who both sung out for *quarter*, as lustily as if on a fiel disasterous battle.

This was the signal for the "*dead drunk*" attendant do their duty, as they were now, in the turn of affair ters, *pro-tempore*. All hands were mustered, an as many shouts, and *heave hoos*, as are heard at the ing of the anchors of a seventy-four, they succe

length, in getting the hopeful rulers of Scotland, and the military reformers, charged with the spiritual care of the Kirk, rolled, like so many sheep skin bags of new wine, into their carriages, and trundled slowly home!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

DEC 10 1953

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